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MILTON

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ENGLISH POEMS

BY

JOHN MILTON

EDITED

WITH LIFE, INTRODUCTION, AND SELECTED NOTES

BY

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WITH THE ETYMOLOGICAL NOTES REVISED BY

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MILTON, LIKE A SERAPH, STRONG.

Tennyson.

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LIFE OF JOHN MILTON.

A.D. 1608—1674.

JOHN, son of John and Sara Milton, was born in Bread Street, Cheapside, on the 9th of December 1608, and was baptized on the 20th at Allhallows Church. The elder John Milton was a scrivener, who had been disinherited by his father, the ranger of Shotover Park, near Oxford, for turning Protestant. Having settled in London, he acquired 'a plentiful estate' by his profession, in which was then included all work now done by law stationers, with the simpler branches of an attorney's business, such as drafting wills and leases. As a musician, he took rank with such composers as Byrd, Bull, Dowland (whom Shakespeare has immortalised), Gibbons and Ford; and, taught by him, his son became a skilful organist. Of the poet's mother scarcely anything is recorded. Her maiden name is variously given as Haughton, Bradshaw and Castor. That her sight was weak and her charity abounding are the two facts regarding her which have come down to us.

We are told by Aubrey that Milton was a poet at ten years old; and his portrait at that age by Cornelius Jansen was subsequently engraved with the lines from *Paradise Regained* (201-203) beneath it. His father destined him from a child to the study of letters, and 'superintended his education both at the grammar-school and under masters at home¹.' His first tutor was Thomas Young, 'a Puritan in Essex who cut his hair short².' Young was a Scotchman of St. Andrew's University, afterwards Master of Jesus

¹ *Defensio Secunda*.

² Aubrey. From the portrait mentioned above, it would appear that Milton's hair is intended.

College, Cambridge, and a conspicuous Puritan divine. Milton has recorded his reverence for him in a Latin poem, wherein he is said to be 'dearer to his pupil than was Socrates to Alcibiades, Aristotle to Alexander, or Chiron to Achilles.' Young was still his master for some time after he was sent to St. Paul's School, then under Alexander Gill, 'an ingeniose person, notwithstanding his humours, particularly his whipping fits.'

Milton was a hard student. For this we have his own testimony in his *Defensio Secunda*. 'From my twelfth year I scarcely ever went to bed before midnight, which was the first cause of injury to my eyes.' Before his school days were over it is probable that, besides Latin and Greek, he had learnt to read French and Italian, and also something of Hebrew.

The earliest specimens of his poetry which we possess are the translations of Psalms cxiv and cxxxvi (1624).

The year after (Feb. 12, 1625), he was admitted a lesser pensioner to Christ College, Cambridge, under the tutorship of William Chappell, afterwards Dean of Cashel and Bishop of Cork. A delay of two months occurred before his matriculation, and in the interval (April 9, 1625) he visited London, and thence wrote an affectionate letter to Young, acknowledging his present of a Hebrew Bible.

The next year (1626) occurred the incident of his temporary rustication, which has occasioned much discussion. Aubrey set down some particulars derived from Milton's brother Christopher. One note runs 'His first tutor then was Mr. Chappell, from whom receiving some unkindness, etc.' Over the words 'some unkindness' is the interlineation 'whipt him.' In the spring of 1626 Milton wrote a Latin letter to Diodati wherein he says 'At present I care not to revisit the reedy Cam, nor does regret for my forbidden rooms grieve me. Nor am I yet in the humour to bear the threats of a harsh master, and other things intolerable to my disposition. If this be exile then I refuse neither the name nor the lot of a runaway, and gladly I enjoy my state of banishment.' Dr. Johnson, in his *Lives of the Poets*, taking the memorandum and the letter together, explicitly asserted that 'Milton was

one of the last students at either University who suffered the public indignity of corporal punishment.' Mr. Masson (from whose copious Life this account of Milton's early years is taken), after a careful investigation, pronounces that the 'facts assume this form:—Towards the close of the Lent Term of 1625–26, Milton and his tutor Chappell had a disagreement: the disagreement was of such a kind that Dr. Bainbrigge, as Master of the College, had to interfere. The consequence was that Milton withdrew, or was sent, from college in circumstances equivalent to rustication. His absence extended probably over the whole of the Easter Vacation and part of the Easter Term; but at length an arrangement was made which permitted him to return and save that Term, and to exchange the tutorship of Chappell for that of Tovey.'

While at St. Paul's, Milton had formed a friendship with Charles Diodati, who left that school in February 1622 for Trinity College, Oxford. Diodati's father was a royal physician, and his uncle (best remembered by his Italian version of the Bible) was Professor of Hebrew at Geneva. To this school friend Milton wrote during the period of his rustication the letter just quoted, finding fault with the flat scenery of Cambridge and with the harsh discipline of the University, and giving an account of his London pleasures. He feels no regret for his banishment from college, whither it has been determined he shall return.

In this same spring-time (1626) was written the *Elegy on a Fair Infant*, the child of his sister Anne, who had married (in 1624) Edward Phillips, of the Crown Office in Chancery.

During the Long Vacation (Sept. 21, 1626) died Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester. His learning and moderation are commended by Fuller, and his name was joined with that of Ussher when Milton subsequently attacked the champions of episcopacy in his *Reason of Church Government*¹.

¹ Milton had then forgotten his respect for Andrewes. He speaks of him as 'resorting to much ostentation of endless genealogies, as if he were the man St. Paul warns us against in Timothy . . . I shall not refuse, therefore, to learn so much prudence as I find in the Roman soldier that attended the Cross, not to stand breaking of legs when the breath is quite out of the body.' (*Reason of Church Government*, I.)

Soon afterwards (Oct. 5) departed Nicholas Felton, Bishop of Ely. On each prelate Milton bestowed a Latin elegy. Similar tributes from the same hand honoured the memory of the medical Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Gostlin, and that of the University Bedel, Richard Ridding, who also died during the autumn. The close of the year is marked by an elaborate poem, also in Latin, on the Gunpowder Plot.

The next Long Vacation (1627), Young, then pastor of the English merchants at Hamburg, received a Latin letter from his sometime pupil. From the Biblical allusions therein we gather that Young had his share in the adversity which the ill-will of the High Churchmen brought upon the Puritan divines and lecturers. But the hope held out of a return to England and of better days was not frustrated. Young returned in March of the next year to be Vicar of Stowmarket, where tradition asserts that his pupil paid him not only the visit promised in a Latin epistle of July 1628, but many others during his incumbency.

The next trace of Milton is found in a slight love-adventure described by himself—a momentary glimpse of some beauty who passed him in some public place in London on May Day, 1628. But the wound of Cupid so eloquently bewailed was probably as conventional a passion as the hyperbolical joy with which he soon after acknowledged (May 20) the receipt of Gill's 'truly great and Virgilian verses' on some now forgotten victory of Henry of Nassau. He is uncertain whether he should rather congratulate that hero on his success itself, or on these glorious strains occasioned by it. The failure of our own arms glanced at in Milton's letter was, with other grievances, the subject of those stormy debates which preluded in the memorable scene of the 5th of June, when old Sir Edward Coke, with passionate sobs, named the Duke of Buckingham to the assenting and excited Commons as the cause of the national calamities. A few days later, Charles I. thought it well to give a direct assent to the Petition of Right.

The same year (1628), while still an undergraduate, Milton wrote some Latin verses for a certain Fellow of his college, who 'being past the age for such trifles' had yet to act

as respondent in the philosophic disputation. Dr. George Hakewill, Archdeacon of Surrey, had published his *Apology for the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World*, in which he controverted the commonplace of the perpetual and universal decay of nature. Milton's verses maintaining Hakewill's opinion are not of remarkable merit or comparable in force or elegance to the noble lines of the *Vacation Exercise* of the same year. On his admission as B.A. (March 29, 1629) the future Puritan signed, 'willingly and ex animo,' the three articles of assent to the Royal Supremacy, the Book of Common Prayer, and the Thirty-nine Articles.

In April, Milton wrote his poem *De Adventu Veris*; in July, at the Commencement, his friend Charles Diodati and Rubens received the same honorary degree of M.A.; and in September, Lord Holland (the successor of Buckingham as Chancellor of the University) visited Cambridge, accompanied by the French ambassador. A Latin play was performed, and it seems probable that Milton refers to this entertainment in his *Apology for Smectymnuus*. 'I was a spectator; they thought themselves gallant men, and I thought them fools; they made sport, and I laughed; they mispronounced and I misliked; and to make up the Atticism¹, they were out, and I hissed.'

On the Christmas morning of this year (1629) at daybreak, Milton conceived the Hymn on the Nativity, as we are told in his sixth elegy, wherein we also find the first enunciation of his theory of the nature and office of a true poet. Lighter bards may indulge in wine; but he who would sing of the divine counsels of the gods, or of the gloomy realms guarded by Cerberus, must live on herbs like Pythagoras, and drink clear water from a beechen cup. His youth must have been pure from crime, and his hands stainless. Such were the bards and seers of old, Tiresias, Linus, Calchas and Homer.

The pieces on the Circumcision, Time, and the Passion,

¹ The passage being imitated from the series of antithetical taunts addressed by the Attic orator Demosthenes in his oration *On the Crown*, to his opponent Æschines.

probably followed closely on the Nativity Ode; and the lines on Shakespeare are dated 1630 by their author. These last were prefixed to the second folio edition (1632) of the plays, and were the first English verses of Milton that appeared in print.

Three epitaphs—two on Hobson, and one (written from Cambridge) on the Marchioness of Winchester—mark the year 1631; and in July 1632, Milton, having taken his M.A. degree and again subscribed the three articles, went home ‘regretted by most of the Fellows, who held him in no ordinary esteem.’

He had already (in Dec. 1631, or early in 1632) penned the memorable reply to a Cambridge friend who had taken him to task for making little use of his time¹. He says that ‘the very fear of the punishment denounced against him who hid the talent restrains him so, that he takes no thought of being late so it gave advantage to be more fit; for those that were latest lost nothing when the master of the vineyard came to give every man his hire.’ Enclosed is the noble Sonnet I. (On being arrived at the Age of 23), ‘which must have been written on or near Dec. 9, 1631².’

He had no reason to be diffident. Even while pursuing the ordinary academic routine, he had given evidence of unusual powers of thought and expression. Of his college exercises generally he said afterwards, ‘whether aught was imposed upon me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of my own choice, in English or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly this latter, the style by certain vital signs it had was likely to live.’

He retired to his father’s house at Horton. The elder Milton did not send his poet son ‘into the resorts of commercé, nor hurry him into the study of the law, but allowed him to wander a happy companion of Apollo far from the noise of town and shut up in deep retreats.’ Of this indulgence the poem *Ad Patrem*, written about this time, is the grateful acknowledgment.

¹ Printed by Birch in his *Life of Milton*, and quoted in *Masson’s Life*.

² *Masson’s Life*.

At Horton, Milton lived for five years, absorbed in classical, mathematical, or musical studies. During this retirement were produced (to follow the probable suggestion of Mr. Masson) the *Nightingale Sonnet*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Arcades*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*; and their author was incorporated M. A. at Oxford, in 1635.

The deaths of his mother, on April 6, 1637, and of his friend Edward King, on the 10th of the following August, may have troubled, but did not turn the current of his life. About six weeks after the latter event, he writes to Diodati an account of his studies and plans. His readings in early Italian history, his wish to remove to some quiet nook in a London Inn of Court, are recorded side by side with more intimate revelations. He is 'thinking of immortality'; the 'wings are already growing' that in time are to 'soar above the Aonian mount.'

His desire of seeing foreign lands, especially Italy, was satisfied by his father's permission (1638) to undertake a continental journey, designed to extend over several years. He was courteously received at Paris by Lord Scudamore, Viscount Sligo (the English ambassador, and son of the Sir James Scudamore celebrated in the *Faerie Queene*), who introduced him to Hugo Grotius, then engaged in an abortive scheme for uniting the Protestant Churches of Sweden, Denmark, Norway and England. Grotius was then in the service of Oxenstiern as Swedish ambassador to France, having renounced the citizenship of his native Holland. In a few days Milton left Paris for Italy, taking ship at Nice, landing at Genoa, and proceeding thence by Leghorn and Pisa to Florence.

At Florence he was hospitably entertained by the 'Academies' (private societies of learned dilettanti), and was allowed full liberty of speech on religious subjects—a concession 'singularly polite,' as he himself allows. Those of his productions that, as was customary, he recited before these societies, 'were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps.'

From Florence he proceeded to Rome, for a sojourn of

nearly two months. He was shewn the treasures of the Vatican by its librarian, Lucas Holsten, and entertained by Cardinal Barberini, who had constituted himself a voluntary British consul at Rome. At one of his public musical entertainments, the Cardinal waited for Milton at the door, and taking him by the hand, led him into the assembly. At these concerts the poet heard the celebrated Leonora Baroni, who, singing with her mother and sister, was the delight of all her hearers. Their audience sometimes included the Pope himself. Three several tributes of Latin verse were dedicated by Milton to the songstress. The compliments are extravagant enough:—‘One Leonora made Tasso mad: this would have brought him back to reason.’ ‘Parthenope the Siren is not buried (as is fabled) in Naples, but lives at Rome.’ ‘God himself, mutely diffused through all else, speaks only in her.’ ‘This last,’ observes Charles Lamb, ‘requires some candour of construction (besides the slight darkening of a dead language) to cast a veil over the ugly appearance of something very like blasphemy.’ But the writer was in an unhealthy, heated atmosphere of exaggerated flattery. At Rome a poet named Salsillus anticipated Dryden’s famous lines with a difference, making Milton superior to Homer, Virgil, and Tasso. The compliment was repaid in kind. It was the custom of the time and of the country—‘flattery and fustian’¹.

Milton left Rome for Naples, where he became (Nov. 1638) acquainted with Manso, Marquis of Villa (patron of Tasso and Marini), now in his seventy-seventh year. The Marquis paid his visitor great attention, and apologized for not carrying his civilities even further, as he would have done if the young Englishman had not spoken so freely on religious subjects. In that particular Milton did not follow the maxim² commended as a ‘Delphian oracle’ by Sir Henry Wootton in the Letter prefixed to *Comus*, although he found it in other matters ‘most useful,’ as he acknowledges. He was ‘never the first to begin any conversation on religion; but if any questions

¹ *Areopagitica*. See p. lvii. *infra*.

² ‘*I pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto*’—(close thoughts, and open face.)

were put to him concerning his faith, to declare it without any reserve or fear¹.

In the same independent spirit he 'found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner (in his own house) to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought².'

Manso's courtesies were acknowledged in some Latin verses, complimenting him upon his biographies of the poets, whom he had cherished in life, and expressing the writer's desire that when he too should sing a lofty theme—the wars of Arthur and the 'Table Round'—his fate would assign him such a friend. The answer of the Marquis was a gift of two engraved goblets, and an accompanying epigram, that Milton would be 'non Anglus sed Angelus' if only his creed were the true one.

The traveller (February 1639) went back to Rome, although he had heard that the English Jesuits there had laid a plot against him. But he fearlessly stayed two months, 'defending the reformed religion in the very metropolis of popery.' He then, unharmed, revisited Florence, 'where he was received with as much affection as if he had returned to his native country.' He left after two months, passing through Bologna and Ferrara to Venice. At or near Bologna he appears to have met with an Italian lady who 'praised her native tongue as that in which Love delighted.' To her Milton dedicated five attempts in Italian verse. That addressed to Diodati is a description of the fair one, and an avowal of his own captivity.

In Venice Milton remained for a month, shipping off to England a great quantity of books and music. Thence he went to Geneva, where he was daily in the society of Diodati's uncle, John, the Professor of Theology. There, in the album of a Neapolitan nobleman, he wrote the last two lines of *Comus*, adding 'Cœlum, non animum muto, qui trans mare curro.' (June 10, 1639.)

Through Paris he returned to England, late in July or

¹ *Defensio Secunda.*

² *Areopagitica.*

early in August. Throughout his journeyings he had always borne this thought with him, that though he could escape the eyes of men he could not flee from the presence of God.

The news of the death of Diodati awaited Milton on his return, and he commemorated his friend in the Epitaphium Damonis.

When Milton was at Naples, preparing to pass over into Sicily and Greece, the news of the civil commotions in England altered his purpose, for he 'thought it base to be travelling for his pleasure abroad' while his 'countrymen were contending for their liberty at home'.¹ Dr. Johnson looks 'with some degree of merriment' on this instance of 'great promises and small performance,' since the poet returned 'to vapour away his patriotism in a private boarding-school.' De Quincey well answers, 'Milton made no promise at all. He made a sacrifice without word of promise.' And having enumerated the chief lands and cities the sight of which was thus 'renounced for the sake of watching opportunities,' afterwards 'so memorably improved,' the poet's advocate concludes:—'All readers capable of measuring the disappointment, or of appreciating the temper in which such a self-conquest must have been achieved, will sympathize heroically with Milton's victorious resistance to temptation so specially framed for *him*, and at the same time will sympathize fraternally with Milton's bitter suffering of self-sacrifice as to all that formed the sting of that temptation.'

A lodging at the house of Russell, a tailor, in St. Bride's Churchyard (where Milton began the education of his nephews, Edward and John Phillips) was soon exchanged for 'a pretty garden-house,' in Aldersgate Street, then one of the quietest streets in London. There he received 'the sons of gentlemen who were his intimate friends' to be instructed with his nephews. Their school course included not only Greek and Latin, Italian and French, but Chaldee, Syriac and

¹ Contrast this conduct with that of prudent John Evelyn, who, in 1641, determined 'to absent himself from the ill face of things at home.'

Hebrew. About once a month their master would relax the severity of his studies and 'keep a gaudy-day with some young sparks of his acquaintance, the chief of whom were Mr. Alphry and Mr. Miller, two gentlemen of Gray's Inn,' the 'beaux of those times,' says Phillips, 'but nothing near so bad as those now-a-days.'

Milton, now that the controversy about episcopacy was waxing fiercer (1641), thought that, 'God by his secretary Conscience enjoined' him to 'embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes.' He 'would not be wanting to his country, church, and fellow-Christians in a crisis of so much danger,' and accordingly wrote two books *Of the Reformation in England and the Causes that have hitherto hindered It*—these causes being 'the exactions and tyranny of the bishops.' The same year, Hall, Bishop of Norwich, published his *Humble Remonstrance* in favour of Episcopacy, which was immediately answered by five Puritan divines in a work entitled (from the initials of their names) *Smectymnus*¹. Archbishop Ussher undertook to confute them in his *Apostolical Institution of Episcopacy*; and Milton having replied thereto in a *Treatise on Prelatical Episcopacy*, and in *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty*, wrote *Animadversions on Bishop Hall's Defence of the Humble Remonstrance*, and retired from the controversy with an *Apology for Smectymnus* (1642). In all these writings Milton advocates a simpler form of ecclesiastical polity than that established, and upholds the Presbyterian model as the fittest, and as a means of union with the Protestant Churches abroad. He affirms that Episcopacy is not (as had been asserted) the strength, but the weakness of the monarchy, though the bishops had indeed been the constant allies of tyranny. But Milton owned that he was 'not disposed to this manner of writing, wherein he knew himself inferior to himself,' being 'led by the genial power of nature to another task.'

¹ Stephen Marshall, Edward Calamy, Thomas Young (Milton's old tutor), Matthew Newcomen, William Spurstow.

The elder Milton, who had resided in his son Christopher's house at Reading till that city was taken by Essex (1643), now came to live with the poet. With him the old man remained, 'wholly retired to his rest and devotion without the least trouble imaginable,' till his death in March 1647.

The Aldersgate household received another inmate when, at Whitsuntide, its master took an excursion into the country, and after a month's absence 'he returned a married man that had set out a bachelor,' having wedded Mary, daughter of Mr. Richard Powell of Forest Hill, an Oxfordshire Justice of the Peace. But the bride soon grew weary of her new home, and having obtained permission to visit her friends until Michaelmas, she refused to return at the appointed time. Milton finding his remonstrances treated with contempt, resolved to repudiate his disobedient wife, and as an exposition and justification of his principles published (1644), at first anonymously, his *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, and afterwards (1645) his *Tetrachordon*, or *Exposition of the Four chief places in Scripture which treat of Marriage*, and his *Colasterion*, a reply to an anonymous opponent.

The Assembly at Westminster took alarm, and accused the author before the House of Lords; 'but that House, whether approving the doctrine or not favouring his accusers, did soon dismiss him.' He was proceeding to carry his theory into practice by courting the daughter of a Dr. Davies, when, as he was paying a visit to a relative named Blackborough, 'who lived in the lane of St. Martin le Grand,' Mary Milton suddenly appeared, and on her knees implored and obtained the forgiveness of her husband.

Milton 'perceived that there were three species of liberty essential to the happiness of society: religious, domestic and civil.' Of the first he had already treated; the last he left to the magistrates. The second 'seemed to him to be three-fold in its relation to marriage, education, and the free expression of thought.' The two topics last named are handled in the *Tractate on Education*, and in *Areopagitica*, or a *Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing* (1644). The latter is the best known, and perhaps the best of his

English prose writings. In it his characteristic faith in truth, and his assurance of her inherent strength and final victory, enable him to dispose of shallow practical objections by an appeal to facts, and to recognise the necessity of 'ordaining wisely, as in this world of evil wherein God hath placed us unavoidably.'

The publication of the early poems, English and Latin (1645); the removal of their author first to Barbican and then to a house in Holborn (1647), 'opening backwards into Lincoln's Inn Fields;' the death of his father in the same year; and the severe and bald translation of Psalms lxxx to lxxxiii¹; are the main facts of literary or domestic interest in Milton's life, till the execution of Charles I. brought him forward once more as the champion of the Puritan cause.

The odium of that memorable deed was thrown by the Presbyterians upon the victorious Independents, although the latter had therein only completed the work begun and carried on for seven years by the Presbyterians themselves. This at least is the retort which Milton (whose republican tendency had been developed and confirmed by the course of events) makes in his *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, to the cavillers at that act of 'highest justice.'

Much excitement was caused by the publication of a work purporting to have been written by Charles, and entitled *Eikon Basilike*, or the *Portraiture of his Sacred Majesty in his Solitudes and Sufferings*. On March 15, 1649, the Council of State, alive to the danger of a royalist reaction, had appointed Milton Secretary for Foreign Tongues. By its order (March 28) he had already written *Observations on the Peace* that Ormond, lieutenant of Charles, had concluded with the Irish rebels thirteen days before the King's execution. He was now commissioned to reply to the *Eikon*, and he fulfilled the task in his *Eikonoclastes*, wherein the King's

¹ Not included in this edition. Of these and subsequent translations Landor remarks, 'Milton was never so much a regicide as when he lifted up his hand and smote King David.' Their interest is biographic merely. They shew that their author could at this time repress poetic instinct and forego poetic skill, and seeking after simplicity fall into utter bathos,

unconstitutional acts, and the apologies made for them, are unsparingly enumerated and confuted.

Milton's next work was formally imposed on him by order of the Council. He was commanded (Jan. 8, 1650) to 'prepare something in answer to the book of Salmasius'—*Defensio Regia*—which its author (Professor at Leyden, and foremost among European scholars) had undertaken by desire of Charles the Second, then in exile. Salmasius was one of the eminent men whom Christina of Sweden, daughter of the Protestant champion Gustavus Adolphus, had invited to her court; and his death after the appearance of Milton's *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano* (1651) was said to have been caused or hastened by the favour with which his royal patroness regarded the work of his English adversary, and by the diminution of her kindness to himself. Milton, in a subsequent work, notices this rumour, but holds no very consistent language respecting it. In one place he compliments Christina for not allowing her guest to experience any lessening of her favour or munificence, but directly adds that he went away in disgrace as great as had been the honour he had previously enjoyed. In another passage, he asserts that the queen having summoned Salmasius to her presence, and finding him unable to justify the assertions in his book, openly shewed that thenceforth she neither esteemed nor respected him. But as Salmasius was in failing health, and did not die till 1653, his death need not have resulted from a contest in which he did not despair of victory, and which he was preparing to renew.

A reply to Milton's *Defensio* was published in 1651, to which John Phillips (with his uncle's assistance) rejoined. Milton considered Bramhall, Bishop of Derry, as the author, although the bishop disowned the work, which was by 'one John Rowland.'

For his *Defensio* Milton received the thanks of the Council, June 18, 1651. He had sacrificed his sight in his devotion to his 'noble task,' and had done so deliberately. He says of himself that he made his choice in the spirit of Achilles, who preferred honour to life.

From a lodging 'next door to the Bull's Head Tavern Charing Cross, opening into Spring Garden,' he had removed to Scotland Yard, where his rooms were hung with tapestry which had been part of the furniture of the royal apartments. In June 1651 he quitted this residence by order of Parliament, and took a 'pretty garden-house next to Lord Scudamore's, and opening into the Park.' It is now¹ 19 York Street, Westminster. On the parapet of the present back (the former front) is a commemorative tablet, 'Sacred to Milton, Prince of Poets,' placed there by William Hazlitt, who occupied the house in 1812². Here Milton's first wife died in child-bed, leaving him with three daughters. The supposed date of her death is 1653.

When Peter Du Moulin (afterwards prebendary of Canterbury) wrote his *Regii Sanguinis Clamor* (1652), Milton, in a Second Defence fastened the authorship on More, a French minister who had the care of the publication, and relentlessly exposed the scandals of his private life. But in the *Defensio Secunda*, as in most of the prose works, the magnificent episodes, expository of his own thoughts or narrative of his own career, engage the reader's interest far more deeply than the violent rhetoric about the venality of Salmasius or the frailties of More. 'The egotism of such a man as Milton is a revelation of spirit.' And we have in this instance more than self-references. There is an eloquent eulogium upon Cromwell, and then a solemn warning 'if he should hereafter invade that liberty which he had defended.' The valour and virtue of other Commonwealth leaders are also heartily extolled by the writer, whom Johnson has stigmatized as 'very frugal of his praise.'

Milton was involved in some trouble by the misfortunes of his first wife's father, Richard Powell, who came to London after the surrender of Oxford, having lost great part of his

¹ It is (Feb. 1872) a fishmonger's and has been refronted. Formerly it had a gabled front, like that of a house opposite. Barracks now intercept the view of the Park. [The house was pulled down in 1877.]

² Haydon, *Autobiography* i. 211; *Memoirs of William Hazlitt*, i. 189, 213, 215.

estate in the King's service, and hoping to recover some of the remainder, which had been sequestrated by the Parliament. He took the oath of the Covenant, was admitted to compound for his estate, and died in January 1647, at the house of his son-in-law. His daughter's promised dowry had never been paid, and Milton's claim of £500 on his estate was allowed on payment of £130, as a fine to the Exchequer. His widow claimed her thirds out of this part of his property, and Milton paid them (without any allowance being made to him on that account) until she demanded them as her legal right. The Commissioners disallowed her claim, and she wrote the petition wherein the statement is made that 'Mr. Milton is a harsh and choleric man,' and that 'her daughter would be undone' if any course were taken against him by Mrs. Powell, he having turned away his wife heretofore for a long space 'upon some other occasion¹.' (April to July 1651.)

But Milton seems to have forgiven this also, for two years after his brother Christopher took up the cause of the Powells, and succeeded in proving that the fines levied on their lands had been exorbitant, and in violation of the Oxford Articles. The family appear to have resumed (though with diminished wealth) their social position at Forest Hill.

On Nov. 12, 1656 Milton wedded his second wife, Catherine Woodcock. 'They were married by Sir John Dethicke, knight and alderman, according to the then Act of Parliament, after the publication of their agreement and intention on three market days.' On Feb. 10, 1658, Catherine Milton was buried in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. Her monument is the sonnet in which the widower commemorated his loss. (Sonnet xviii.)

'As Secretary to the Protector Milton is supposed to have written the Declaration of the Reasons for a War with Spain. His agency was considered as of great importance; for when a treaty with Sweden was artfully suspended, the delay was publicly attributed to Mr. Milton's indisposition; and the Swedish agent was provoked to express his wonder, that

¹ Or 'upon a small occasion.' This phrase had been written first, then struck through with a pen, and the words in the text substituted.

only one man in England could write Latin, and that man blind¹.

Milton retired from the more active duties of Secretary with a reduced allowance, paid until Oct. 1659. His assistant was Andrew Marvell, whom, as early as Feb. 1653, he had recommended to President Bradshaw.

He appears to have undertaken at this time several great works, a Latin Dictionary, a Body of Divinity, and the continuation of his History of England. Of the last-named, he had written four books before he was made Latin Secretary. He is said to have begun *Paradise Lost* 'about two years before the king came in'.² Yet he retained his interest in public affairs, and unavailingly strove to turn the current of public feeling with pamphlets on the Removal of Hirelings out of the Church, and on a Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth. In the latter is clearly seen, even by Milton's own admissions, the hopeless ruin of the Puritan cause. It spoke (as its author feared) for that generation 'the last words of our expiring liberty,' and the appeal was made in a letter to General Monk, whose unscrupulous duplicity well fitted him for his task as pioneer of the Restoration. During Monk's dubious neutrality Milton wrote 'Notes' on a royalist sermon by Dr. Griffiths, and on the general's behalf repudiated the insinuation that his 'public promises and declarations, both to the parliament and to the army' were soon to be falsified by his bringing in 'the late king's son.'

At the Restoration (May 1660) Milton shared the peril of the down-trodden Puritans. There is a tradition that Sir William Davenant, in gratitude for a like kindness, saved the life of the poet, whose biographers record that he was for a time concealed in a friend's house in Bartholomew Close. The proclamation (Aug. 13, 1660) against him as the author of *Eikonoclastes* and *Defensio* (which were ordered to be

¹ Johnson, *Life of Milton*.

² He may have edited the pamphlet by Raleigh entitled *The Cabinet Council, or Aphorisms of State*, but it is doubtful.

burnt by the hangman) states that he 'had withdrawn himself, so that no endeavours for his apprehension could take effect.' He was in a few days after relieved from the necessity of further concealment by the passing of the Act of Indemnity (Aug. 30, 1660). But for some unexplained reason he was, in the following December, in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, whence he was released by order of the House (Dec. 15, 1660).

Milton now lived for a short time in Holborn, near Red Lion Street, but soon removed to Jewin Street, Aldersgate, and at the recommendation of his friend Dr. Paget, he married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, a lady of a good Cheshire family, and the Doctor's kinswoman.

The same physician introduced to him a serviceable Latin reader, Thomas Ellwood, a young Quaker, who had his full share in the persecutions that attended the first followers of George Fox. Milton taught Ellwood to pronounce Latin in the Italian manner, and knowing by his tone when he did not understand what he read, would stop him and 'open the most difficult passages'.

Soon after his marriage, Milton lodged at the house of Millington, the bookseller of Little Britain, who used to lead him about, lending 'a guiding hand' to his 'dark steps.' Thence he removed to a small house in 'Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields.' This was his last permanent residence. On the appearance of the Plague (1665), Ellwood found a temporary retreat for him in a 'pretty box²' 'in Chalfont St. Giles. It was there that he gave Ellwood the manuscript of *Paradise Lost* for his persual and judgment. When Ellwood returned the poem, and had 'modestly but freely' told its author how he liked it, after some further discourse, he added pleasantly, 'Thou hast said much here of *Paradise Lost*, what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*?' Milton made no answer, but sate some time in a muse, then brake off the discourse and fell upon another subject.'

As to the composition of *Paradise Lost*, we have a curious

¹ Ellwood, *Life*, p. 135, ed. 1714.

² *Ibid.* p. 233.

fact related by Milton himself to his nephew Phillips, to account for his making no progress with his poem in the summer, 'that his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal, and that whatever he attempted [at other seasons] was never to his satisfaction, though he courted his fancy never so much.'

On his return to town, the poem was published, the copyright having been sold to Samuel Simmons (April 27, 1667,) by an agreement, under which Milton received £10 for two editions, and his widow £8, in discharge of that and all other claims. In the second edition (1674) the poem was divided into twelve instead of ten Books.

The licenser Tomkins (Chaplain to Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury) had made some difficulty in according the requisite permission to publish *Paradise Lost*, on account of a passage (ll. 598, 599) in the First Book. The same timid official mutilated Milton's next production, the *History of England* (1670); but as the author gave the Earl of Anglesea a copy of the suppressed portions, they have since been inserted in their proper places.

The next year (1671) appeared *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. The former poem Milton acknowledged 'was owing to' Ellwood's question at Chalfont, and he could not 'hear with patience' any censure of it as inferior to *Paradise Lost*.

These, the last of his poetical works, were succeeded (1672) by a treatise on Logic according to the Method of Ramus, whom he had already followed in his Scheme of Education. In a tract on True Religion, Heresy, Schism and Toleration (1673), he exhorts Protestants to avoid contentions among themselves, and to unite against Popery. Punishment for religion in person or property he supposes 'not to be agreeable to the clemency of the Gospel;' but he declares against any toleration of the rites of Roman Catholic worship, whether performed publicly or in private. He speaks of the Church of England as 'our Church,' and adduces its authority in his argument.

Milton reprinted his early poems (with some additions) in

1673; and the next year (the last of his life) he sent to the press his Familiar Epistles in Latin, the Academical Exercises of his college days, and a translation of the declaration of the Poles on the election of John Sobieski. With these closes the list of his works published in his lifetime. They have been enumerated above in their order, with the exception of a Latin Accidence, 1669. A compilation, the Brief History of Muscovy, was published in 1686, and the Letters of State not till 1743.

His posthumous Latin treatise on Christian Doctrine was discovered in 1823, and translated in 1825 by the Rev. Charles Sumner, afterwards Bishop of Winchester. This work, 'compiled from the Scriptures alone,' is of theological rather than of literary interest. Its relation to Milton's other works has been generally adverted to in support or refutation of the charge of Arianism brought against the author of *Paradise Lost*.

Milton was long afflicted with the gout, but for which (he used to say) his blindness would have been tolerable. Yet 'in his gout fits he would be very cheerful, and would sing.' The disease 'struck in'; and on Sunday, November 8, 1674, he died 'by a quiet and silent expiration.'

In person he was eminently handsome; his face was oval, of a somewhat feminine type. At Cambridge he was called the 'Lady' of his college. His complexion was fair, of a 'delicate white and red'; his hair of a light brown, parted in the middle and hanging down upon his shoulders. Rather below the middle size, he was active and vigorous, delighting in all manly exercises. His deportment was affable, his 'gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness.' His daughter Deborah spoke of him as 'delightful company—the soul of the conversation,' on account of 'a flow of subject and an unaffected cheerfulness and civility.' He is described as 'grave, though not melancholy, or not until the later part of his life,' with a 'certain serenity of mind—a mind not condescending to little things.'

'An ancient clergyman of Dorsetshire, Dr. Wright,' found 'John Milton, then growing old, in a small chamber, hung

with rusty green, sitting in an elbow chair, and dressed neatly in black; pale but not cadaverous; his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk-stones. He used also to sit in a gray coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house near Bunhill Fields, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air. And so, as well as in his room, he received the visits of people of distinguished parts, as well as quality.'

His course of life was strict and methodical. As he grew older, he gave up his youthful luxury of late hours. He rested in bed from nine till four in summer, and till five in winter. After rising, he heard a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and studied till twelve. He then took exercise for an hour, dined, played on the organ, and sang or heard his wife sing; studied again till six; entertained visitors till eight; and after a light supper, with a pipe and a glass of water, went to bed.

He was buried next his father, in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate, Nov. 12, 1674. The exact spot is not known. His funeral was attended 'by all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar.'

Milton's property at his death (amounting to about £1500) he left to his widow. He had lost £2000 (invested in the excise) at the Restoration, and the house in Bread Street (all his real estate) was burnt in the Great Fire.

His will was contested by his daughters, to whom he had left only the portion due to him from Mr. Powell, his first wife's father, 'they having,' he says, 'been very undutiful to me.' This charge is supported by, or rather supports the evidence of a servant, that when Mary Milton was told of her father's intended marriage, she replied that it was no news to hear of his wedding, but 'if she could hear of his death, that would be something.'

On the other hand, it is stated by Phillips that Milton condemned his daughters, when they lived with him, to the 'reading and exactly pronouncing the language of whatever book he thought fit to peruse, viz. the Hebrew (and I think the Syriac), the Latin, the Italian, Spanish, and French.'

The eldest daughter having been excused, 'the two younger endured this for a long time, but...broke out more and more into expressions of uneasiness; so they were all sent out to learn some curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture proper for women to learn, particularly embroideries in gold or silver.' They lived apart from their father for some years before his death.

With this brief outline of the facts, we pass lightly over a delicate subject, on which we have too scanty evidence to warrant the positive decision of Johnson, that 'Milton's character in his domestic relations was severe and arbitrary.' We should remember the great acts of generosity of which Milton was capable, and that his was a mind not condescending to (and probably not very tolerant of) little things. As little things make up the sum of household life, and as his habits were those of a bookish recluse, it may well have been that petty domestic detail, as effectually as 'noises' of political strife, irritated him by interrupting his enjoyment of the 'quiet and still air of delightful studies.'

Milton's nuncupative will was contested by his daughters, and, after a trial before Sir Leoline Jenkins, Judge of the Prerogative Court, it was set aside. Letters of administration were granted to the widow, who eventually enjoyed the bulk of the property. The daughters only obtained £100 each, invested for their benefit in rent-charges or annuities, with the approbation of their uncles, Richard Powell and Christopher Milton. The two elder died without issue, and Deborah, the youngest, married Abraham Clarke, a Spitalfields weaver. She was known to Richardson, and to Vertue the engraver, and was visited by Addison, whose intention to provide for her was frustrated by his death. Queen Caroline once sent her fifty guineas. Of her family, only her son Caleb and her daughter Elizabeth had any children. Caleb went to Madras, and his descendants cannot be traced beyond the year 1727. Elizabeth married Thomas Foster, and kept a small chandler's shop in Holloway, and afterwards in Cock Lane, near Shore-ditch Church. For her benefit *Comus* was acted (April 5, 1750) at Drury Lane, to which performance Dr. Johnson

'had the honour of contributing a prologue.' She died at Islington, May 9, 1754.

Milton's brother Christopher became a Roman Catholic, or at least quitted the communion of the Church of England. He was knighted by James II, April 25, 1686, the day after his appointment as Baron of the Exchequer, from which post he was dismissed by reason of his incapacity or infirmity. He died at or near Ipswich, and was buried in the porch of St. Nicholas Church, in that town, March 22, 1692.

John Milton is but little noticed in the writings of his English contemporaries. Their remarks are sometimes mere abuse. Hacket apostrophizes him as 'Serpent,' and exclaims 'Get thee behind me, Milton.' (Life of Williams.) South calls him 'blind adder,' and accuses him of pride and arrogance.

Of the merits of *Paradise Lost*, Dryden spoke warmly in the preface to his unlucky imitation of it in the 'dramatic poem of the State of Innocence¹.' But the general reception of the great poem was indifferent. Here and there we find a tribute (generally anonymous) in the verses of the time, but we have the testimony of Dennis (confirmed by that of Blackmore) that the book had been printed forty years before its existence became known to the majority of Milton's countrymen. From this apathy and ignorance they were roused by the criticism of Addison to the perusal of a work so repeatedly and prominently brought before them in the pages of their favourite Spectator.

THREE POETS IN THREE DISTANT AGES BORN,
GREECE, ITALY, AND ENGLAND DID ADORN.
THE FIRST IN LOFTINESS OF THOUGHT SURPASS'D;
THE NEXT IN MAJESTY; IN BOTH THE LAST.
THE FORCE OF NATURE COULD NO FURTHER GO,
TO MAKE A THIRD, SHE JOINED THE FORMER TWO.

Dryden.

¹ Aubrey tells us that Milton gave a contemptuous consent to this rhyming project: 'Ay, you may tag my verses if you will.'

INTRODUCTION.

JOHN MILTON was born twenty years after the defeat of the Armada. That deliverance had been regarded as little less than miraculous, and had been accepted as the token of Divine favour to the English nation and its sovereign. More than once in his prose writings does Milton recur to it, in language that shews how vivid was the remembrance of 'eighty-eight' in the popular mind, till the troubles and turmoil of succeeding years partially effaced the impression.

Looking at the Elizabethan era as reflected in and interpreted by Spenser's great poem, we can have no difficulty in thinking of the victory over Spain as the reward, if not as the result, of the exercise of high virtues and mighty energies. A poem so truly heroic could only have been written in an heroic time. In no mean or narrow generation could such an ideal as is there set forth have been conceived, expressed, or accepted.

The England of his own day is 'Spenser's lond of Faërie,' and he feels that his theme exalts rather than is exalted by his imagination. He thinks, indeed, that his wit and tongue are too weak and dull for the worthy fulfilment of his great work. But to us it is, with one sole exception, the most noble literary monument of the Elizabethan age, and amply justifies the traditional reverence with which that age has been regarded. The gorgeous allegory expresses in apt similitudes the fulness, energy, and beauty of the national life. In Elizabeth, her subjects revered the visible head and symbol of the divine order and society of which they were members by right of birth. The defects of her personal character were scarcely discernible in the blaze of ideal splendour that surrounded her throne, while her nobler qualities had

full scope and instant recognition. 'Domestic treason' had been crushed, if not annihilated, in the overthrow of the 'foreign levy.' Englishmen were fulfilling and transcending the aspirations of chivalry. A spiritual fire fused their individual efforts into a unity of result that no explicit terms of agreement could have secured. The reactionary scheme of the Jesuits, to give greater glory to God by the degradation of men into machines, with all its expedients for utilizing the faculties and rigidly organizing the wills of its victims, never secured more zealous, unhesitating obedience than our countrymen of that day paid to the object of their loyalty. With the Elizabethan worthies it was an instinct to uphold, each in his own person and in the performance of the task assigned him, the honour of the English name, to heed no cost, sacrifice, or danger where that was concerned; thus living a vigorous life, doing daily duty, and leaving the issue, in simple faith, to Him of whose presence they needed no reminder, as it was to them an abiding fact and not an occasional reflection.

But the twenty years from 1588 to 1608, had turned into a totally different channel the current of English thought and feeling.

In the latter years of Elizabeth, Spenser, with a poet's sensitive apprehension of differences in the moral and intellectual atmosphere, had bitter pangs of misgiving, and bore emphatic testimony to the truth of Dante's plaint, that

'A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.'

And this feeling was not the common yearning after an unattainable ideal transferred from the future to the past. The difference was real, and the harbinger of greater change to come. The dazzling glory environing the lives of such men as Drake and Raleigh had begun to fade into the light of common day. The lower aims of rapine and revenge alloyed the purer patriotic impulse. The interest of that New World which had so powerfully aroused the imagination and the energies of Englishmen, became commercial mainly. So in the 'Tempest,' when the princes prepare to set sail for Naples, Prospero resolves to bury fathoms deep his rod and book of

power; and as the Old World associations resume their sway, the spell which entranced us is broken, and the receding island is left lonely and disenchanted.

In 1608, James I. had borne that title five years. In his veins ran the blood of the rulers of Scotland and of France, the traditional foes of England. With the English people he had as little sympathy as affinity. With no better endowment of heart than a coarse and uncertain good-nature, with no better claim to wisdom than a vein of shrewd common-sense, he regarded the country he came to rule as his private estate, to be governed according to his personal interest and inclination. One consequence of the littleness and selfishness of his character was that, in the highest region of politics, the mean shifts and petty subterfuges, resorted to even in Elizabeth's reign, on the principle of meeting deceit by deceit (and contrasting strangely with the ideal aspect of that time), were now avowed and digested into an art, which its royal patron and self-styled author regarded as the true craft of a king.

The acquiescence of Englishmen in such a rule excited the contemptuous surprise of Continental statesmen. When Milton was ten years old, the abandonment of the Elizabethan political traditions was complete. Sir Walter Raleigh, 'the Shepherd of the Ocean,' sacrificed to the resentment of Spain, came 'with a broken heart' to die in Palace Yard.

In the people at large, the respectful loyalty which surrounded the throne of the last Tudor survived without any touch of the old enthusiasm. The fervent phrases of hearty homage once fitly addressed to the 'Lady whom Time had surprised,' the King's 'new courtiers' exaggerated into rhetorical and unmeaning adulation. In this they had the ready help of the churchmen, who made their eulogy of the 'bright occidental star' serve to enhance their panegyric upon James, 'appearing like the sun in his strength.'

The political decadence is reflected and explained by the state of literature under the first Stuart, as contrasted with

'those melodious bursts, that fill

The spacious times of great Elizabeth

With sounds that echo still.

Shakespeare, indeed, yet wrote or revised his plays, but their inspiration is derived from the impulse of the Queen's time, notwithstanding the fact that Hamlet and the Tempest are affected by the new era. It is Bacon and Ben Jonson whom we naturally regard as the leaders and exponents of the literature of James's reign.

Bacon happily compared literature to the 'eye of Polyphemus.' But he regarded it rather as an educational instrument than as itself the embodiment and the interpretation of the national life. Though brought up in the Queen's reign, he imbibed the subtlety of the time without being touched by its fervour, and remained insensible to what we regard as its crowning glories. Poetry to him is no flower, but a weed; and when he has occasion to speak of the drama, the form in which some of the best English thought had already found expression, he vouchsafes it but a brief and slighting notice. The discoveries in the New World he considers with reference to the addition thus made to the domain of human knowledge, and their influence in expanding the minds of men for the reception of new ideas. But there is no indication of sympathy with the spirit in which the voyages had been undertaken, or with the chivalrous ardour that flamed so high in Raleigh and in Sidney. He says, in his letter to Prince Henry, 'I have divided my life into the contemplative and active part.' The division resulted in some startling contrasts between the severed portions. One leading characteristic he preserved in both. Prudence was his ideal as well in philosophy as in life. Men had miscalculated the extent and direction of their powers, and he would correct their errors and prevent the waste of energy misapplied. Deliberate choice of a road, of a goal, is the first necessity. The conscious observance of a rigid method was in Bacon's own eyes the most valuable part of his philosophy. All that we esteem most highly in his writings was to him but the preface to experiments like those recorded in his Natural History. His caution and practical keenness reflect one phase of the time.

In the works of his friend Ben Jonson, the drama has undergone a complete change. It had been an exhibition

of humanity from its highest nobility to its lowest degradation, in subordination indeed to art, but to art instinctive, so working in and through its creations, that these have a life and being of their own. Jonson presents us with a certain amount of humorous or of didactic matter cast into dramatic moulds as fixed as the ancient masks of comedy and tragedy. By his own confession, this was the ever-recurring cause of quarrel with his public, who had been educated in Shakespeare's school. But he was not in permanent disfavour with his countrymen. His pedantry became less conspicuous as the age became more pedantic. In conjunction with his better qualities of mind, it at last ensured him an acknowledged headship over the contemporary men of letters—a presidency since held by Dryden and by Johnson. His plays retained possession of the stage long after his death, and with those of Beaumont and Fletcher were performed much oftener than the works of Shakespeare.

Thus the chief poet of the new reign yielded to the dominant tendency, and by his deliberate obedience to a system of definite rules shewed 'the very age and body of the time its form and pressure.' For a reaction had taken place from poetic impulse and heroic achievement to prosaic weariness and worldly wisdom. As the spiritual tension of the nation relaxed, the free healthy belief—the faith which had removed mountains—was replaced by questioning hesitation or by narrow dogmatism. In devout souls, the clear inspiration of simple duty was exchanged for aspiration after some model of supposed perfection. As the sense of an actual Divine government became weaker, the problem of the best possible form of polity became more urgent. The principal interest of the coming time centres in the Puritan, as the most prominent and consistent representative of this great change. By taking a view of Milton's poems in chronological order, we may trace the operation of the new influences, pervading his nature, moral and artistic, and giving the tone and direction to his whole life and work.

Milton's writings fall naturally into three periods, each having a distinct character. These are:—

- I. The Early Verse period: ending with his return from the continent in 1638.
- II. The Prose period: from 1638 to the Restoration.
- III. The Later Verse period: from the Restoration to the end of his life.

I. During the whole of this period the external influences on Milton's life are favourable to what we may call by anticipation the Cavalier alternative. We learn from Mr. Masson's elaborate Life, that in the house of Milton's childhood the memory of the last Tudor was held in especial honour. An old 'Queen Elizabeth gentleman' was a frequent visitor. The master of the house had himself celebrated the 'fair Oriana' in strains that gave him a place among the first composers of his time, and that must have been among his son's earliest impressions. He had a share, too, in the Whole Book of Psalms, a musical venture of Thomas Ravenscroft, and to him we owe the tunes known as 'Norwich' and 'York,' which became favourite airs for chimes of country churches. It might well be by his father's suggestion that John Milton, at fifteen, began his poetical career by versified paraphrases of the 104th and 136th Psalms. These songs of praise were in less than twenty years to assume a new force from their directly personal application by thousands of Englishmen, who believed themselves engaged in a cause as unequivocally favoured by the Almighty as that of Israel of old.

Keen-eyed commentators have detected in these exercises several indications of Milton's perusal of Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas. We know the book to have been a favourite one with Milton, as with Dryden and most readers of the time. A happy phrase here and there was naturally retained in a poet's memory. It was a canon of last-century criticism that every great poem was a word-mosaic, and that it was the critic's chief business to trace the fragments to the composition in which they first appeared. To Milton's case this canon is not inapplicable. Indeed his poems bear, and even require, ample illustration of this kind. He has often amplified and exalted the conceptions derived from or sug-

gested by books. His genius lay rather in this felicitous appropriation—in the strict sense of that word—heightening, and enrichment of such suggestions, than in taking them at first hand from Nature. In the various readings appended to Todd's edition of the *Comus*, much of that work is seen to be the laborious adjustment of remembered epithets. Phrases or lines are struck out, and saved as material for use farther on. Sometimes the words first written are frigid, even technical. We are therefore precluded from attributing the final result to any sustained impulse, or to that perception of his subject as a reality apart from his cogitations about it, which enabled Shakespeare to express himself with such ease that his editors 'scarcely received from him a blot in his papers.'

As to the manner of his working, Milton passed under different influences, indicated by the varying metre and style of these early poems. The next in order to the *Paraphrases*, the poem *On a Fair Infant*, is both in diction and treatment evidently an imitation of Spenser, whose stanza is adopted with the excision of its sixth and seventh lines, and whose manner is happily followed in the quaint and elaborate beauty of the opening, and in the mingling of classic with scriptural associations throughout.

Two years afterwards, Milton uses, in addressing his 'native language,' the simple old decasyllabic metre of Chaucer, and shews how well it is adapted for the treatment of high and heroic themes. When he is recalled to his immediate task, he proves himself an adept in the manufacture of conceits, here applied to their proper purpose—a riddle.

The 'graver subject' he would then have chosen if he might, he found the next year in the *Nativity*. The modified Spenserian stanza is again used for the introduction. Of the stanzas 4—7 of the *Hymn* itself, Landor says 'it is incomparably the noblest piece of lyric poetry in any modern language that I am conversant with,' adding a regret that 'the remainder is here and there marred by the bubbles and fetid mud of the Italian'—to the influence of which literature, in its then degraded state, he attributes many of the redundancies and exaggerations of Milton's verse. In this

Hymn, the suggestiveness peculiar to its author's language for the first time fully asserts itself. It abounds in felicities that strike the fancy and abide in the memory. The few defects owe their disagreeable prominence to the vigour of the metre, by which an awkward metaphor or a forced conceit is not veiled as by the gently-falling drapery of the Spenserian numbers. In his lines on the Passion, Milton achieved a very tolerable imitation of Spenser's manner, but quite lost sight of his own subject and its requirements. Not only did he, 'nothing satisfied with what was begun,' leave it unfinished, but when time and inward ripeness had removed any incapacity derived from 'the years he had,' he never resumed the theme or reverted to the use of the metre associated with his failure. The cause of that failure deserves some consideration.

The two poets who most closely followed the footsteps of Spenser, Phineas and Giles Fletcher, applied the style and (with certain modifications) the measure of the *Faerie Queen* to the subjects respectively of man in his physical and moral nature, and of the life of Christ. Each strove unsuccessfully to avoid the main difficulty of his task. An allegory should be able to stand alone—a dream with an interpretation, not a translation of definite facts into a continued metaphor. The First Book of the *Faerie Queen* is a complete allegory, bearing a consistent surface meaning which might be its only meaning. Its author was at liberty to create the circumstances of his story and to adorn them with such accessories as might help to render them definite to the reader. He wishes, first of all, that you should *see* his knight and lady and dwarf; and his description of their adventures is as graphic as if the tale had no second hidden sense. Compare the effect with that of Fletcher's *Purple Island*, which means man's body, its geography being his anatomy, its chief city his heart, in the palace of which dwell Life and Heat and their companions. The island, city, palace, and the rest are only intelligible by continual reference to the secondary or rather the sole meaning of the poem. So in certain episodes of the later books of the *Faerie Queen*, historic incidents are set forth under a

transparent veil of metaphor, and those portions of the work become dull and anomalous, as neither history nor allegory.

The only method in which the Spenserian manner could be made available for the theme of the Passion—an event whose details are so awful and significant that the simplest narrative of them is the most impressive—had been already adopted by Giles Fletcher. His devotional commentary, though full of those freaks and fantasies in which our elder writers exhibited and often abused their strength, has yet a grace and force that finds no parallel in the tawdry and cumbrous rhetoric of this fragment. Happily, the turgid absurdity of the closing lines gave the poet warning of his error.

Between the Nativity Ode and the lines on the Passion we shall probably be right in placing the verses on the Circumcision. The influence of Fletcher is still perceptible in the conclusion, more doctrinal than poetical, and there is a taint of euphuistic absurdity in the diction; but the pleasure Milton found in the broken, varied rhythm probably induced him to employ it, in an improved form, for the odes *On Time* and *At a Solemn Music*, which are the last examples in his early poems of the style we are considering.

In them is expressed the ideal of a passive celestial felicity, in an expansion and exaggeration of the figurative language of Scripture: a theme often repeated, but never with the glorious force and brevity of the lines that, a century later, Handel was to 'wed to divine sounds.'

Another series of imitative studies culminates in the Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester. Ben Jonson's best known epitaphs are written in the metre of these lines—a metre much used by Carew and other poets of the time. Jonson's characteristics are happily caught: the terseness, the abrupt transitions from rugged strength to calm and gliding strains, and from elegant and classic imagery to cold and trivial conceits; and the occasional yielding to the ever-present temptation to jingling rhyme like that abhorred by Touchstone.

Jonson, who was held to excel in the elaborate turns requisite for complimentary verse, has left us specimens of raillery as lumbering and unwieldy as these Hobson epitaphs. At

least they express kindly feeling towards the old carrier, and the reader of some contemporary efforts in the style therein attempted, will be disposed to admit that Milton's failures appear respectable by comparison. But of real humour he had no conception. Any one who may doubt the fact has but to turn to the jests of the scoffing spirits in *Paradise Lost* (vi. 609), or the comic *Prolusion* partly translated by Mr. Masson. And yet in the lines *On Shakespeare*, Milton pays homage to one whose humour is as deep as human nature itself. He there recognises the immortality and the immeasurable value of works which he never attempted directly to imitate, though their harmonious versification and exactitude of expression have perceptibly influenced the greatest work of this first period—the *Comus*.

The *Shakespeare* verses and those on *May Morning* enable us to appreciate the interval that still separated Milton from the precisians to whom plays and *May-poles* were alike abominable.

In one species of composition the finer qualities of Ben Jonson's mind were called into especial prominence. This was the *Masque*. The comic portion drew to itself the rugged coarseness and clumsy buffoonery that mar so many of his dramatic efforts, and left freer scope for the exercise of his delicate fancy and the display of his varied learning.

Jonson's *masques* excelled all those of his competitors, and would have been unequalled in our literature had not *Comus* carried to a higher point of artistic and moral beauty the favourite pastime of the Court. Milton's first venture in this style, the *Arcades*, is already equal to Jonson's best. Personal compliment is its main intention, and in this view the beautiful speech of the Genius descriptive of his office is a somewhat disproportioned episode. Yet it is fair to remember that *Arcades* is but a fragment, a 'part of an entertainment.'

Milton lived at Horton for five years, during which time England was suffering from the misgovernment of the King and his ministers Laud and Strafford. Though civil war was as yet far off, there were not wanting some presages of the coming conflict. With the healthy country life and

the healthy external regard, all the faculties of Milton gather strength.

In Sonnet I. we have his reply to some Cambridge friend who had remonstrated with him for making little use of his time. Here is the beginning of Milton's proper vocation, his poetical coming of age. His self-questioning has in it nothing morbid, and is merged in the conviction that all the course of his life is ordered for his good,

‘ If I have grace to use it so
As ever in my great ‘Taskmaster’s eye.’

This trust in a higher guidance than his own will was the best evidence that his life had not been tending to vanity, and would not end therein. In the accompanying letter he writes, ‘ the very fear of the punishment denounced against him who hid the talent restrains me, so that I take no thought of being late, so it give advantage to be more fit; for those that were latest lost nothing when the Master of the vineyard came to give every man his hire.’

We are now approaching the termination of that period during which were composed most of the ‘ little pieces ’ that Dr. Johnson despatches ‘ without much anxiety,’ if with much misplaced contempt. Among these ‘ little pieces ’ the Doctor included *L’Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*. The two former have been usually regarded merely as detached descriptive poems; but they are really parts of a series. They are the pleadings, the decision on which is *Comus*. In them Milton sets before himself the occupations, amusements, and associations of a life led in accordance with the cheerful traditions of ‘ merry England,’ in contrast to those of an existence more thoughtful, refined and subdued.

L’Allegro certainly represents the Cavalier alternative, towards which, as we have seen, all the outward circumstances of the poet’s life were impelling him. His training, his accomplishments, his favourite pursuits, were all calculated to attach him to that section of Englishmen which was to be the strength of the King’s party. He had indeed nothing in common with the roysterers and triflers, the Gorings and the

Jermyns who disgraced and weakened it; but Falkland and his guests would have been companions congenial to the young poet who had saluted the setting star that in its zenith had shed auspicious influence on Spenser, and who was himself befriended by the kindly, undegrading patronage of the Egertons.

He had followed the usual course of study, and had fought not ingloriously in the Academic lists. He had acquired much of that learning which the best men of both parties held in honour, and which each party, as it became profligate or fanatical, derided or condemned. He had twice signed 'willingly and ex animo' his adherence to the Church of England; and if it be objected that this was merely a formal act, it at least proved that as yet he walked in the beaten track of social prescription. No sectarian bias directed or confined his reading or his sympathies; he had made himself familiar with the literature of his time by following in the steps of its chief writers, but with a growing sense that he too was of the 'Muses train'—a sense expressed in his second Sonnet, which is redolent of the vernal freshness of the days of Chaucer, when power came upon men from the daisy and the nightingale. As far as we have gone, there is nothing to denote him as the future poet of the Puritans. To understand how he became so we must hastily glance at the history of Puritanism itself, and observe what there was in Milton's disposition coincident with the tendency of the nation towards it—a tendency, in the years we treat of, becoming daily more pronounced.

In the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign, the Puritan was separated by no broad distinction from the body of his countrymen. He was a member of the Church of England who would have preferred a still wider departure from Roman doctrine and ritual than our reformers had deemed practicable or necessary. He desired a nearer approximation in some particulars to primitive simplicity by the abolition of certain usages retained by the Anglican fathers. On this question the opinion of Convocation in 1561 was so nearly balanced that its decision in favour of their retention was given only

by a casting vote. But from that time the breach between Churchman and Puritan widened continually.

Elizabeth always mistrusted the Puritans. She regarded the exercise of private judgment as a step towards anarchy and the dissolution of that national unity which she strove so hard and so successfully to maintain. Their conduct seemed to her, if not rebellious, at least a limitation of obedience almost as dangerous as the foreign allegiance of the Papists. Her bishops were, it has been said, 'a few clergymen selected by the crown to keep the rest in order.' This was done in order to prevent all ecclesiastical privilege or exemption from obedience to the laws of the land; and in this purpose lay the justification of the Royal Supremacy. But the expedient was disastrous to the Church of England. Bishops, to the utter detriment of their spiritual character, became the political agents of the court; and by their acceptance of that position, they shared the responsibility of those unhappy courses which brought ruin alike on mitre and on crown. The ground of the Puritan controversy was gradually shifted as the controversy itself became warmer. The one party now avowed not merely a preference for the 'Geneva model,' but a conviction of the necessity of its adoption as the only Scriptural form. The other no longer contended for Episcopacy on the plea of its fitness and expediency, but asserted its divine right. This claim was not very boldly made by Elizabeth's bishops, and was discountenanced by the Queen. But when James, pursued by his haunting dread of presbytery, found the gap between Calvinist and Arminian tenets an easy leap, this pretension was revived as a useful support to his prerogative. Against this alliance of bishop and king the Puritans continued to fight out the religious quarrel in the House of Commons. The tactics of those who by slow and patient approaches were to undermine and ruin the fortress of prerogative were modified and partly determined by the tactics of the besieged. James was, as we have all read, a pedant. He rested the justification of his obnoxious claims now on law, wherein he was sometimes technically in the right, now on reason, which nearly always proved him

in the wrong. His law and his reasons, and his Scripture which he quoted to clinch his conclusions therefrom, were chosen in a narrow pettifogging spirit, with a single eye to his own personal and immediate interest. The Commons had to meet him in his own way, and quote precedent against precedent. When worsted in this encounter they tacitly acknowledged their defeat, and continued the ever renewed conflict in some quarter that promised a compensating advantage. Thus their opposition also was somewhat pedantic and fragmentary. It was but rarely that they could assert an important principle, and when they could and did the rage and mortification of James shewed them how keenly the blow was felt.

It was the sustained purpose of Charles I. to carry into practice his father's theory of government. This purpose he executed with greater persistency and less caution than James had shewn. The basis of parliamentary resistance was therefore strengthened: for as he innovated in the interests of tyranny, his opponents were conservative in the interests of liberty. This is strikingly exemplified in Selden's offer to 'pawn his head' for the accuracy of his transcript of all the original Tower records bearing on a disputed point. The library of Sir Robert Cotton was the armoury whence these constitutional weapons were usually taken, until it was closed by the arbitrary command of Charles.

When the quillets of human law were adverse to their cause, the Puritans appealed to the recently translated Bible. In common with all Protestants they had rejected the claim of any external authority to furnish an infallible interpretation of Scripture, and their own was biassed by their peculiar circumstances. The leaders of the party had been obliged to consider political questions according to narrow legal maxims. They could not accept as a social embodiment of Christianity that national Church whose rulers were always on the side of tyranny. They looked zealously for Scripture precedent for the observances which the bishops enforced with no gentle hand. They demanded Bible warrant for every one of them, and rigidly examined every plea for

their longer continuance. They laid stress on the texts which were best suited to their purpose, and imitated in this the action of their political opponents, who had endeavoured to terminate the traditional freedom of England by measures based upon isolated, if not obsolete statutes. And thus, recognising no ancient social organisation which could interpret and harmonise the Divine decrees, and acknowledging no bond of union but agreement in certain theological opinions, they prepared a way for that tyranny of texts under which a later generation writhed in spiritual agony. The operation of this torture may be seen in the pages of Ellwood's autobiography, and more notably still in that of Bunyan, whose soul was a very shuttlecock for his own moods to bandy to and fro by suggestion of haphazard fragments of Scripture.

The same scrupulous suspicion examined the details of daily life; and as it grew stronger it proscribed most things that made the life of that day pleasant, as being either wrong in themselves, or capable of being turned to wrong account. Traditional usages met with as little mercy at the hands of Puritans as traditional liberties at the hands of courtiers. When *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* were written, this jealous precision had not been pushed to the perilous extreme of a later period; but there was enough to indicate to an open and sensitive mind, as was Milton's then, that a crisis was not far distant. Was he to walk with those who cheerfully plodded on, and took what came of sunshine or of storm, using his superior culture as his solace and delight; or with those other spirits, more sombre and more stern, who 'scorned delights, and lived laborious days'?

There is nothing sour or fanatical in his mode of testing the opposing principles. They are weighed in the balance of Pleasure, the balance being held high enough, out of reach of mere animal instincts or coarse enjoyments. What 'delights' does each promise? Milton has tried to be fair in his comparison, and with so much success as might lead us, after cursory examination, to suppose the poems to represent convertible phases of the same mind. But on a nearer view

we shall find that the judge is not wholly impartial. Easily and without offence, had Milton so willed, might the cheerful spirit have been carried into those higher regions here reserved for the exclusive possession of her rival. The immortal mirth of Izaak Walton has a deeper foundation than mere sensuous pleasure; it springs from healthy out-door piety and love of God and of his works.

The classical imagery of *L'Allegro* belongs only to the speaker Milton. It is the frame he gives to the picture, the comment he furnishes on the text. But the incidents of the poem are entirely English and commonplace, and of his own time. The past is represented only by its superstitions and traditional customs. The future is not represented at all.

The mirth of Milton is sportive and innocent, in unreprieved pleasures free—free from all pressure of care or duty or consciousness. The delight in the common country sights and sounds recalls Raleigh's beautiful song, Parson Evans' ditty, that Izaak Walton heard the milkmaid sing to him at her mother's bidding—recalls the foresters of Arden and the carol of Amiens. The folk-lore too reminds us again of the wizard who set our English fairies to play their pranks in the Athenian greenwood, and extended Queen Mab's dominion as far as fair Verona. His 'woodnotes wild' are (with one exception) the only pleasures in the whole *L'Allegro* catalogue which have a strictly mental origin; and they are not evoked by the imagination of the reader, but are enjoyed by a passive spectator at the theatre, contrasting in this particular with the 'gorgeous tragedy' of the *Penseroso*. The single exertion of the mind in its trance of luxury is the 'meeting' the Lydian airs with sufficient attention to follow the meaning of the immortal verse and the varied intricacies of the music.

In the *Penseroso* the past and the foreign are present and familiar. It is a fuller utterance of the poet to whom the gods of ancient days, the ritual of the elder Church, still exist and co-exist. For his delight the Greek drama and the mediæval demonology, Plato and Chaucer and Spenser, are each and all laid under contribution. The homely simplicity of

L'Allegro would be quite inadequate to the enjoyment of this dainty sweetness. Such a distinction is inherent in the generation of Euphrosyne and of the Goddess sage and holy. The one is the daughter of Zephyr and Aurora, born of the breeze and the morning in the prime of May, when the spring-time stirs the youthful blood and buoyant fancy. Melancholy is the offspring of Saturn and of Vesta, of the hearth-goddess and of the ancient king of the golden age, long past, wherein 'all things gain a glory by their being far;' she is born while yet there is no fear of Jove—before the power of the importunate Zeus, the irresistible rushing Life, is felt or known. It is usually 'young gentlemen' who are as sad as night only for the wantonness of pleasing melancholy.

The opening lines of each poem not only express the royal audacity of youth, banishing with an air of irrevocable decision the mood opposed to the inclination of the moment, but reflect with no great distortion the mutual intolerance between the living representatives of the two tendencies—of Ben Jonson who never misses an opportunity, and often makes one, to gird at the Puritans, and of Prynne who invokes 'Law, Gospel, Fathers, Philosophers, and Poets' to prove 'the iniquity of stage plays and the unlawfulness of academical interludes.'

By casting Thought into the scale of Melancholy, Milton sufficiently indicates the inclination which will guide his ultimate decision. His 'fixed mind' could not be filled with pleasures of which the exercise of its higher powers formed no part. And indeed the 'sad virgin' received the homage of many leading men of both parties in the sixteenth-century struggle. Her rule had been heralded by Shakespeare, when he drew the Prince whose 'weakness' and whose 'melancholy' laid him open to the temptations of the Dark Spirit. To the Anatomy of Melancholy Burton devoted his various learning. To the last days of his life, Charles I. was swayed by superstitions and presentiments, and Laud is shewn, in his Diary, to have enjoyed no immunity from their dominion. As the Puritan was coming into greater prominence, this influence of the time appears conspicuously in its effect on him. Cromwell,

about 1623, suffered from hypochondriac 'fancies about the town cross.' The crises in the Parliamentary struggle were marked by the stormy tears and sobs of the debaters.

Dr. Johnson has remarked that Mirth and Melancholy are both 'solitary and silent inhabitants of the breast.' But L'Allegro sits a spectator of the rustic merry-making and of the well-trod stage, while Il Penseroso is independent of all external suggestions except those derived from books. His 'mind is its own place.' By his midnight lamp he finds his pleasure in the abstruser studies ridiculed by Butler as the favourite intellectual exercises of the Puritans:

'Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences.'

His mental, like his physical elevation, is high and lonely. Cathedral and cloister do not afford seclusion deep enough for his weary age. The hermit's cell is his fitting and final haven of rest. This termination has been thought to contrast strangely with the after-life of the author. But the incongruity is more apparent than real. In its ultimate development Puritanism was anti-social. All human organisation was to be swept away as an obstruction to the free communion of the spirit with its Creator. The appeal of Puritanism was to the individual conscience; and forms venerable by the assent of many generations were distrusted as tending to weaken the force of that appeal. In this aspect Puritanism was the antagonist of the Laudian version of Anglican discipline, the Nonconformist element passing through different phases till it appeared as Independency. But Puritanism had a wider range of influence than that exhibited in changes of Church government. It was a mighty flood submerging all England, and leaving traces of its passage even on what it could not utterly sweep away. The same narrowness of view, the same rigour of austerity, which are popularly associated with the Roundhead 'saints,' are found in writers of different and even opposite schools. If Prynne declaim violently against the drama, the admirer of Crashaw looks down with contempt on Homer and on Horace. If Milton insist on the

diabolic character of the divinities of the Pantheon, Cowley could write,

‘And though Pan’s death long since all or’cles broke,
Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke.’

There are passages in Jeremy Taylor’s sermons which recall the exclusiveness of Bunyan. So that we need not be surprised to find in the *Penseroso* this indication of the agreement between the ideal of the Puritan and that of the anchorite. Refined men disgusted at the coarseness, passionate men disgusted at the sin of the world, have taken refuge in solitary studies, or in city conventicles and desert hermitages.

L’Allegro and *Il Penseroso* shew the opposing moods in play almost without let or furtherance from the outer world. But of that world Milton began to have some experience, and he has set forth in *Comus* and in *Lycidas* the lessons he had learned.

In the *Mask of Comus* we have an allegoric treatment of two themes: the licence of the court, and the Romanising tendencies of the Laudian prelates. The two are connected in both poems, but in *Comus* the first is more insisted on, as in *Lycidas* the graver emphasis falls upon the second.

We are too apt to derive our notion of Charles I. solely from the grave face that looks out from the canvas of *Vandyke*, and to strengthen that impression by a tacit comparison of his demurer days with the open, shameless debauchery of his son. But we must remember that the licentious speech which disgraced the withdrawing-room of the palace had its sanction and example in the King’s own practice. The Court poets (some of them the personal attendants of Charles), finding indecency and flattery equally acceptable, took care that there should be no lack of either. The deliberate putting of darkness for light and of bitter for sweet in the speeches of *Comus* will not seem overstrained to any one who may take the trouble to glance through the works of the poets most in vogue. He will find Honour stigmatized as a cheating voice, a juggling art, a vain idol, and a set eulogium upon unchastity supported by every resource

of fancy, wit, and imagery at the command of the writer. The breach of one moral law is adduced as an argument for the violation of a second, and almost in the words of Milton's unhallowed wizard it is laid down that 'we only sin when Love's rites are not done.'

The incense offered at the royal shrine had not the most delicate perfume. It was not thought ridiculous to compare the pimples of the small-pox in the King's face to small stars set in the Milky Way, any more than it was afterwards thought irreverent to parallel his execution with the scene on Calvary, or to travesty the New Testament in his honour, as was done by some zealous Cavalier who considered it allowable to put Charles in the place of the Saviour in the narrative of the Temptation, and to say of him that 'the people brought unto him all that were diseased with the Evil, and he healed them.'

If we suppose that Milton had made certain discoveries of this kind:—that the courtesies of the Court (whence they had their name) were 'glozing lies'; that glistening apparel might cover nothing better than men who had lost the chief honour of their humanity, and who gloried in their shame; that the refinements so much in esteem were brought from Celtic and Iberian fields, from France and Italy, by the son of Bacchus and Circe (Wine and Sloth); that the delight in external nature had ended in sensuality;—could he have made known the results of his experience more forcibly or less offensively than in this Mask? If these were the perils to which the youth of high rank were then chiefly exposed, the thoughtless spirit of enjoyment, the spirit of L'Allegro, would lead them into the midst of the danger. We need not be surprised, therefore, to find that the invocation of Comus recalls the summons to Euphrosyne, as a caricature recalls a face, being an exaggeration and distortion of it. The 'light fantastic' round is a feature common to both. Throughout, in the speeches of Comus, we have these suggestions of the former poem, stray notes from the mirthful song sounding for a moment among the wonted roar and dissonance; and in the parts assigned to the Spirit, the Lady, and the Brothers, the

underlying idea of the *Penseroso*—‘most musical, most melancholy’—is dwelt upon and expanded. Its end is shewn to be not contemplation merely, but the knowledge of the hidden powers of moral as well as of physical nature, the possession of a charm bearing its owner safely through temptation, enabling him to assault the powers of darkness and to come off unscathed. There is no sour scorn of humble pleasures, no vulgar contempt for mere rusticity.

A nobler vindication of divine philosophy in its moral application was never penned. It ranks with Bacon’s defence of wisdom against the commonplaces of men of the world, pedantic in their several pursuits, and stigmatizing as a pedant the man who can survey and give direction to their efforts.

The profligacy of the Court was supported and increased by its extravagance. In little more than eighteen months (in the interval, that is, from March 1626 to July 1627, when the system of forced loans was in full operation) Charles himself spent nearly 30,000*l.* in jewellery alone. And this appears to have been no exceptional outlay, as many of the items are but part payments of large debts on this account. The Court, with its lax morality and reckless luxury, was the natural ally of the gorgeous ritual and ecclesiastical tyranny which are associated with the name of Laud. The pomp of ‘the stately palace set out with all manner of deliciousness’ extended to the sanctuary, and was there called ‘the beauty of holiness.’ The sorcerer’s cup was commended by wile and threat to the Church’s lips. When congregations were recalcitrant against Laudian innovations, their attendance was enforced by fine and imprisonment. The allegoric touches in this poem are here and there so rapidly given that we can only appreciate their definite application by following the history of the time into its minuter details. Thus the ‘magic dust’ of Comus acquires a new significance when we remember that it is the character of a shepherd which the deceiver wishes to assume, and that Laud, the chief pastor of England, in the consecration of a church (on Jan. 16, 1630–1), ‘cast dust into the air.’

Again, the 'wakes' had in 1633 been maintained by Laud against the remonstrance of the judges, and in the promulgation of the 'Book of Sports' the archbishop had shewn that his zeal for ceremonies did not prevent his attempting what was regarded as a deliberate desecration of a divinely appointed institution. Even the staunch royalist Fuller evidently wished that the luckless proclamation had been laid aside by Charles as by James, and inclined to the popular belief that the civil battles (notably Edgehill) fought on a Sunday were judgments specially connected with this act of the King's government. The divines who counselled it did so in the hope that the pastimes enjoined would hinder the people from talking critically of matters of Church and State, and from resorting to conventicles. They took for granted that the Church was established in fact as well as in name, and willingly followed the prevalent fashion of maintaining it by taking good care of themselves, by scrambling at the 'shearer's feast' for rich deaneries and bishoprics, for places in Council and in the court of High Commission. All strenuous endeavour, all vigorous individuality was suppressed as far as the relentless use of authority, short of actual bloodshed, could be effectual for that purpose.

It seemed that nothing remained to employ the abilities of statesmen, or to evoke the energies of the people, but the maintenance of existing institutions, subject to whatever modifications might suit the interest or caprice of the King and his advisers. The reports of Laud's last visitation gave him assurance that the tranquil immobility he desired was attainable, if not already attained. He had done his part to secure it. He had placed Churchmen in posts that since the Tudor days had been held by laymen. Thoroughly satisfied, he wrote in his Diary, 'if the Church of England cannot now maintain itself under God, I can do no more.'

And so the Lady sits paralysed in the palace of Comus, 'in stony fetters fixt and motionless.' The true nobility of England (with rare exceptions) are not the courtiers. Two-thirds of the English peerage could not date their honour farther back than the accession of James I. 'For the most

part,' says Mr. Bisset, 'the nobles were King's men, truly as well as lineally the representatives of the creatures of the Tudors, enriched by the plunder of the Church, and of the still baser minions of the Stuarts.' With upstart insolence they looked down upon the gentry who were the real English aristocracy. But they were themselves a 'rabble,' as Milton has here depicted them.

Yet there were exceptions—some who might be supposed (in the words of the Spirit) to aspire

' To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.'

For these was Milton's song and Milton's warning. They could, if their resistance were wise as well as valiant, effect the overthrow of Comus so that he only should be overthrown. The Brothers should have seized the wand and bound the Enchanter fast. Then the power which had been wielded for evil would not have been paralysed, but turned to noble uses. But here they failed. The rabble and their lord of misrule were driven forth, but the Lady, Milton's Una, was left enchanted. Only by calling in a new agent could the work be completed. And of this new force of Purity is Sabrina the type. She releases the Lady, and her mission being accomplished, she departs. But we are meant to observe that her intervention is a second-best expedient; and in the anxiety of the Spirit,

' Lest the sorcerer entice
With some other new device,'

we see that Milton was not without apprehensions as to its issue. But he passes quickly away to the realities on which his Mask is founded, the actual circumstances of its production, and its moral basis. Of the last he has no more doubt than of the visible presence of the 'noble Lord and Lady bright.' He is sure that virtue is the only guide to true liberty, and that the feebleness of virtue will be aided by Omnipotence.

Milton's early training eliminated all 'harsh and crabbed' notes from his philosophy, rendering it 'musical as is Apollo's

lute.' His numbers are often as melodious 'as the verse of Shakespeare himself, whose cadences are sometimes exactly reproduced; e. g.

'It were a journey like the path to Heaven
To help you find them.'

(The speech of Comus, 'I know each lane and every alley green,' is another example among many that might be given.) An allegory unrivalled for clearness of design, beauty of form, and precision of language, is closed by an epilogue that recalls the exultant trill of Ariel's parting song, and the fays of whom were the visions of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The myth of Venus and Adonis shadows forth the sluggishness and sadness of mere earthly passion, and the superior worth and dignity of the love which may have its beginning therein, but must await its development and joyful consummation in a higher and holier region, where are the springs of freedom and of power.

Milton did not think to sing again for a while. In the conclusion of Comus he was prepared to rest, until his life's 'mellowing year' should bring to him the inward ripeness he had so long watched for. 'Long choosing and beginning late' his lofty theme, he was anxious not to forestall the 'season due' of his laurels by strains which to his purged ears would be 'harsh and crude,' though to others they might seem the resounding grace of Heaven's harmony. But though thus self-contained, he shrank from no obligation that human kindness and the custom of the time might lay upon him. His friend's memory claimed and received from his gentle muse the meed of a melodious tear. In *Lycidas* the event which gave occasion for the poem has the first place, and to it the various changes of theme are subordinate. As he recalls his life at Cambridge with his friend, and all the rich promise that Death had blighted, the thought presses on him that even for one dearer to the muse than Edward King—for one whom universal nature might lament the same dark fate may be at hand. And then of what avail in his strict meditation and constant straining after lofty ideals, 'that

he may leave something so written to after-times as they should not willingly let it die?' For throughout his life Milton did not feel the exertion of his energies to be its own reward. He desired to know himself and to be known by the fruits of that exertion. 'His works,' as Hazlitt says, 'are a perpetual Hymn to Fame.' And here he meets and conquers that suggestion of the uselessness of high endeavour which has paralysed so many strong arms and subtle brains. It is not we, after all, that are the arbiters of true Fame against the injustice of Time: the appeal lies to a higher than an earthly judge. As a later poet has sung, what is here left unfinished may be wrought out to perfection 'somewhere out of human view.' After the outburst on Fame that strain is expressly said to be 'of a higher mood,' and the pastoral pipe proceeds. Then the stern denunciation of 'the pilot of the Galilean lake' scares away the lighter mythologic fancies, till they are wooed back by the melodious invocation to the Sicilian Muse, with its echoes of Perdita's catalogue of flowers. The hand that wrote *Comus* has not lost its cunning; but we do not find in *Lycidas* that unity of subject which charms us in the *Ludlow Mask*. The train of thought is divided, as the later title intimates, between the private grief and the prophecy of the woe coming upon England. The interval of three years had increased the confidence of the court and of the clergy. To silence every voice that their own lightest whisper might be heard, to keep in abeyance the settlement or to prohibit the discussion of questions felt to be vital by men more earnest and not less able than themselves, was the constantly sustained intention with which those in authority strained every existing statute, and were prepared to assume a power above the law.

While the bishops in the court of High Commission were judging not merely the acts, but the supposed tendencies of others with unrelenting severity—their chief Laud ever the harshest and hardest—the effects of their own system, palpable to others, were to them invisible. The increasing number of proselytes to the old Church, his own inability to check the Romeward progress of his disciples, the Pope's offer

of a red hat to himself, might surely have warned the archbishop that he was steering direct 'for Latium.' Men who saw these things, and therefore distrusted their spiritual pastors and masters, were not without excuse, even though some counter-bigotry was evinced in the stand made against the less important innovations.

In *Lycidas* we hear the first note of the trumpet which was to be to the English throne and Church as were those blown before the walls of Jericho. In *Lycidas* we see the first indications of the vigour and the coarseness that strengthen and disfigure the Prose Works. And in *Lycidas* we have the intimation of two facts regarding Milton. He considered the day of his youth to be closed by the death of the friend of his youth—that on the morrow he was to seek 'fresh woods and pastures new.' But his choice has been made. His mantle is already of the Presbyterian colour. Henceforth there will be no more quiet communing with English oaks and rills. A brief holiday interposes between him and a 'time of chiding,' which with small respite will vex his spirit till, wearied and worn, he rests at last;

'Though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues.'

Milton's determination was not likely to be shaken by the experience acquired during his Italian journey. Welcomed by ambassadors, cardinals, and nobles; with the divine Leonora to sing to him, and the choice wits throwing open for him their academies, wherein endless store of sonnets, epigrams, elegies, and anagrams were to be had for asking, he saw the republic of letters in the most high and palmy state it could attain, according to the standard of that time and nation.

Literature surely was flourishing in Italy, if learned societies, munificent patrons, and verse-writers innumerable might be accepted as unquestionable signs of prosperity. And yet Tasso had not had too happy a life—lulled into sweet dreams and waking in a dungeon, to find that he had been mad indeed to mistake condescending patronage for real sympathy and appreciation. We have seen that Galileo was not without

just cause of complaint. To the interests dearest of all to Milton's heart, poetry and truth, the dainty Epicurean elegance had brought no good; 'nothing had been written now these many years but flattery and fustian.' The writers were far too feeble a race to overthrow the tyranny they lamented, or to vindicate learning from the 'servile condition' into which it had fallen.

Milton acquiesced in the prevailing fashion, and displayed his versatility in the Italian sonnets that appear to have excited the mirthful wonder of his foreign friends. The sonnet associated with the joys of his early life he chose for the expression of his later sorrows. Another impression of his journey may be traced in his subsequent writings—admiration for the municipal life of Italy, as tending to realise that 'free commonwealth' for which his cry went up in his *Ready Way*, the 'last voice of our expiring liberty.'

II. With the Prose Works we have no direct concern: Liberty is their ideal, as Virtue is that of the early poems. That Englishmen should be free in mind and conscience, that their struggles after freedom should not be misrepresented,—this is Milton's endeavour. All idols must be broken that this true worship may prevail. The new order in Church and State must be justified in the vindication of the ancient native rights of Englishmen. Milton's opinions move in the direction taken by the leading spirits among his countrymen. From Presbyterianism he passes on to Independency. He has throughout a proud sense that he has no mean citizenship, that England is highly favoured by the Ruler of nations. But the political strife of the time was an uncongenial element to Milton. In this warfare he had but the use of his left hand, and often hastily took up the readiest, not the fittest weapon. His rage is often more violent than mighty or noble, and in the later stages of his controversial career his sense of fairness, his characteristic love of truth, occasionally forsake him.

The dogmatism of the schoolmaster overshadows all. His satire is 'as the throwing of brickbats, outrageous, ponderous and smashing.' The savage recklessness of his onslaughts,

the paltry witticisms in which he vies with the meanest pedants at their wretched trade, the want of temper and of scope in his handling of the great problems of his day,—all prove that he had forsaken his true vocation for an employment that brought into strong relief all that was faulty in his mind and character. We cannot but look on these pamphlets with a mixed feeling—of reverence for the self-sacrifice that would not turn aside from what seemed to be laid on him as a duty, of misgiving that after all the ‘better part’ for him would have been with those ‘who only stand and wait.’ Those passages in the prose works recall most forcibly the true Milton which carry us into ‘a region pure of calm and serene air.’ There all coarseness, bitterness, and vehemence slip from him like a robe soiled with dust and travel-stained, and he is clothed upon with power and gentleness and radiance as one of those who ‘sing, and singing in their glory move.’

We cannot understand the relation of *Paradise Lost* to the facts of its author’s life and to the series of his works unless we mark the direction of his thoughts and the current of the national history during this prose period.

Milton had led the literary attack on the bishops as the advanced-guard of tyranny: he had been provoked to the assertion of his right of putting a summary end to his domestic unhappiness; but his public career did not fairly begin till after the death of the King. The Puritan triumph was not unalloyed. Then began the schism which was inevitable as soon as the common enemy of Presbyterian and Independent lay at their mercy. That enemy, too, had never been more formidable. Nothing in the life of Charles became him like the leaving it. In straining every point to divest of its perilous attraction the closing scene at Whitehall, Milton shewed how deep was the impression it had made. The ‘dismal groan’ of the assembled crowd at the falling of the axe found an echo in the hearts of thousands. Even Marvell, in his ode to the mighty hunter who had brought down the royal prey, bears generous testimony to the majesty and awful grace of Charles when he stepped from the window of the Banqueting House,

as cheerfully as he was wont to tread the floor of the same hall on a mask night :

‘ He nothing common did, nor mean
Upon that memorable scene :
But with his keener eye
The axe’s edge did try ;
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right ;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.’

Charles had moreover availed himself with desperate dexterity of the opportunity of standing forth in the character of a champion of the laws which he had outraged and of a martyr to the Church which he had been ready to abandon. His enemies had cut themselves adrift from all the old constitutional moorings. Hugh Peters’ proposal to burn the records was but a forcible expression of this fact. All that interfered with the great experiment in progress was swept away. Whatever dangers the Council of State might have to encounter, they at least had free scope for their exertions. The King had been executed ; the Lords had been abolished ; Episcopacy and the Prayer Book had gone ; and Presbyterianism, with its definite conclusions and rigid system, had no chance of succeeding them. Puritanism was a powerful solvent, but it did not tend to edification, in the primary sense of that word. Prescription, custom, tradition,—all these were broken down ; and yet the statesmen of the Commonwealth, able and conscientious and zealous as they were, had no political idea, no positive conviction, that could create a new order out of the ruins of the old. No sooner were the ancient institutions got rid of, than their hold on the memories and affections of Englishmen was felt. In the exigencies of government recourse was had to expedients that forcibly reminded the nation of the very evils which it had found intolerable in the late reign. The basis of the administration, in 1649 as in 1629, was force. The illegal interrogations of the Privy Council were continued by the Council of State. John Lilburne, on trial for his life,

received (he said) harsher measure from the judges of the so-called Commonwealth than he had from the prelates and lords of the Stuart tyranny. And thus, having conquered all, the energies of the victors seemed exhausted, and their very success was dashed with some of the bitterness of failure.

When Bacon insisted on the necessity of 'experientia' to the restoration of the lost '*commercium mentis et rerum*,' he did not foresee that his watchword would have a double translation. As 'experiment,' it would reveal a new world of science; as 'experience,' it would open a new chapter in the religious history of England. In vain he had tried to give an exclusively physical character to the movement he had inaugurated; to set apart all things spiritual in a region, safe if remote, where they should enjoy immunity from all examination similar to that which he set forth as the only method of attaining true and certain knowledge. His warning did not deter men from enquiring into these subjects, whilst it apparently fortified with his authority their abandonment of the cautious balancing spirit which inspires the pages of the *Novum Organon*. They laid the phantoms of education and of custom only that they might listen with more attention to the suggestions of their own minds, the oracles of the cave. The infallibility denied to official representatives of the Christian Church was claimed or assumed on behalf of individual Christians. Each man's spiritual intuitions were not merely a law to himself, but, where the force (or weakness) of his character made him a leader of some section of the 'godly party,' they were imposed as a law on others also. If in his eyes hockey and bell-ringing were perdition, and wearing his hat at unusual times a testimony to the truth, they were so not only for him but for all. And so extreme licence of religious thought and extreme intolerance went hand in hand.

It has been said that incessant differentiation is the law of progress. It was certainly the law of Puritanism, and began to operate from the earliest days of the Commonwealth. The history of the time is the history of the wranglings of the army with the parliament, and of the parliament with itself or the Protector.

Milton was for years Latin secretary, in contact with Cromwell and the leading statesmen. Yet we learn little more from his writings, as to their characters and actions, than as if he had watched the operations of government from a distance, instead of himself moulding the expression of the 'State's august decree.' His eulogies on Cromwell, Bradshaw, and the rest, are cordial, but in terms too general to be graphic. They lack all those happy minuter touches which give life to Clarendon's portraits. We cannot attribute this to Milton's want of descriptive power, but rather to his want of personal sympathy. His isolation grew upon him as he became more decidedly Puritan, and called out and strengthened the self-reference in which Coleridge found the chief interest of his works. His 'soul was as a star and dwelt apart;' his 'mind,' we are told, was 'one not condescending to little things.' His seclusion was not interrupted by the appreciative enthusiasm of the Puritan leaders, and his neglect of his own interests was not counteracted by the kindly solicitude of those who employed him. While the chief men were securing for themselves lands and lordships, the money grant to Milton for his 'Defence' was cancelled, and a barren vote of thanks substituted. When his declining sight impaired his usefulness, after a short-lived show of compassion and consideration, no especial favour was extended to him. He himself wrote to Heimbach that he had no influence at the Protector's court.

The Sonnets link the earlier to the later poetic period. In them we see an epitome of Milton's characteristic qualities, and of the circumstances affecting him during this time. The first alarm of the civil war, the victories of the Commonwealth, the persecution of the Vaudois, are there commemorated. Cromwell proved the sincerity of his professed admiration of Elizabeth by voluntarily assuming the position (which she had been partly forced to take, but had so gloriously maintained) of headship to Protestant Europe. The author of the Sonnet on the Massacre in Piedmont was the ready writer of the remonstrance which Oliver sent to the 'eldest son' of the persecuting Church. On the death of the

Puritan King, says Carlyle, Puritanism 'fell loose naturally in every fibre—fell into anarchy—proved by trial that a government of England by it was henceforth an impossibility. Amid the general wreck of things, the reminiscence of Royalty rose again, all government threatening now to be impossible.' It would be more accurate to say that the relaxation and disruption were only made palpably evident at the death of Cromwell. His hand alone sustained the crumbling fragments of Puritan ascendancy; and when it was removed they instantly fell to ruin. The dissensions of his own party, and the increasing desire of the nation to retrace its course, were a burden and strain too heavy for even his inflexible will and iron frame. Local Royalist insurrections broke out every winter: his last parliament was dissolved just in time to prevent a wider catastrophe; 'all would have been in blood on Charles Stuart's account had they but sat two or three days longer.'

Dryden, as his wont was even thus early, prophesied smooth things on Cromwell's death—'faction now by habit does obey;' and Marvell hopefully proclaimed 'calm peace succeeds a war.'

But those about Oliver's death-bed had their forebodings and anxieties not wholly selfish. Their greatest fear was lest they should commit themselves in the delicate and hazardous business of the succession; but they had also some solicitude about the fate of the 'godly party' and the 'good old cause.' 'Their hearts seemed as if sunk within them.' They exhausted what remained to them of energy and opportunity in a blind and desperate struggle for power. When their weakness became evident, it was easy for a man like Monk, with some power and no conscience, to bring about a consummation which most Englishmen desired, and for which nearly all were prepared. The turning tide had carried with it men of all parties. Prynne, whose ears had been twice cut off by order of the Privy Council, advocated the restoration of the old order of things in his *Prescription*, published in Oct. 1659. Although he does not expressly plead for the revival of monarchy, 'the King' is repeatedly named, and his office

assumed to be an essential part of government. Milton's own words, in his *Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth*, shew that the 'greater part by far of the nation' concurred in, or rather insisted upon, the Restoration.

On the wickedness of the succeeding time there is no occasion to dwell. But there is no more powerful or more melancholy lesson in history than that the 'reign of the saints' should have led to this result.

The revenge of the returned Cavaliers was gratified by the execution of some of the foremost adherents of the 'good old cause' with all the horrid penalties of treason. But those who escaped such extreme severity were often harassed by the petty malignity of their triumphant adversaries. Cromwell's dead body was exhumed and hanged at Tyburn; his widow was 'exposed to loss and violence' under pretence of searching for jewels belonging to the late king, and her remonstrance was docketed by Secretary Nicholas as 'Old Mrs. Cromwell's Noll's wife's, petition.' Henry Cromwell, to retain his Irish estates, extenuated the part he had taken in affairs under the Commonwealth as 'out of natural love to his late father,' not 'out of malice to his majesty.' Milton was less harshly dealt with. The proclamation against him and others appears to have remained a dead letter. The formal custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms was the only restraint to which he was obliged to submit. But he did not regard his position as one of security; rather as

'In darkness, and with dangers compass round,
And solitude.'

By an allusion in one of Marvell's controversial pamphlets we learn that at least one adherent of the Cavalier faction was eager to turn the rage of his party against the blind poet, whose house he had 'haunted incessantly,' and in whose hearing he had used such expressions as to the government of Charles as his host 'was too generous to remember.'

III. And now Milton's time was come for fulfilling the promise he had long since made to the world, and what was

of more importance, to himself. More than twenty years since he had covenanted with his knowing readers to go on trust with them for the payment of his debt. The work he had in view was not 'to be raised from the heat of youth or from the vapours of wine,' nor to be 'obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases.' To this he would add 'industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs;' and till this preparation was completed (he had said) 'I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges I can give them.'

He had mourned when the time's dissensions had 'interrupted the pursuit of no less hopes than these,' and had compelled him 'to leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes, put from beholding the bright countenance of Truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.' But he had looked forward with full assurance to the day on which a great deliverance should remind the nation of the solemn thanksgivings 'when for us the northern ocean, even to the frozen Thule, was scattered with the proud shipwrecks of the Spanish Armada.' 'Then,' he had said, '*then*, amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, some one may perhaps be heard offering at high strains in new and lofty measure to sing and celebrate Thy divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages.'

It was otherwise ordered, as we know. The presentiment of blindness which had haunted Milton even before the Italian journey (as Mr. Masson has noticed) was at length fulfilled. The inward vision was not dimmed, and 'he who excelled most in the treatment of external nature composed his best descriptions from the images retained in his memory when the knowledge of nature was at one entrance quite shut out.'

We are told by Aubrey that *Paradise Lost* was completed about three years after the Restoration. The battle of Milton's life was lost and won, and the sympathetic longings for onset and victory, that might once have kindled his triumphant song, were stilled for ever. It was no time to fulfil his youthful anticipation of celebrating the unconquered order of the Table Round and the exploits of Arthur crashing through the Saxon ranks. He turns with sad serenity to contemplate the cradle of humanity, to find in Eden the realisation of the purity, uprightness and strength from which his countrymen had so far departed.

In the selection of a sacred subject, Milton might seem to share the prejudices of some of his contemporaries, that secular themes were not merely beneath the dignity, but contrary to the profession of a Christian poet. But his treatment is distinctly original. His mental energy, guided by classical tradition, works in the Scripture material till a Biblical mythology is constructed, with persons, incidents, and accessories suggested or directly furnished from the storehouse in his memory of things new and old. In the outline of the poem we see the hard logical framework of Milton's theology; in its details the spoils of all previous literature are used to adorn till they nearly conceal the rigid unity of the substructure.

In the religious poetry of Milton's day—in the writings of Crashaw, Quarles and Herbert—the modes of expression, and often the feelings expressed, are too peculiar and personal to be recognised by the generality of readers as an accurate transcript of their own experience. Such books as the *Steps to the Temple* and the *Divine Emblems* are chiefly valuable as the exponents of one highly cultivated religious fancy dwelling on a few religious ideas with much variety of religious vocabulary. Contrasted with this, the dominant school of his day, Milton seems truly Catholic. His work is of loftier proportions: his conception of his subject embraces in its sweep all similar presentations in the literature of other times, and fuses them into a whole which possesses at once the charm of novelty and the grace of association. It would be

beyond the purpose and the limits of this Introduction to enter into any detailed examination of *Paradise Lost*. That written by Addison in the *Spectator* should be read by every student of Milton. Its delicate discrimination of the author's original excellences, and the degree in which he was indebted to antiquity, is sometimes marred by the prevailing vice of eighteenth-century criticism, the habit of regarding works of the highest order as mere elegant entertainments, diversified with 'pleasing strokes of genius' and skilful arrangements of incidents depending not on art but on artifice.

Dr. Johnson, in his *Lives of the Poets*, has given a summary view of *Paradise Lost* arranged under the heads of the various requisites of an epic poem, the moral, the fable, &c. The warping prejudice which made Johnson 'a dishonest man' in relation to Milton (as De Quincey has said) appears even in the eulogium which he is constrained to pronounce upon this great work. He insinuates that it is dull. De Quincey pertinently asks, 'to whom'? Allowing that its excellence is not continuously sustained 'to the height of its great argument,' yet perhaps no book, when it has been once carefully perused throughout, is more frequently recurred to by all lovers of literature, impelled to re-open it by the haunting visions of beauty or echoes of ærial melody that linger in the memory. But though Addison and Johnson have supplied the standard full-length notices of *Paradise Lost*, Miltonic criticism is deeply indebted to later and more appreciative writers. Coleridge, Landor, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, De Quincey, have each left us some flowers gathered in their passage through the 'happy garden.' Their observations, for the most part detached and fragmentary, are not made afar off from a bleak critical height, but in close contact and sympathy with their subject, arising spontaneously from their intimate knowledge of it, and giving real help to its better comprehension by others.

All that can here be attempted is to direct the attention of the student to the main idea of the great poem and its bearing on Milton's time. Obedience, and obedience of a negative kind, is set forth as the tenure by which man held his original happiness. So far there is nothing distinctively

Puritan. But in the longing retrospect to the state of innocence as the state of perfection, in the presentation of the solitary pair as the type of human society, we see the working of the spirit which, aiming at noble simplicity, had achieved barren nakedness, and which induced Milton to disparage all human arts and wisdom as vain and corrupt. Again, as in Puritan preaching the main emphasis is laid on the future world, the existing state of things being regarded as the insignificant 'point between two eternities,' we cannot expect from the Puritan poet any such proclamation of a present order and kingdom of a reigning God as we find in Dante, who resembled him in his stern firm belief in his own inspiration. In Milton, accordingly, the action takes place in the far-away past and refers to the far-away future; while in his Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, Dante describes three phases of existence, as present and real as the life in Florence streets, and the revelation of them is made in the most matter-of-fact tone, by one who had himself performed the awful journey.

It is certainly no disparagement of Milton's genius to admit that both in the scheme and in the details of his great work he attempted the impossible. Only his marvellous power could have given the appearance of success. We may admire, with Coleridge, the judgment with which the Fall of Angels is supplied as a background to the Fall of Man, and the origin of Evil thus removed into the dim vista of pre-Adamite ages; but we cannot help seeing that the mystery, thus seemingly explained, is as mysterious as ever, nor that Adam and Eve have evidently the knowledge of evil *before* the Fall. Again, in the Divine dialogues, according to Coleridge, the author 'takes advantage of the dramatic representation of God's address to the Son the Filial Alterity,' to introduce the personal interest required by poetry, and 'to slip in, as it were by stealth, language of affection, thought, or sentiment, in a variety which he does not attempt to employ elsewhere.' But in the endeavour to preserve the duality of the Divine Interlocutors, such limitation is inevitable as is ruinous to the effect of a work of art which (as this does) claims not merely

our assent to the conditions, but our belief in the truth of its presentment. A striking example of the difficulties which abounded in Milton's theme is the great contest with the rebel angels. Strictly speaking, the devils (since they remain such), are not conquered by the goodness of God; they are only punished by His power. To give the appearance of victory, the contest is made no longer spiritual—of Good with Evil, but material—of Force with Force; and so we have the battle in the Sixth Book.

Ellwood's question 'What hast thou to say of Paradise Regained'? led Milton to complete the treatment of his subject. We have in the later poem the triumph of obedience. This obedience is no longer a mere passive submission, or observance of a prohibitive command, but an active seeking after the indications of a Higher Will and an energetic concurrence in His purposes. And in selecting the Temptation rather than the Crucifixion as the climax of the self-surrender of Him who became obedient unto death, Milton was partly influenced by the antithesis between the scene, the circumstances and the event of this and of the primeval assault of the Enemy of man. But the personal reference is never absent in Milton's works. The down-trodden Puritans brooded over the disappointment of their darling hopes, 'and as the days increased, increased their doubt.' It was surely natural that their poet should turn to contemplate the circumstances in which the Kingdom of Heaven did come with power, and seek to realise rather the victory of the Son of Man over the perplexities of life and the suggestions of evil, than the final triumph of His death.

Galling as was the Stuart yoke to the Puritan, it was not heavier than that of the Roman on the Jew. The Jew's deliverance was indeed at hand, but not by the obvious expedient of revolt and independence. Such commonplace suggestions are urged upon the Deliverer by the Tempter with all the plausible rhetoric of worldly wisdom. But neither these arguments, nor the 'multitude' of the Messiah's own 'thoughts' as to his person and office,

'Ill suiting, with his present state compared,'

can drive him into self-assertion. In the refusal to test His divinity he proves it, and in His utter self-abnegation the disobedient spirit is compelled to recognise the Son of God. The contemplation of the 'irresistible might of weakness,' in 'humiliation and strong sufferance' thus overcoming the Power of Evil, must again have fed with calm and confident thoughts the mind of Milton 'quietly expecting, without distrust or doubt.'

In *Paradise Regained* the poet claims the highest sanction for the Puritan opinion (transmitted from the early Lollard days) of the sole sufficiency of Scripture for all purposes of life. In its assertion he exalts Holy Writ as the triumphant rival of all Gentile wisdom and secular knowledge, and limits the inspiration of God to the words and actions therein recorded.

In the last Book of *Paradise Lost*, Milton had traced tyranny to its cause in those who are subjected to its sway, and makes their submission of themselves to inward baseness the precursor of outward slavery, 'though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.' So much he might permit himself to say of those who had welcomed the return of the Stuart; but what of those who had fought so nobly in 'the good old cause'? They had surely not deserved their fate. Their bitter disappointment is set forth in *Samson Agonistes*. A great deliverance had been wrought, a glorious future seemed opening to the nation 'mewing her mighty youth'—and now her champions lay at the mercy of their foes. In this last poem of Milton, there is a change from the exclusive if lofty egotism of those passages in the *Paradise Lost* and *Regained* which refer directly to the author. He now expresses not merely his own sense of his own calamity as man and bard—not merely feeling, but fellow feeling. It is as the hero and representative of his race that Samson appeals to us. His brethren are not left wholly without hope, and still wistfully look to him as their deliverer.

The final victory of Samson is not without its parallel. The executions of the regicides, and the horrors attendant thereon, did more to check the ultra-royalist reaction than

any less public, if equally base acts of the Restoration government. Their brief fever over, the sobriety and good-nature of Englishmen were disgusted at the licence and the cruelty of Whitehall; and though the Puritan experiment, once so thoroughly tried, could not be repeated, the struggles and sufferings of the Puritans bore certain, if tardy fruit.

Milton died just half way between the Restoration and the Revolution. Fourteen years before his death the way to establish a free commonwealth had seemed to him 'ready and easy'; but it was not found till the spirit of compromise and concession (which he abhorred, but which it seems must ever rule Englishmen when engaged in lasting works of reform) had been evoked by a great emergency, and had rendered it possible to establish a settled liberty under the old forms of the constitution, and to afford conflicting tendencies scope and verge enough for their mutual opposition without danger to the national interests.

Looking back, 'in calm of mind, all passion spent,' at the great tragedy he had seen played out, Milton found no time or cause for lamentation. 'All is best, though we oft doubt.' A new acquisition of true experience had been gained, such as can be reaped even from the failures of true men.

'The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.' That would seem to be in brief the lesson of the great struggle of the seventeenth century. The elaborate machinery of government, readjusted and varied till its continual alteration produced and evinced the instability and anarchy it was intended to prevent; the attempt to attain exalted excellence by narrowing the idea of perfection; the continual self-conscious straining after a self-appointed rule of life; and the neglect or denial of those facts of life of which the rule took no account;—these were the failings and the errors of the Puritanic system.

But the unconquerable will to do right (according to the system); the patient endurance of suffering in what was, at least in its beginning, the cause of freedom; and the assurance that that cause, being of God, must stand fast for ever and ever—here was the virtue and the faith that gave lustre and

dignity to the Puritanic character. And if the virtue was sometimes marred by self-will, and the faith distorted by fanaticism, it was but as the light of the stedfast stars may be for awhile dimmed or hidden by the 'mists and vapours of this sin-worn mould.' If we do not refuse to the memory of the Puritans the just tribute of our gratitude, we must acknowledge that to them it was owing that England did not sink to the level of the France or the Spain of that day. We have entered into the labours of their might: if we have received from them any traditions not of sound doctrine, the fault is ours if we allow the authority of their opinion—which was but 'knowledge in the making'—to prejudice us against the teaching and the warning of their example.



CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

A.D.	ENGLISH AND FOREIGN HISTORY.	ENGLISH LITERATURE.		MILTON'S LIFE.
1608	Bancroft persecutes the Puritans; they emigrate to Virginia; May 4, German Protestant Union.	Edward Hyde (afterwards Earl of Clarendon) <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1674; Thomas Fuller <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1661; Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset <i>d.</i> (81).		Dec. 9, John Milton <i>b.</i> ; 20, baptized at Allhallows, Bread-street.
1609	Holy League of German powers (Roman Catholic).	Sir Matthew Hale <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1678; Sir J. Suckling <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1641; Publication of Shakespeare's Sonnets.		
1610	Henry IV of France assassinated, May 4.	Authorised Version of the Bible, May 22;		
1611	Ulster Settlement.	James Harrington <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1677.		
1612	Earl of Salisbury, the younger Cecil <i>d.</i> , May 24; Prince Henry <i>d.</i> , Nov. 6.	Samuel Butler <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1680.		
1613	Princess Elizabeth married to Frederic, Elector Palatine, Feb. 14; Sir Thomas Overbury murdered, Sept. 24 (32).	Jeremy Taylor <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1667; Drayton's <i>Polyolbion</i> , First Part, published, Second Part in 1622.		
1614	The 'Addle Parliament'; the 'Undertakers.'	Henry More (the Platonist) <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1687; Raleigh's History of the World published.		
1615	Trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset; George Villiers, Privy Councillor, April 23; Arabella Stuart <i>d.</i> , Sept. 17.—Second Part of Don Quixote. (First Part published, 1605.)	Richard Baxter <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1691.		

1617	demnation and reprieve of Somerset.— Miguel Cervantes <i>d.</i> (69). Book of Sports; Episcopacy in Scotland; Raleigh's Guiana expedition.	Ralph Cudworth <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1688; Algernon Sidney <i>b.</i> (?), beheaded, Dec. 7, 1683.	To St. Paul's School before this year.
1618	Bacon, Lord Chancellor, Jan. 4; Execution of Raleigh (66), Oct. 29.—Thirty Years' War begins, May.	Joshua Sylvester, translator of Du Bartas, <i>d.</i> (55); Abraham Cowley <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1667.	
1619		Samuel Daniel <i>d.</i> (57); William Harvey (1578–1658) discovers circulation of blood.	
1620	The 'May-flower' sails, Sept.—Palatinate lost; Molière <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1673.	Andrew Marvell <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1678; Evelyn <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1706; Bacon's <i>Novum Organon</i> published.	
1621	Bacon condemned, May 3, and pardoned, Oct.; The protest of the Commons, Dec. 18.—La Fontaine <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1695.	Publication of Burton's <i>Anatomy of Melancholy</i> .	
1622		George Withers' <i>Juvenilia</i> (Abuses, Shepherd's Hunting, etc.).	<i>Psalms</i> cxiv. and cxxxvi.; Hard study. Feb. 21. Pensioner at Christ College, Cambridge <i>On a Fair Infant.</i>
1623	Spanish journey, Feb.; the match broken, Nov.—Pascal <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1662.	William Camden <i>d.</i> (72); Giles Fletcher <i>d.</i> (35 or 37); Bacon's <i>De Augmentis</i> ; First Folio of Shakespeare's Plays.	
1624	Disgrace and impeachment of Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, May.	John Fletcher (dramatist) <i>d.</i> (48 or 49); George Fox <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1690.	
1625	James I. <i>d.</i> (59), March 27; Charles I. married, June; First Parliament, June to August; Plague in London.	Publication of Purchas' <i>Pilgrims</i> , and enlarged edition of Bacon's <i>Essays</i> .	
1626	Second Parliament, Feb. June.	Bacon <i>d.</i> (65), April 9; Sir John Davies <i>d.</i> (<i>b.</i> 1570?).	

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

A.D.	ENGLISH AND FOREIGN HISTORY.	ENGLISH LITERATURE.	MILTON'S LIFE.
1608	Bancroft persecutes the Puritans; they emigrate to Virginia; May 4, German Protestant Union.	Edward Hyde (afterwards Earl of Clarendon) <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1674; Thomas Fuller <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1661; Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset <i>d.</i> (81).	Dec. 9, John Milton <i>b.</i> ; 20, baptized at Alhallowes, Bread-street.
1609	Holy League of German powers (Roman Catholic).	Sir Matthew Hale <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1678; Sir J. Suckling <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1641; Publication of Shakespeare's Sonnets.	
1610	Henry IV of France assassinated, May 4.		
1611	Ulster Settlement.	Authorised Version of the Bible, May 22; James Harrington <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1677.	
1612	Earl of Salisbury, the younger Cecil <i>d.</i> , May 24; Prince Henry <i>d.</i> , Nov. 6.	Samuel Butler <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1680.	
1613	Princess Elizabeth married to Frederic, Elector Palatine, Feb. 14; Sir Thomas Overbury murdered, Sept. 24 (32).	Jeremy Taylor <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1667; Drayton's Polyolbion, First Part, published, Second Part in 1622.	
1614	The 'Addle Parliament'; the 'Undertakers.'	Henry More (the Platonist) <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1687; Raleigh's History of the World published.	
1615	Trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset; George Villiers, Privy Councillor, April 23; Arabella Stuart <i>d.</i> , Sept. 17.—Second Part of Don Quixote. (First Part published, 1605.)	Richard Baxter <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1691.	

1616	Cautionary towns surrendered to Holland; Condemnation and reprieve of Somerset.—Miguel Cervantes <i>d.</i> (69).	Shakespeare <i>d.</i> (52), April 23; Francis Beaumont <i>d.</i> (30); Publication of Jonson's <i>Underwoods</i> , and Browne's <i>Britannia's Pastorals</i> .	To St. Paul's School before this year.
1617	Book of Sports; Episcopacy in Scotland; Raleigh's Guiana expedition.	Ralph Cudworth <i>b., d.</i> 1688; Algernon Sidney <i>b.</i> (?), beheaded, Dec. 7, 1683.	
1618	Bacon, Lord Chancellor, Jan. 4; Execution of Raleigh (66), Oct. 29.—Thirty Years' War begins, May.	Joshua Sylvester, translator of <i>Du Bartas</i> , <i>d.</i> (55); Abraham Cowley <i>b., d.</i> 1667.	
1619		Samuel Daniel <i>d.</i> (57); William Harvey (1578–1658) discovers circulation of blood.	
1620	The 'May-flower' sails, Sept.—Palatinate lost; Molière <i>b., d.</i> 1673.	Andrew Marvell <i>b., d.</i> 1678; Evelyn <i>b., d.</i> 1706; Bacon's <i>Novum Organon</i> published.	
1621	Bacon condemned, May 3, and pardoned, Oct.; The protest of the Commons, Dec. 18.—La Fontaine <i>b., d.</i> 1695.	Publication of Burton's <i>Anatomy of Melancholy</i> .	<i>Psalms</i> cxiv. and cxxxvi.; Hard study. Feb. 21. Pensioner at Christ College, Cambridge <i>On a Fair Infant.</i>
1622		George Withers' <i>Juvenilia</i> (Abuses, Shepherd's Hunting, etc.).	
1623	Spanish journey, Feb.; the match broken, Nov.—Pascal <i>b., d.</i> 1662.	William Camden <i>d.</i> (72); Giles Fletcher <i>d.</i> (35 or 37); Bacon's <i>De Augmentis</i> ; First Folio of Shakespeare's Plays.	
1624	Disgrace and impeachment of Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, May.	John Fletcher (dramatist) <i>d.</i> (48 or 49); George Fox <i>b., d.</i> 1690.	
1625	James I. <i>d.</i> (59), March 27; Charles I. married, June; First Parliament, June to August; Plague in London.	Publication of Purchas' <i>Pilgrims</i> , and enlarged edition of Bacon's <i>Essays</i> .	
1626	Second Parliament, Feb. June.	Bacon <i>d.</i> (65), April 9; Sir John Davies <i>d.</i> (b. 1570?).	

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE (continued).

A.D.	ENGLISH AND FOREIGN HISTORY.	ENGLISH LITERATURE.	MILTON'S LIFE.
1627	Buckingham before Rochelle, July 7.—Arundel marbles brought to England.	Thomas Middleton <i>d.</i> , <i>b.</i> 1514 (?); Hakewill's Apology or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God.	
1628	Third Parliament, March 17; Petition of Right confirmed, June 17; Laud, Bp. of London; Buckingham killed, Aug. 23.	Lord Brooke <i>d.</i> (74); John Bunyan <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1688; Sir W. Temple <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1699; Samuel Purchas <i>d.</i> (51).	<i>Vacation Exercise.</i>
1629	Oliver Cromwell's first speech in Parliament, Feb.; Protest and dissolution, March 2; Proclamation against Parliaments.	John Speed <i>d.</i> , <i>b.</i> 1555 (?)	B.A., March 29; <i>Nativity Ode.</i>
1630	Charles II <i>b.</i> , May 29. Mutilation of Alexander Leighton by sentence of Star-chamber.	Isaac Barrow <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1677; John Tillotson <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1694; Charles Cotton <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1687; Publication of Silvestre's Works.	<i>On the Circumcision; On the Passion; On Shakespear.</i>
1631	Battle of Leipsic, Aug. 28; Kepler <i>d.</i> (61).	Michael Drayton <i>d.</i> (68); Dr. John Donne <i>d.</i> (58); Sir Robert Cotton <i>d.</i> (61); John Dryden <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1700.	<i>Epitaphs on Hobson, d. Jan. 1, and Marchioness of Winchester d., April; Sonnet I.</i>
1632	Laud and Wentworth; Till 1638 lasts the period of Thorough.—Gustavus Adolphus killed at Lutzen, Nov. 6 (38).	John Locke <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1704; Earl of Roscommon <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1684; Sam. Pepys <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1703; Second Folio of Shakespeare; Herbert's Temple.	M.A., Cambridge, July; Retires to Horton for five years, to which period are assigned <i>Time, Solemn Music, May Song, Sonnet II, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Arcades</i> , and
1633	Charles crowned in Edinburgh, June 18; Laud, Abp. of Canterbury, Sept. 19.—Condemnation, recantation, and release of Galileo.	Geo. Herbert <i>d.</i> (40); Fletcher's Purple Island published; Prynne pilloried for his <i>Illostriomastix</i> , published this year.	
1634	First writ of ship-money, Oct. 20; Sir E. Coke <i>d.</i> (85).	George Chapman <i>d.</i> (77); Thos. Randolph <i>d.</i> (29); Inns Masque and Cœlum Britannicum, Feb.; Habington's Poems.	<i>Comus</i> acted at Ludlow, Michaelmas.

1635	French Academy; Lope de Vega <i>d.</i> (67).	Richard Corbet, Bp. of Norwich, <i>d.</i> (53); Publication of Quarles' Emblems.	M.A., Oxford.
1636			
1637	Prynne, Burton, and Bastwick pilloried, June 30; 'Janet Geddes' outbreak, July 23.—Descartes' Discours sur la Méthode; Cid, by P. Corneille, 1606-1684.	Ben Jonson <i>d.</i> (63), Aug. 6.	Death of Sara Milton, April 3, and Edward King, Aug. 11; <i>Lycidas</i> .
1638	Hampden cast, April; League and Covenant; Episcopacy abolished in Scotland, Nov. 29.	Chillingworth's Religion of Protestants published.	Continental journey; <i>Italian sonnets</i> .
1639	Pacification of Berwick, June 13.—Racine <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1699.	John Ford <i>d.</i> (?), <i>b.</i> 1586; Thos. Carew <i>d.</i> (50); Sir Henry Wotton <i>d.</i> (71); T. Ellwood <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1713.	Return; Death of Carlo Dati; <i>Epitaphium Damonis</i> .
1640	Short Parliament, April 13 to May 5; Long Parliament meets, Nov. 3.—Rubens <i>d.</i> (63), May 30.	Philip Massinger <i>d.</i> (56); Robert Burton <i>d.</i> (64); Earl of Stirling <i>d.</i> (69); William Wycherley <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1715; Thomas Shadwell <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1692.	Residence in St. Bride's Church-yard; Education of nephews.
1641	Judgment against Hampden cancelled, Feb.; Strafford's trial, March, and execution, May 12 (48); Grand Remonstrance, Nov. to Dec.—Van Dyck <i>d.</i> (42) in London, Dec. 9.	Sir J. Suckling <i>d.</i> (32); Sir H. Spelman <i>d.</i> (79); Peter Lely comes to England, <i>d.</i> 1680; Snectymnus published, March.	<i>Of Reformation in England</i> , May or June; <i>Prelatical Episcopacy</i> ; <i>Reason of Church Government</i> , June or July; <i>Animadversions</i> , July (?).
1642	'Five Members,' Jan. 4; Hull gates shut on Charles, April 23; his standard at Nottingham, Aug. 22; Resolution of Houses against Episcopacy, Sept.; Battle of Edgehill, Oct. 23.—Galileo <i>d.</i> (78); Richelieu <i>d.</i> (57); Guido <i>d.</i> (67).	Isaac Newton <i>b.</i> Dec. 25, <i>d.</i> 1727; Publication of Religio Medici by Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682); De Cive by Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679).	<i>Apology for Snectymnus</i> , Jan. or Feb. (?); <i>Sonnet III</i> , Nov.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE (continued).

A.D.	ENGLISH AND FOREIGN HISTORY.	ENGLISH LITERATURE.	MILTON'S LIFE.
1643	Battle of Chalgrove, June 18; Death of Hampden (49), June 24; Rupert takes Bristol, July 26; Falkland falls in the first Battle of Newbury, Sept. 20; Solemn League and Covenant at St. Margaret's, Sept. 25; Death of Pym, Dec. 8 (59).—Louis XIV (five years old) begins his reign.	William Cartwright <i>d.</i> (32).	Milton marries Mary Powell.
1644	Oxford Parliament, Jan. to April; Battle of Marston Moor, July 2; Skippon's surrender, Sept. 2; Second Battle of Newbury, Oct. 27.	William Chillingworth <i>d.</i> (42); Francis Quarles <i>d.</i> (52); George Sandys <i>d.</i> (67); Wm. Penn <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1713.	<i>Areopagitica</i> , <i>Letter to Hartlib</i> ; <i>Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce</i> ; <i>Martin Bucer's Judgment</i> ; Milton's sight declining; <i>Sonnets IV-V</i> .
1645	Land beheaded, Jan. 10 (72); Failure of Uxbridge Treaty, Feb. 22; Self-denying ordinance, April; Naseby, June 14; Rupert surrenders Bristol, Sept. 10.—Grotius <i>d.</i> (62).	William Browne <i>d.</i> (55); Poems of Edmund Waller (1605-1687) first published.	<i>Tetrachordon</i> ; <i>Colasterion</i> ; <i>Sonnets VI, VII</i> ; First edition of Early Poems.
1646	Charles surrenders to the Scots, May 5.—Leibnitz <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1716.	Sir Thomas Browne's 'Vulgar Errors,' published.	Deaths of Richard Powell, Jan., and John Milton, March.
1647	Charles delivered to Parliamentary Commissioners, Jan. 30; seized by army, June 4; escapes from Hampton Court, Nov. 11; imprisoned at Carisbrook, Nov. 13.	Earl of Rochester <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1680.	<i>Psalms</i> lxxx-lxxxvii, April; <i>History of England</i> begun (Books i-iv written before March, 1649).
1648	Renewal of civil war, Feb.; Royalist fortresses surrender; Cromwell victorious at Preston (Aug. 17) over the Scots, enters Edinburgh; Isle of Wight Treaty broken off, Nov. 27, Army take Charles to Hurst, Nov. 30; 'Pride's Purge,' Dec. 6; Charles taken from Hurst to Windsor, Dec. 23.—Peace of Westphalia, Oct. 24; 'Fronde' to 1653.	Lord Herbert of Cherbury <i>d.</i> (67); Herrick's <i>Hesperides</i> published.	

1649	Charles I beheaded, Jan. 30 (<i>b. Nov. 19, 1600</i>); House of Lords abolished, Feb. 5, and monarchy on the 7th by the Rump; Royalist nobles condemned by High Court of Justice, March 9; Cromwell in Ireland, Aug. to May.	Drummond of Hawthornden <i>d.</i> (64); Thomas Heywood <i>d.</i> (? 58).	<i>Tenure of Kings and Magistrates</i> ; <i>Observations on Ormond's Peace</i> ; <i>Elkonoclastes</i> ; Begins <i>History of England</i> .
1650	Execution of Montrose (38), May 21; Charles II in Scotland, June; Battle of Dunbar, Sept. 3.—Descartes <i>d.</i> (54).	Thomas May <i>d.</i> (55); Phineas Fletcher <i>d.</i> (66); Publication of Hobbes' Human Nature, and of Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.	
1651	Charles II crowned at Scone, Jan. 1; enters England, Aug. 6; Battle of Worcester, Sept. 3.	Thomas Otway <i>b.</i> , <i>d.</i> 1685; Publication of Hobbes' Leviathan and Rudiments (translation of De Cive); Cleveland's Poems.	<i>Defensio pro Populo Anglicano</i> .
1652	First Dutch War, June 30; Naval battles of Blake and Von Tromp.	Filmer's Observations concerning the Original of Government (against Milton, Hobbes, and Grotius).	Correspondence with Sweden, Holland, Denmark, Spain, and Savoy; Blindness.
1653	Long Parliament dissolved, April 20; Little or Barebone Parliament, July 4 to Dec. 12; Instrument of Government; Protectorate, Dec. 16.—Saumaise (Salmasius) <i>d.</i> (65).	Publication of Complete Angler, by Izaak Walton (1593-1683).	Death of Mary (Powell) Milton (?); <i>Psalms</i> i-viii. Aug.
1654	Peace with Holland, April 5; first Protectorate Parliament, Sept. 3 to Jan. 22.	John Selden <i>d.</i> (70); William Habington <i>d.</i> (49).	<i>Defensio Secunda</i> .
1655	Republican conspiracy, Feb. 10; Penruddock executed, May 16; Liberty of Press restrained; Penn and Venables take Jamaica.	Sir William Dugdale's (1605-1686) Monasticon (publication was finished 1673); Jeremy Taylor's Golden Grove.	<i>Defensio pro re contra Alexandrum Morum</i> .
1656	Spanish War, March 12; Blake defeats the galleons, Sept. 10; Second Protectorate Parliament, first session, Sept. 17 to June 26.	John Hales of Eton <i>d.</i> (72); Bp. Joseph Hall <i>d.</i> (82); Abp. Ussher <i>d.</i> (76); Fuller's Church History; Harrington's Oceana.	Milton marries his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, Nov. 12.
1657	Death of Blake (after his victory at Santa Cruz), Aug. 7 (59); Cromwell refuses Kingship, May 8, and is installed as Protector June 26.		

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE (continued).

A. D.	ENGLISH AND FOREIGN HISTORY.	ENGLISH LITERATURE.		MILTON'S LIFE.
1658	Dissolution of Two Houses (Jan. 25—Feb. 4); Surrender of Dunkirk, June 17; Death of Cromwell, Sept. 3, <i>b.</i> April 25, 1599.	Richard Lovelace <i>d.</i> (40).		Death of Catherine Milton, Feb.; <i>Sonnet XVIII</i> ; ? <i>Edition</i> of Raleigh's Cabinet Council.
1659	New Parliament, Jan. 27 to April 22; Rump restored, May 7 to Oct. 13; Richard Cromwell resigns, May 13; Committee of Safety; Rump again restored, Dec. 26 to March 16. —Peace of Pyrenees.	John Cleveland <i>d.</i> (46).		<i>Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes</i> ; <i>Way to Remove Hirelings</i> ; <i>Letter to a Friend</i> ; <i>Brief Declaration of Free Commonwealth</i> .
1660	Monk enters England, Jan. 1, and London, Feb. 3; Convention Parliament, April 25 to Dec. 20; Restoration, May 29; Execution of Regicides, Oct.	Publication of Jeremy Taylor's <i>Ductor Dubitantium</i> .		<i>Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth</i> ; <i>Notes on a Sermon</i> .
1661	Second Long Parliament meets, May 8; Argyle beheaded, May 27 (63); Corporation Act.	Thomas Fuller <i>d.</i> (53).		
1662	Charles marries Catherine of Braganza, May 20; Execution of Sir H. Vane, June 14 (50); Act of Uniformity, Aug.; Dunkirk sold, Oct. 17.	Charter of Royal Society (founded 1645); H. Lawes <i>d.</i> ; Fuller's <i>Worthies</i> published.		Thomas Ellwood introduced to Milton by Dr. Paget.
1663	Impeachment of Clarendon fails, July 9.	Publication of Butler's <i>Hudibras</i> , First Part.		
1664	Second Dutch War.	Second part of <i>Hudibras</i> .		Milton marries Elizabeth Minshull, Feb.
1665	Duke of York defeats Dutch fleet off Harwich; Opdam blown up, June 3; Plague of London, April to Dec.; Five Mile Act.	Sir Kenelm Digby <i>d.</i> (62).		<i>Paradise Lost</i> in MS. shown to Ellwood.
1666	Battle near Goodwin Sands, June 1 to 4; Rupert and Monk defeat Dutch fleet off North Foreland, July 25, 26; Fire of London, Sept.	James Shirley <i>d.</i> (<i>b.</i> 1595?).		

1667	Dutch sail up Medway, June 3; Peace of Breda, July 10; Clarendon resigns, Aug. 30, and goes into exile.	Abraham Cowley <i>d.</i> (49); Jeremy Taylor <i>d.</i> (54); George Wither <i>d.</i> (79).	Sale of <i>Paradise Lost</i> (in ten books), April 27; published this year.
1668	Triple Alliance (England, Holland and Sweden, against France); Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (France and Spain), April 22.	Sir J. Denham <i>d.</i> (53); Sir William Davenant <i>d.</i> (62).	
1669	William Prynne <i>d.</i> (69).	Publication of Penn's No Cross, no Crown.	<i>Accidence commenced grammar; History of England published.</i>
1670	The 'Cabal' government; Treaty of Dover.		
1671	Coventry Act, March 6; Parliament prorogued without voting supplies, April 22.		Publication of <i>Paradise Regained</i> , and <i>Samson Agonistes</i> .
1672	Exchequer shut, Jan. 2; Third Dutch War declared, March 17; Battle of Solebay, May 28; Prince of Orange Stadtholder, June 1; Shaftesbury Chancellor, Nov. 17.	Bishop Wilkins <i>d.</i> (58).	<i>Artis Logicæ.</i>
1673	Test Act, March 29; Duke of York refuses Test, and marries Mary of Modena, Nov. 29; Shaftesbury dismissed, Nov. 9.	Tillotson's Sermons published; The Rchearsal.	<i>Of True Religion, Heresy and Schism; Early Poems</i> republished, with additions.
1674	Peace with Dutch, Feb.		<i>Paradise Lost</i> , second edition (in twelve books); <i>Epist. Famil.</i> Lib. i.; <i>Academic Exercises</i> ; Death, Nov. 8; Burial, Nov. 12.

I.
EARLY POEMS.

MILTON! THOU SHOULD'ST BE LIVING AT THIS HOUR :
ENGLAND HATH NEED OF THEE ; SHE IS A PEN
OF STAGNANT WATERS : ALTAR, SWORD, AND PEN,
FIRESIDE, THE HEROIC WEALTH OF HALL AND BOWER,
HAVE FORFEITED THEIR ANCIENT ENGLISH DOWER
OF INWARD HAPPINESS. WE ARE SELFISH MEN :
OH ! RAISE US UP, RETURN TO US AGAIN ;
AND GIVE US MANNERS, VIRTUE, FREEDOM, POWER,
THY SOUL WAS LIKE A STAR AND DWELT APART ;
THOU HADST A VOICE WHOSE SOUND WAS LIKE THE SEA :
PURE AS THE NAKED HEAVENS, MAJESTIC, FREE,
SO DIDST THOU TRAVEL ON LIFE'S COMMON WAY
IN CHEERFUL GODLINESS ; AND YET THY HEART
THE LOWLIEST DUTIES ON HERSELF DID LAY.

Wordsworth. London, 1802.

I.

EARLY POEMS, 1624-1637.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

(1624.)

*This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at
fifteen years old.*

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown, 5
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubl'd sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil. 10
The high, huge-bellied mountains skip like rams
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
Why fled the Ocean? and why skipt the mountains?
Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?
Shake Earth, and at the presence be agast 15
Of him that ever was, and aye shall last,
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

PSALM CXXXVI.

(1624.)

LET us with a gladsome mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad, 5
 For of gods he is the God;
 For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,
 That doth the wrathful tyrants quell;
 For his, &c.

That with his miracles doth make
 Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake; 10
 For his, &c.

That by his wisdom did create
 The painted Heav'ns so full of state;
 For his, &c.

That did the solid Earth ordain
 To rise above the watry plain;
 For his, &c.

That by his all-commanding might 15
 Did fill the new-made world with light;
 For his, &c.

And caus'd the golden-tressed sun
 All the day long his course to run;
 For his, &c.

The horned moon to shine by night,
 Amongst her spangled sisters bright. 20
 For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand,
 Smote the first-born of Egypt land;
 For his, &c.

And in despite of Pharaoh fell
He brought from thence his Israel.
For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain 25
Of the Erythræan main.
For his, &c.

The floods stood still like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass;
For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his pow'r. 30
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.
For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.
For his, &c.

He foil'd bold Seon and his host, 35
That rul'd the Amorrean coast;
For his, &c.

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew;
For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel
He gave their land therein to dwell. 40
For his, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery;
For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.
For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed, 45
 And with full hand supplies their need.
 For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
 His mighty majesty and worth;
 For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
 Above the reach of mortal eye. 50
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

ANNO ÆTATIS XVII. (1626.)

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT
 DYING OF A COUGH.

O FAIREST flow'r no sooner blown but blasted,
 Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
 Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
 Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
 For he being amorous on that lovely dye 5

That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss
 But kill'd alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer
 By boistrous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
 He thought it toucht his deity full near, 10
 If likewise he some fair one wedded not;
 Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot

Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
 Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was held.

So mounting up in icy-pearled car, 15

Through middle empire of the freezing air
 He wander'd long, till thee he spi'd from far,
 There ended was his quest, there ceast his care.

Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
 But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace 20
 Unhous'd thy virgin soul from her fair bidding place.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand
Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate,
Young Hyacinth born on Eurotas' strand, 25
Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land;

But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
Alack that so to change thee Winter had no power.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb, 30
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low-delved tomb;
Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom?

Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that shew'd thou wast divine. 35

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,
(If so it be that thou these complaints dost hear)
Tell me, bright Spirit, where'er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in the Elysian fields (if such there were), 40

O say me true if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
Of shak't Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof 45
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall

Of sheeny Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

Or wert thou that just maid who once before 50
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
And cam'st again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou [Mercy] that sweet-smiling youth?
Or that crown'd matron, sage white-robed Truth?

Or any other of that heav'nly brood 55
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
 Who having clad thyself in human weed,
 To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
 And after short abode fly back with speed; 60
 As if to show what creatures Heav'n doth breed;
 Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
 To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire?
 But oh why didst thou not stay here below
 To bless us with thy Heav'n-lov'd innocence, 65
 To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
 To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.
 Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child, 71
 Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
 And render him with patience what he lent; 75
 This if thou do he will an offspring give,
 That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live.

ANNO ÆTATIS XIX. (1628.)

*At a VACATION EXERCISE in the COLLEGE, part Latin,
 part English. The Latin Speeches ended, the English thus
 began:—*

HAIL native language, that by sinews weak
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak;
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
 Half unpronounc't, slide through my infant lips;
 Driving dumb Silence from the portal door, 5
 Where he had mutely sat two years before:
 Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
 That now I use thee in my latter task:

Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee: 10
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither packt the worst:
And if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid 15
For this same small neglect that I have made:
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure;
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight
Which takes our late fantastics with delight; 20
But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire,
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire:
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out;
And weary of their place do only stay 25
Till thou hast deckt them in thy best array;
That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears;
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
Thy service in some graver subject use; 30
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles; and at Heav'ns door
Look in, and see each blissful deity 35
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire;
Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire, 40
And misty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,
In Heav'ns defiance mustering all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass 45
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;

And last, of kings and queens and heroes old;
 Such as the wise Demodocus once told
 In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,
 While sad Ulysses' soul, and all the rest 50
 Are held with his melodious harmony
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.
 But fie my wandring Muse, how thou dost stray!
 Expectance calls thee now another way,
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent 55
 To keep in compass of thy predicament:
 Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
 That to the next I may resign my room.

*Then Ens is represented as father of the Predicaments his ten
 sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance with his canons,
 which Ens thus speaking, explains.*

Good luck befriend thee, son; for at thy birth
 The faery ladies danc't upon the hearth; 60
 Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
 And sweetly singing round about thy bed,
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
 She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible. 66
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear;
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
 That far events full wisely could presage, 70
 And in time's long and dark prospective glass
 Foresaw what future days should bring to pass;
 'Your son,' said she, '(nor can you it prevent)
 Shall subject be to many an accident.
 O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king, 75
 Yet every one shall make him underling,
 And those that cannot live from him asunder
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under;
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
 Yet, being above them, he shall be below them; 80

From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing,
 To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
 And peace shall lull him in her flowry lap;
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door 85
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar:
 Yea, it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity.
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot? 90

*The next, QUANTITY and QUALITY, spake in prose, then
 RELATION was called by his name.*

Rivers arise; whether thou be the son
 Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulfy Dun;
 Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
 His thirty arms along the indented meads;
 Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath, 95
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallowed Dee,
 Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,
 Or Medway smooth, or royal-towred Thame. 100

[The rest was prose.]

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

(1629.)

1.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn
 Wherein the Son of Heav'ns eternal King,
 Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did bring;
 For so the holy sages once did sing, 5
 That he our deadly forfeit should release,
 And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

2.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
 And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
 Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high council-table 10
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside; and here with us to be,
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

3.

Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein 15
 Afford a present to the Infant God?
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To welcome him to this his new abode;
 Now while the Heav'n by the sun's team untrod
 Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

4.

See how from far upon the eastern road
 The star-led wisards haste with odours sweet:
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet; 25
 Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
 From out his secret altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN.

1.

It was the winter wild,
 While the Heav'n-born child, 30
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies:
 Nature in awe to him
 Had doff't her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize:
 It was no season then for her 35
 To wanton with the sun her lusty paramour.

2.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle Air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame, 40
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

3.

But he her fears to cease, 45
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
She crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing, 50
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

4.

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung; 55
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sate still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by. 60

5.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist, 65
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

6.

The stars with deep amaze
 Stand fixt in stedfast gaze, 70
 Bending one way their pretious influence;
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow, 75
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

7.

And though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room,
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed;
 And hid his head for shame, 80
 As his inferior flame
 The new-enlightn'd world no more should need;
 He saw a greater Sun appear
 Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

8.

The shepherds on the lawn, 85
 Or ere the point of dawn,
 Sate simply chatting in a rustic row;
 Full little thought they than,
 That the mighty Pan
 Was kindly come to live with them below; 90
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

9.

When such music sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet,
 As never was by mortal finger strook; 95
 Divinely-warbled voice
 Answering the stringed noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
 The air such pleasure loth to lose,
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heav'niy close.

10.

Nature that heard such sound 101
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done, 105
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

11.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light, 110
That with long beams the shame-fac't night array'd;
The helmed cherubim
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd;
Harping in loud and solemn quire, 115
With unexpressive notes to Heav'ns new-born Heir.

12.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung;
While the Creator great 120
His constellations set,
And the well-balanc't world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

13.

Ring out ye crystal spheres, 125
Once bless our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so,)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the base of Heav'ns deep organ blow: 130
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

18.

And then at last our bliss 165
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway; 170
And wrath to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

19.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving. 175
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell. 180

20.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale, 185
The parting genius is with sighing sent.
With flower-inwov'n tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

21.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth, 190
The Lars, and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat, 195
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

22.

Peor, and Baälim,
 Forsake their temples dim,
 With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;
 And mooned Ashtaroth, 200
 Heav'ns queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
 The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

23.

And sullen Moloch fled, 205
 Hath left in shadows dread,
 His burning idol all of blackest hue;
 In vain with cymbals' ring,
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue; 210
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

24.

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove, or green,
 Trampling the unshowr'd grass with lowings loud; 215
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest,
 Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;
 In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
 The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipt ark. 220

25.

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
 Nor all the gods beside
 Longer dare abide, 225
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
 Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
 Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

26.

So when the sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red, 230
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave;
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to th' infernal jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
 And the yellow-skirted fays 235
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze.

27.

But see the Virgin blest,
 Hath laid her Babe to rest.
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
 Heav'ns youngest teemed star, 240
 Hath fixt her polisht car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending.
 And all about the courtly stable,
 Bright-harnest angels sit in order serviceable.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

(1630.)

YE flaming powers, and winged warriors bright,
 That erst with music, and triumphant song
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
 Through the soft silence of the list'ning night, 5
 Now mourn; and if sad share with us to bear
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow;
 He who with all Heav'ns heraldry whilere 10
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
 Alas, how soon our sin
 Sore doth begin
 His infancy to seize!

O more exceeding love, or law more just? 15
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
 For we by rightful doom remediless
 Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
 High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
 Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness; 20
 And that great cov'nant which we still transgress
 Entirely satisfi'd,
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart 25
 This day; but O ere long,
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart.

THE PASSION.

(1630.)

EREWHILE of music, and ethereal mirth,
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
 And joyous news of Heav'nly Infant's birth,
 My muse with angels did divide to sing;
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing; 5
 In wintry solstice like the short'nd light,
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.
 For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
 And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long; 10
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
 Which he for us did freely undergo.
 Most perfect hero, tri'd in heaviest plight
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight!
 He sovran priest, stooping his regal head 15
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
 Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,
 His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;
 O what a mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide, 20
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side.

These latter scenes confine my roving verse,
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;
His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings elsewhere are found; 25
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound:

Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

Befriend me Night, best patroness of grief,
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw, 30
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my woe;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:

The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have washt a wannish white.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels 36
That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood;
My spirit some transporting cherub feels
To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,
Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood; 40

There doth my soul in holy vision sit,
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
That was the casket of Heav'n's richest store;
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock, 45
Yet on the softned quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;

For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing, 50
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild;
And I (for grief is easily beguiled)

Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud 55
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

*This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had
when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was
begun, left it unfinished.*

AN EPITAPH
ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET,
W. SHAKESPEAR.

(1630.)

WHAT needs my Shakespear for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame, 5
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument:
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart 10
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie, 15
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

*Who sickened at the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to
London, by reason of the Plague.*

HERE lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,
And here alas, hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.

'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full
Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and The Bull.
And surely, Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be sed,
Hobson has supt, and's newly gone to bed.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one who did most truly prove,
 That he could never die while he could move;
 So hung his destiny, never to rot
 While he might still jog on, and keep his trot;
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
 Until his revolution was at stay.
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time;
 And like an engine mov'd with wheel and weight,
 His principles being ceast, he ended straight.
 Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath;
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm
 Too long vacation hastned on his term.
 Merely to drive the time away he sickn'd,
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quickn'd;
 'Nay,' quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretcht,
 'If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetcht;
 'But vow though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
 'For one carrier put down to make six bearers.'

Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He di'd for heaviness that his cart went light,
 His leisure told him that his time was come,
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,
 That even to his last breath (there be that say 't) 25
 As he were prest to death, he cried, 'More weight';
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal carrier.
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date
 In course reciprocal; and had his fate 30
 Linkt to the mutual flowing of the seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
 Only remains this superscription.

AN EPITAPH
ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

(1631.)

THIS rich marble doth inter
 The honour'd wife of Winchester;
 A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,
 Besides what her virtues fair
 Added to her noble birth, 5
 More than she could own from Earth.
 Summers three times eight save one
 She had told; alas too soon,
 After so short time of breath,
 To house with darkness, and with death. 10
 Yet had the number of her days
 Been as complete as was her praise,
 Nature and fate had had no strife
 In giving limit to her life.
 Her high birth, and her graces sweet, 15
 Quickly found a lover meet;
 The virgin quire for her request
 The god that sits at marriage feast;

He at their invoking came,
 But with a scarce-well-lighted flame; 25
 And in his garland as he stood,
 Ye might discern a cypress bud.
 Once had the early matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely son;
 And now with second hope she goes, 25
 And calls Lucina to her throes;
 But whether by mischance or blame
 Atropos for Lucina came;
 And with remorseless cruelty,
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree: 30
 The hapless babe before his birth
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth;
 And the languisht mother's womb
 Was not long a living tomb.

So have I seen some tender slip 35
 Sav'd with care from winter's nip,
 The pride of her carnation train,
 Pluck't up by some unheedy swain,
 Who only thought to crop the flow'r
 New shot up from vernal show'r; 40
 But the fair blossom hangs the head
 Side-ways as on a dying bed;
 And those pearls of dew she wears,
 Prove to be presaging tears
 Which the sad morn had let fall 45
 On her hast'ning funeral.

Gentle lady, may thy grave
 Peace and quiet ever have;
 After this thy travail sore
 Sweet rest seize thee evermore, 50
 That to give the world increase
 Shortned hast thy own life's lease.
 Here besides the sorrowing
 That thy noble house doth bring,
 Here be tears of perfect moan 55
 Wept for thee in Helicon;

And some flowers, and some bays,
 'Fore thy hearse to strew the ways,
 Sent thee from the banks of Came,
 Devoted to thy virtuous name; 60
 Whilst thou bright saint high sit'st in glory,
 Next her much like to thee in story,
 That fair Syrian shepherdess,
 Who after years of barrenness,
 The highly favour'd Joseph bore 65
 To him that serv'd for her before;
 And at her next birth much like thee,
 Through pangs fled to felicity,
 Far within the bosom bright
 Of blazing Majesty and Light: 70
 There with thee, new welcome saint,
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint;
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
 No marchioness, but now a queen.

SONNET I.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF 23.

(1631.)

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twenti'th year!
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth, 5
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near;
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure ev'n 10
 To that same lot, however mean, or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

ON TIME.

To be set on a clock case.

FLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false and vain, 5
 And merely mortal dross;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain.
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
 And last of all, thy greedy self consum'd; 10
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss;
 And joy shall overtake us as a flood;
 When every thing that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine, 15
 With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
 About the supreme throne
 Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone,
 When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall climb,
 Then all this earthy grossness quit,
 Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit, 20
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'ns joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds; and mixt power employ
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce;
 And to our high-raisd phantasy present 5
 That undisturbed song of pure content,
 Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
 To him that sits thereon

With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee;
 Where the bright seraphim in burning row 10
 Their loud up-lifted angel trumpets blow,
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms 15
 Singing everlastingly:
 That we on Earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din 20
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord; whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O may we soon again renew that song, 25
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
 To his celestial consort us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flowry May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
 Hail bounteous May that dost inspire 5
 Mirth and youth, and warm desire;
 Woods and groves, are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale, doth boast thy blessing;
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long. 10

SONNET II.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warbl'st at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May;
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day, 5
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
 Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh: 10
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why;
 Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus, and blackest Midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy;
 Find out some uncouth cell, 5
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-raven sings;
 There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10
 But come thou goddess fair and free,
 In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister Graces more 15
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;

Or whether (as some sager sing)
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
 Zephyr with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a-Maying, 20
 There on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh-blown roses washt in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
 Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee 25
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek; 30
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as ye go
 On the light fantastic toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee 35
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free; 40
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow, 45
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine.
 While the cock with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin, 50
 And to the stack, or the barn door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbring Morn,

From the side of some hoar hill, 55
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.
 Sometime walking not unseen
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great Sun begins his state, 60
 Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight.
 While the ploughman near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe, 65
 And the mower whets his sithe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landscape round it measures; 70
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied, 75
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
 Towers, and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes. 80
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks;
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes, 85
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or if the earlier season lead
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead. 90
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite;

When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid, 95
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the live-long day-light fail;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How faery Mab the junkets eat;
 She was pincht and pull'd she sed;
 And he by friars' lantern led,
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat 105
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set;
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
 That ten day-labourers could not end.
 Then lies him down the lubbar fiend, 110
 And stretcht out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep, 115
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Towred cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold, 120
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear, 125
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream. 130

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespear, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse;
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out;
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heapt Elysian flow'rs; and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth with thee, I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys;
Dwell in some idle brain;
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,

Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight;
 And therefore to our weaker view, 15
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem;
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above 20
 The sea nymphs, and their powers offended.
 Yet thou art higher far descended;
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore,
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign, 25
 Such mixture was not held a stain);
 Oft in glimmering bow'rs, and glades
 He met her; and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
 Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cipres lawn, 35
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With ev'n step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes: 40
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, 45
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring,
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing.
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure; 50

But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The cherub Contemplation,
 And the mute Silence hist along, 55
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er th' accusom'd oak: 60
 Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee chauntress oft the woods among,
 I woo to hear thy even-song;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen 65
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandring Moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that ~~had been~~ led astray
 Through the Heav'ns wide pathless way; 70
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfeu sound,
 Over some wide-water'd shore, 75
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm:
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour 85
 Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice-great Hermes; or unsphere

The spirit of Plato to unfold
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold 90
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
 And of those dæmons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent 95
 With planet, or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine, 100
 Or what (though rare) of later age,
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
 But, O sad virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing 105
 Such notes as warbled to the string
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass
 On which the Tartar king did ride; 115
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turneys and of trophies hung;
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120
 Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear;
 Not trickt and frounc't, as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kercheft in a comely cloud, 125
 While rocking winds are piping loud:

Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves. 130
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me Goddess bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
 Of pine, or monumental oak, 135
 Where the rude axe with heaved stroke,
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140
 Hide me from day's garish eye;
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flowry work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep, 145
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid. 150
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail 155
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light. 160
 There let the pealing organ blow
 To the full voic'd quire below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,

Dissolve me into ecstasies, 165
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit, and rightly spell 170
 Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures Melancholy give, 175
 And I with thee will choose to live.

ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family, who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this Song.

I. SONG.

LOOK nymphs, and shepherds look,
 What sudden blaze of majesty
 Is that which we from hence descry
 Too divine to be mistook:
 This, this is she, 5
 To whom our vows and wishes bend,
 Here our solemn search hath end.
 Fame that her high worth to raise
 Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
 We may justly now accuse 10
 Of detraction from her praise;
 Less than half we find exprest,
 Envy bid conceal the rest.
 Mark what radiant state she spreads
 In circle round her shining throne, 15

Shooting her beams like silver threads;
 This, this is she alone,
 Sitting like a goddess bright,
 In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be, 20
 Or the towred Cybele,
 Mother of a hundred Gods?
 Juno dares not give her odds;
 Who had thought this clime had held
 A deity so unparallel'd? 25

*As they come forward, the GENIUS of the wood appears,
 and turning toward them, speaks.*

GENIUS.

Stay gentle swains, for though in this disguise,
 I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;
 Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
 Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice 30
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
 And ye the breathing roses of the wood,
 Fair silver-buskin'd nymphs as great and good,
 I know this quest of yours, and free intent
 Was all in honour and devotion ment 35
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine;
 And with all helpful service will comply
 To further this night's glad solemnity;
 And lead ye where ye may more near behold 40
 What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;
 Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
 Have sate to wonder at, and gaze upon:
 For know, by lot from Jove I am the pow'r
 Of this fair wood, and live in oak'n bow'r; 45
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
 With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.

And all my plants I save from nightly ill;
 Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill.
 And from the boughs brush off the evil dew, 50
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
 Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
 Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
 When ev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground; 55
 And early ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassell'd horn
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless. 60
 But else in deep of night when drowsiness
 Hath lockt up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
 That sit upon the nine enfolded spheres
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears, 65
 And turn the adamantine spindle round,
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,
 And keep unsteady Nature to her law, 70
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mould with gross unpurged ear;
 And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
 The peerless height of her immortal praise 75
 Whose lustre leads us; and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds; yet as we go,
 Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate; 80
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
 Where ye may all that are of noble stem
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. SONG.

O'er the smooth enamell'd green Where no print of step hath been, Follow me as I sing, And touch the warbled string. Under the shady roof Of branching elm star-proof, Follow me ;	85
I will bring you where she sits, Clad in splendor as befits Her deity. Such a rural queen All Arcadia hath not seen.	90 95

III. SONG.

Nymphs and shepherds, dance no more By sandy Ladon's liliated banks ; On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar, Trip no more in twilight ranks ; Though Erymanth your loss deplore, A better soil shall give ye thanks. From the stony Mænalus Bring your flocks, and live with us ; Here ye shall have greater grace, To serve the Lady of this place. Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were, Yet Syrinx well might wait on her. Such a rural queen All Arcadia hath not seen.	100 105
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COMUS

A MASK

PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634.

BEFORE

JOHN, EARL OF BRIDGEWATER

THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.

THE COPY OF A LETTER
WRITTEN BY SIR HENRY WOOTTON TO THE AUTHOR,
UPON THE FOLLOWING POEM.

From the College, this 13 of April, 1638.

SIR,

It was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H., I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation again jointly with your said learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together some good authors of the antient time: among which I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you dated the sixth of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language: *Ipsa mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before, with singular delight, having received it from our common friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R.'s poems, printed at Oxford; whereunto it is added (as I now suppose) that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of stationers, and to leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*.

Now Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way; therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his governor, and you may surely receive from him good directions for shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the king, after mine own recess from Venice.

I should think that your best line will be through the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge. I hasten as you do to Florence, or Siena, the rather to tell you a short story, from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Siena I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipione, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times, having been steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man, that escaped by foresight of the tempest. With him I had often much chat of those affairs; into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour; and at my departure toward Rome (which had been the centre of his experience) I had won confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience: *Signor Arrigo meo* (says he) *pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto*, will go safely over the whole world. Of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore (Sir) I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining

Your friend as much at command

as any of longer date,

HENRY WOOTTON.

P.S.—Sir, I have expressly sent this my footboy to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging letter, having myself through some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad and diligent to entertain you with home-novelties, even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the cradle.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN, LORD VISCOUNT BRACKLEY,

Son and Heir Apparent to the Earl of Bridgewater, &c.

MY LORD,

This Poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself, and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final Dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the Author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view; and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to those fair hopes, and rare endowments of your much promising youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honour of your name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured parents, and as in this representation your attendant *Thyrsis*, so now in all real expression,

Your faithful and most humble servant,

H. LAWES.

COMUS.

THE PERSONS.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *afterwards in the habit of Thyrsis.*

COMUS, *with his Crew.*

THE LADY.

FIRST BROTHER.

SECOND BROTHER.

SABRINA, *the Nymph.*

THE CHIEF PERSONS WHICH PRESENTED WERE

The Lord BRACKLEY.

Mr. THOMAS EGERTON, his brother.

The Lady ALICE EGERTON.

The first Scene discovers a wild wood.

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT *descends or enters.*

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright ærial spirits live inspir'd
In regions mild of calm and serene air;
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot, 5
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being;
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants 10
Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity:
To such my errand is, and but for such, 15
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds,
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
 Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,
 Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove, 20
 Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
 That like to rich and various gems inlay
 The unadorned bosom of the deep;
 Which he to grace his tributary gods
 By course commits to several government, 25
 And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
 And wield their little tridents; but this ile,
 The greatest and the best of all the main,
 He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
 And all this tract that fronts the falling sun, 30
 A noble peer of mickle trust and power
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 An old and haughty nation, proud in arms:
 Where his fair off-spring nurst in princely lore,
 Are coming to attend their father's state, 35
 And new-entrusted sceptre; but their way
 Lies through the perplext paths of this drear wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger.
 And here their tender age might suffer peril, 40
 But that by quick command from sovran Jove,
 I was dispatcht for their defence and guard;
 And listen why; for I will tell ye now
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,
 From old or modern bard, in hall or bow'r. 45

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 Crush't the sweet poison of misused wine,
 After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
 On Circe's iland fell: (who knows not Circe 50
 The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a groveling swine)
 This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clust'ring locks,
 With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth, 55

Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father, but his mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up and Comus nam'd;
 Who ripe, and frolic of his full-grown age,
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields, 60
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood;
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbowr'd,
 Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 Offering to every weary traveller,
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass, 65
 To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which as they taste
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst),
 Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
 Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear, 70
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were;
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before; 75
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
 Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove
 Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star 80
 I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convoy;
 As now I do: but first I must put off
 These my sky-robes spun out of Iris' woof,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
 That to the service of this house belongs; 85
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his mountain watch
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid 90
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

COMUS enters, with a charming-rod in his hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, beaded like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.

COMUS.

The star that bids the shepherd fold,
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold;
 And the gilded car of day 95
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantic stream;
 And the slope Sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole;
 Pacing toward the other goal 100
 Of his chamber in the East.
 Meanwhile welcome joy, and feast,
 Midnight shout, and revelry,
 Tipsy dance, and jollity.
 Braid your locks with rosy twine, 105
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head,
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie. 110
 We that are of purer fire
 Imitate the starry quire,
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres
 Lead in swift round the months and years.
 The sounds, and seas with all their finny drove 115
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
 And on the tawny sands and shelves,
 Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
 By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
 The wood-nymphs deckt with daisies trim, 120
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
 Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.

Come, let us our rites begin, 125
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
 Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
 Of mid-night torches burns; mysterious dame 130
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
 Of Stygian Darkness spets her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air;
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend 135
 Us thy vow'd priests; till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice Morn on th' Indian steep,
 From her cabin'd loophole peep, 140
 And to the tell-tale Sun 'descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground,
 In a light fantastic round.

THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace 145
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
 Our number may affright: some virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms, 150
 And to my wily trains; I shall ere long
 Be well stock't with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spungy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion, 155
 And give it false presentments; lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be, for that's against my course;

I under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160
 And well-plac't words of glozing courtesy,
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust, 165
 I shall appear some harmless villager
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
 But here she comes; I fairly step aside
 And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The LADY enters.

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now; methought it was the sound 171
 Of riot, and ill-manag'd merriment;
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full, 175
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
 Of such late wassailers; yet O where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180
 In the blind mazes of this tangl'd wood?
 My brothers when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,
 Stept, as they sed, to the next thicket side 185
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded Ev'n,
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain. 190
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
 They had engag'd their wandring steps too far,
 And envious Darkness, ere they could return,

Had stole them from me ; else O thievish Night, 195
 Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
 That Nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the misled and lonely traveller? 200
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies 205
 Begin to throng into my memory
 Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound 210
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience.—
 O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemish't form of Chastity! 215
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That he, the Supreme good, t' whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd. 220
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove. 225
 I cannot hallow to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new enliv'nd spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph, that liv'st unseen 230
 Within thy airy shell
 By slow Meander's margent green;
 And in the violet embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well: 235
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus are?
 O if thou have
 Hid them in some flowry cave,
 Tell me but where, 240
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere;
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'ns harmonies.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment? 245
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidd'n residence;
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night 250
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of Darkness till it smil'd: I have oft heard
 My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
 Amidst the flowry-kirtl'd Naiades
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs; 255
 Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul
 And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
 'And chid her barking waves into attention;
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense, 260
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss

I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder,
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed; 266
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood. 270

Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
 That is addrest to unattending ears;
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my sever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo 275
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Com. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lady. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Com. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf. 280

Com. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lady. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.

Com. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Com. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them. 285

Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Com. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Com. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips. 290

Com. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
 In his loose traces from the furrow came,
 And the swink't hedger at his supper sate;
 I saw them under a green mantling vine
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill, 295
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,
 Their port was more than human, as they stood;
 I took it for a faëry vision

Of some gay creatures of the element
 That in the colours of the rainbow live, 300
 And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-strook,
 And as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek,
 It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
 To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle villager,
 What readiest way would bring me to that place? 305

Comus. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lady. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
 In such a scant allowance of star-light,
 Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
 Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet. 310

Comus. I know each lane, and every alley green,
 Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
 And every bosky bourn from side to side,
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood:
 And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd, 315
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
 From her thatch't pallet rouse; if otherwise,
 I can conduct you, lady, to a low
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe 320
 Till further quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
 With smoky rafters, than in tapstry halls
 In courts of princes, where it first was nam'd, 325
 And yet is most pretended: in a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on. 330

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the TWO BROTHERS.

El. Br. Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou fair Moon
 That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness, and of shades; 335
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light, 340
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 Or Tyrian Cynosure.

Second Brother. Or if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops, 345
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
 But O that hapless virgin our lost sister, 350
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears. 355
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

Elder Brother. Peace brother, be not over-exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils; 360
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?
 Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion? 365

I do not think my sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincip'l'd in virtue's book,
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not), 370
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into misbecoming plight.
 Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self 375
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude;
 Where with her best nurse Contemplation,
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all to-ruffl'd and sometimes impair'd. 380
 He that has light within his own clear breast
 May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day;
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

Second Brother. 'Tis most true 385
 That musing Meditation most affects
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men, and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds, 390
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?
 But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye, 395
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
 Of misers' treasure by an out-law's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope 400
 Danger will wink on Opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass

Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
 Of night, or loneliness it recks me not;
 I fear the dread events that dōg them both, 405
 Lest some ill greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned sister.

Elder Brother. I do not, brother,
 Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
 Secure without all doubt, or controversy:
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear 410
 Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine; she has a hidden strength 415
 Which you remember not.

Second Brother. What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

El. Br. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength
 Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity: 420
 She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
 And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
 May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;
 Where through the sacred rays of chastity, 425
 No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity;
 Yea there, where very desolation dwells
 By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblench't majesty; 430
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
 Some say, no evil thing that walks by night
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
 Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
 That breaks his magic chains at curfeu time, 435
 No goblin, or swart faëry of the mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.

Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
 To testify the arms of chastity? 440
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
 Fair silver-shafted queen for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tam'd the brindled lioness
 And spotted mountain pard, but set at naught
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men 445
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods.
 What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone?
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity, 450
 And noble grace that dash't brute violence
 With sudden adoration, and blank awe.
 So dear to Heav'n is saintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her, 455
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape, 460
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin, 465
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp 470
 Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres
 Lingerin', and sitting by a new-made grave;
 As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
 And link't itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state. 475

Second Brother. How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Elder Brother. List, list, I hear 480
Some far off hallow break the silent air.

Second Brother. Methought so too; what should it be?

Elder Brother. For certain
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour woodman, or at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows. 485

Sec. Br. Heav'n keep my sister! Again, again, and near;
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Elder Brother. I'll hallow;
If he be friendly he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

Enter the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.

That hallow I should know, what are you? speak; 490
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

Spirit. What voice is that? my young lord? speak again.

Sec. Br. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

El. Br. Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal, 495
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale;
How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slip't from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pen't flock forsook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook? 500

Spirit. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought 505
To this my errand, and the care it brought.

But O my virgin lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

El. Br. To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510

Spirit. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

El. Br. What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly shew.

Spirit. I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain, or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,)
What the sage poets taught by th' heav'nly Muse, 515
Storied of old in high immortal verse
Of dire chimeras and enchanted iles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood, 520
Immur'd in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;
And here to every thirsty wanderer,
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup, 525
With many murmurs mixt; whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage,
Character'd in the face; this have I learn't 530
Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade; whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate 535

In their obscured haunts of inmost bow'rs.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells
To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks 540
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sate me down to watch upon a bank

With ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting honeysuckle ; and began, 545
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy
 Till Fancy had her fill ; but ere a close,
 The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
 And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance ; 550
 At which I ceas't, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsy frighted steeds
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep.
 At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound 555
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
 And stole upon the air, that even Silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wish't she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more
 Still to be so displac't. I was all ear, 560
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death ; but O ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear ; 565
 And ' O poor hapless nightingale,' thought I,
 ' How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare !'
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 Through paths, and turnings oft'n trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place, 570
 Where that damn'd wisard hid in sly disguise
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless innocent lady his wish't prey ;
 Who gently ask't if he had seen such two, 575
 Supposing him some neighbour villager ;
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess't
 Ye were the two she mean't ; with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
 But further know I not.

Second Brother.

O night and shades, 580

How are ye join'd with hell in triple knot
 Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin
 Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
 You gave me, brother?

Elder Brother. Yes, and keep it still;
 Lean on it safely, not a period 585
 Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm:
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd; 590
 Yea even that which Mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last
 Gather'd like scum, and settl'd to itself, 595
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consumed; if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on.
 Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n 600
 May never this just sword be lifted up;
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 With all the grisly legions that troop
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
 Harpies and hydras, or all the monstrous forms 605
 'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
 And force him to return his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
 Curs'd as his life.

Spirit. Alas! good ventrous youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise, 610
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
 Far other arms, and other weapons must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms;
 He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
 And crumble all thy sinews.

Elder Brother. Why prithee, shepherd,

How durst thou then thyself approach so near
As to make this relation?

Spirit.

Care and utmost shifts

How to secure the lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd 620
In every virtuous plant and healing herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray;
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy; 625
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out; 630
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon; 635
And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovran use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp, 640
Or gastly furies' apparition;
I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd,
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter though disguis'd, 645
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go), you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood, 650
And brandish't blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,

But seize his wand; though he and his curst crew
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
 Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke, 655
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

El. Br. Thyrsis lead on apace, I'll follow thee;
 And some good angel bear a shield before us.

*The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner
 of deliciousness; soft music, tables spread with all dainties.
 COMUS appears with his rabble, and the LADY set in an
 enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts
 by, and goes about to rise.*

COMUS.

Nay lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster, 660
 And you a statue; or as Daphne was
 Rootbound, that fled Apollo.

Lady. Fool, do not boast;
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms; although this corporal rind
 Thou hast immanacl'd, while Heav'n sees good. 665

Comus. Why are you vext, lady? why do you frown?
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
 Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns 670
 Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.

And first behold this cordial julep here,
 That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
 With spirits of balm and fragrant syrops mixt.
 Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone 675
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,

Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
 Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
 And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent 680
 For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
 But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,

And harshly deal like an ill borrower
 With that which you receiv'd on other terms;
 Scorning the unexempt condition 685
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain;
 That have been tir'd all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted; but, fair virgin,
 This will restore all soon.

Lady. 'Twill not, false traitor; 690
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
 That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies.
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
 Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
 These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me! 695
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver:
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
 With visor'd falsehood, and base forgery,
 And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
 With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute? 700
 Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
 But such as are good men can give good things,
 And that which is not good, is not delicious
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite. 705

Comus. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
 Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth, 710
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
 And set to work millions of spinning worms, 715
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
 To deck her sons; and that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins

She hutch't th' all-worshipt ore, and precious gems
 To store her children with; if all the world 720
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
 Th' All-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd;
 And we should serve him as a grudging master, 725
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth;
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
 And strangl'd with her waste fertility,
 Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes;
 The herds would over-multitude their lords, 731
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought diamonds
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
 And so bestud with stars, that they below
 Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last 735
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
 List, lady; be not coy, and be not cozen'd
 With that same vaunted name Virginity;
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
 But must be current; and the good thereof 740
 Consists in mutual and partak'n bliss,
 Unsavoury in th' enjoyment of itself:
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown 745
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
 It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply 750
 The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
 What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts;
 Think what, and be advis'd; you are but young yet. 755

Lady. I had not thought to have unlock't my lips

In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
 Obtruding false rules prankt in Reason's garb.
 I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments, 760
 And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride:
 Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance; she, good cateress,
 Means her provision only to the good, 765
 That live according to her sober laws
 And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
 If every just man that now pines with want
 Had but a moderate and beseeing share
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury 770
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispens't
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit encumber'd with her store;
 And then the Giver would be better thank't, 775
 His praise due paid; for swinish Gluttony
 Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude
 Grams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares 780
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
 Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mystery 785
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of Virginity;
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric 790
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc't:
 Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits

To such a flame of sacred vehemence, 795
 That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Comus. She fables not, I feel that I do fear 800
 Her words set off by some superior power;
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddring dew
 Dips me all o'er; as when the wrath of Jove
 Speaks thunder and the chains of Erebus
 To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble, 805
 And try her yet more strongly.—Come, no more;
 This is mere moral babble, and direct
 Against the canon laws of our foundation;
 I must not suffer this; yet 'tis but the lees
 And settlings of a melancholy blood; 810
 But this will cure all straight; one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.

*The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass
 out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his
 rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The
 ATTENDANT SPIRIT comes in.*

SPIRIT.

What, have you let the false enchanter scape?
 O ye mistook; ye should have snatcht his wand 815
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers't,
 And backward mutters of dis severing power,
 We cannot free the lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me, 820
 Some other means I have which may be us'd,
 Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
 The soothest shepherd that e'er pip't on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure, 826

Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
 That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
 Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen, 830
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood
 That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
 The water-nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
 Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
 Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall; 835
 Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
 In nectar'd lavers strew'd with asphodel,
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense
 Dropt in ambrosial oils; till she reviv'd, 840
 And underwent a quick immortal change
 Made goddess of the river; still she retains
 Her maid'n gentleness, and oft at eve
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs 845
 That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
 Which she with pretious vial'd liquors heals.
 For which the shepherds at their festivals
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream 850
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
 If she be right invok't in warbled song;
 Fair maid'nhood she loves, and will be swift 855
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
 In hard-besetting need; this will I try,
 And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting 860
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave;
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting

The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
 Listen for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake, 865
 Listen and save.
 Listen and appear to us
 In name of great Oceanus,
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace, 870
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
 And the Carpathian wisard's hook,
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell,
 By Leucothea's lovely hands, 875
 And her son that rules the strands,
 By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
 And the songs of Sirens sweet,
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb, 880
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head 885
 From thy coral-pav'n bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answer'd have.
 Listen and save.

SABRINA rises, attended by Water-Nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank, 890
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays;
 Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
 Of turkis blue, and em'rald green
 That in the channel strays; 895
 Whilst from off the waters fleet,
 Thus I set my printless feet

O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread;
 Gentle swain, at thy request 900
 I am here.

Spirit. Goddess dear,
 We implore thy powerful hand
 To undo the charmed band
 Of true virgin here distressed, 905
 Through the force, and through the wile
 Of unblest enchanter vile.

Sabrina. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
 To help ensnared chastity;
 Brightest lady, look on me; 910
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
 Drops that from my fountain pure,
 I have kept of pretious cure,
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip; 915
 Next this marble venom'd seat
 Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold;
 Now the spell hath lost his hold;
 And I must haste ere morning hour 920
 To wait in Amphitrite's bow'r.

SABRINA descends, and the LADY rises out of her seat.

Spirit. Virgin, daughter of Locrine,
 Sprung of old Anchises' line,
 May thy brimmed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss 925
 From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumble down the snowy hills;
 Summer drouth, or singed air
 Never scorch thy tresses fair;
 Nor wet October's torrent flood 930
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
 May thy billows roll ashore
 The beryl, and the golden ore;

May thy lofty head be crown'd
 With many a tower and terrace round, 935
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come lady, while Heaven lends us grace
 Let us fly this cursed place,
 Lest the sorcerer us entice 940
 With some other new device.
 Not a waste, or needless sound
 Till we come to holier ground;
 I shall be your faithful guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide; 945
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your father's residence,
 Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wish't presence; and beside, 950
 All the swains that there abide,
 With jigs, and rural dance resort;
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and cheer; 955
 Come let us haste, the stars grow high,
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town, and the President's castle; then come in country Dancers; after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, with the Two BROTHERS, and the LADY.

SONG.

Spirit. Back Shepherds, back, anough your play,
 Till next sun-shine holiday;
 Here be without duck or nod 960
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes; and such court guise
 As Mercury did first devise
 With the mincing Dryades
 On the lawns, and on the leas. 965

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble lord, and lady bright,
 I have brought ye new delight;
 Here behold so goodly grown
 Three fair branches of your own;
 Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth, 970
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth;
 And sent them here through hard assays
 With a crown of deathless praise,
 To triumph in victorious dance
 O'er sensual Folly, and Intemperance. 975

The dances ended, the SPIRIT epiloguizes.

Spirit. To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:
 There I suck the liquid air 980
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
 That sing about the golden tree:
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring; 985
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring,
 That there eternal summer dwells;
 And west winds, with musky wing
 About the cedarn alleys fling 990
 Nard, and Cassia's balmy smells.
 Iris there with humid bow,
 Waters the odorous banks that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hue
 Than her purfl'd scarf can shew; 995
 And drenches with Elysian dew
 (List mortals, if your ears be true)
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,

Waxing well of his deep wound	1000
In slumber soft; and on the ground	
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen:	
But far above in spangled sheen	
Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc't,	
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranc't,	1005
After her wand'ring labours long;	
Till free consent the gods among	
Make her his eternal bride;	
And from her fair unspotted side	
Two blissful twins are to be born,	1010
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.	
But now my task is smoothly done,	
I can fly, or I can run	
Quickly to the green earth's end,	
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend;	1015
And from thence can soar as soon	
To the corners of the moon.	
Mortals that would follow me,	
Love Virtue; she alone is free:	
She can teach ye how to climb	1020
Higher than the sphery chime;	
Or if Virtue feeble were,	
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.	

LYCIDAS.

In this MONODY the Author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his wat'ry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, sisters of the sacred well, 15
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string:
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn; 20
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd 25
 Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
 We drove afield; and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star that rose at ev'ning, bright, 30
 Toward Heav'ns descent had slop'd his westerling wheel.
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to th' oaten flute;
 Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with clov'n heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long, 35
 And old Damœtas lov'd to hear our song.
 But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown, 40
 And all their echoes mourn.
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays:
 As killing as the canker to the rose, 45
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
 Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas? 51
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream: 55
 Ay me, I fondly dream!
 Had ye been there....for what could that have done?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son
 Whom universal Nature did lament; 60
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade, 65
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70
 (That last infirmity of noble mind),
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears, 75
 And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'
 Phœbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
 'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistering foil
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies; 80
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfit witness of all-judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.'
 O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood, 85
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
 But now my oat proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea; 90
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beaked promontory;
 They knew not of his story, 95
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings;
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark, 100
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge 105
 Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
 'Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?'
 Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;
 Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain, 110
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
 He shook his mitr'd locks, and stern bespake:
 'How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
 Anow of such as for their bellies' sake,
 Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold? 115
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheephook, or have learn'd aught else the least 120
 That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, 125
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing sed;
 But that two-handed engine at the door 130
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.
 Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues. 135
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied show'rs, 140

And purple all the ground with vernal flow'rs.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
 The glowing violet, 145
 The musk-rose, and the well attir'd woodbine;
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
 Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
 To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd; 155
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deni'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks toward Namancos, and Bayona's hold;
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
 Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more; 165
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed;
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore 170
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves;
 Where other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,

In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense; and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills, 190
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

II.
SONNETS.

II.

SONNETS, 1642-1658.

III.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

(Nov. 1642.)

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms:
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms 5
That call fame on such gentle acts as these;
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bow'r;
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare 10
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tow'r
Went to the ground; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IV.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

(1644 ?)

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the hill of heav'nly truth;
The better part with Mary, and with Ruth 5

Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
 Thy care is fixt, and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light, 10
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure,
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, virgin wise and pure.

V.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

(1644 ?)

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President
 Of England's Council and her Treasury,
 Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till the sad breaking of that parliament 5
 Broke him; as that dishonest victory
 At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourisht, yet by you, 10
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

VI.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY
 WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

(1645.)

A BOOK was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
 And woven close, both matter, form and style;
 The subject new: it walk'd the town awhile,
 Numbring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
 Cries the stall-reader, 'Bless us! what a word on 5

A title page is this!' and some in file
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
 End Green. Why is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,
 Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp. 11
 Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
 When thou taught'st Cambridge, and King Edward Greek.

VII.

ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,
 When straight a barbarous noise environs me
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs.
 As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs 5
 Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
 And still revolt when truth would set them free. 10
 License they mean when they cry liberty;
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
 But from that mark how far they rove we see,
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

VIII.

TO MR. H. LAWES, ON THE PUBLISHING HIS AIRS.

(Feb. 9, 1645-6.)

HARRY, whose tuneful and well measur'd song
 First taught our English music how to span
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With Midas' ears, committing short and long;
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng, 5

With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
 That with smooth air could'st humour best our tongue.
 Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must lend her wing
 To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire, 10
 That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn, or story.
 Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
 Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing,
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

IX.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHARINE THOMSON,
 MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,

Deceased December 16, 1646.

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load
 Of Death, call'd Life, which us from Life doth sever.
 Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavour 5
 Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
 But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
 Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams 10
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
 Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest,
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

X.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day; what may be won
 From the hard season gaining? time will run 5

On smother, till Favonius re-inspire
 The frozen earth; and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise 10
 To hear the lute well toucht, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XI.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

CYRIACK, whose grandsire on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause
 Pronounc't, and in his volumes taught our laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench 5
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
 Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intend, and what the French.
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way; 10
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

ON THE
 NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE
 LONG PARLIAMENT.

(1646 or 1647.)

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
 And with stiff vows renounc'd his Liturgy
 To seize the widow'd whore Plurality
 From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd,
 Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword 5

To force our consciences, that Christ set free;
 And ride us with a classic hierarchy
 Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rutherford?
 Men whose life, learning, faith and pure intent
 Would have been held in high esteem with Paul, 10
 Must now be nam'd and printed heretics,
 By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d'ye call:
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
 Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent;
 That so the Parliament 15
 May with their wholesome and preventive shears
 Clip your phylacteries, though balk your ears,
 And succour our just fears;
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
 New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large. 20

XII.

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

(1648.)

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
 And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings,
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings 5
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Their Hydra-heads, and the false North displays
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
 For what can war, but endless war still breed? 10
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed,
 While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

XIII.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

*May 16, 1652.**On the proposals of certain Ministers of the Committee for the
Propagation of the Gospel.*

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
 And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud 5
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursu'd;
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbru'd,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still; Peace hath her victories 10
 No less renown'd than War; new foes arise,
 Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains:
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

XIV.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

(1652?)

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held
 The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repell'd
 The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold 5
 The drift of hollow states, hard to be spell'd;
 Then to advise how war may best upheld
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
 In all her equipage: besides, to know

Both spiritual power and civil, what each means, 10
 What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few have done.
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:
 Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XV.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

(1652?)

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 'Doth God exact day-labour, light deni'd?'
 I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best 10
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.'

XVI.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

(1655.)

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
 'Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old
 When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones
 Forget not: in thy book record their groans 5
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vales redoubl'd to the hills, and they
 To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow 10
 O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
 A hundredfold, who having learnt thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XVII.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER, UPON HIS BLINDNESS.

(1655?)

CYRIACK, this three-years-day these eyes, though clear
 To outward view of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year; 5
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate one jot
 Or heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 —The conscience, friend, to have lost them overpli'd 10
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through this world's vain mask,
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

XVIII.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

(Feb. 1658?)

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint,
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescu'd from Death by force, though pale and faint.
 Mine, as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint 5
 Purification in the old law did save,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,

Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:

Her face was veil'd; yet to my fancied sight,

10

Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.

But O as to embrace me she inclin'd,

I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

III.

LAST POEMS, 1665-1671.

THE VERSE.

THE measure is English heroic verse without rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame metre; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause therefore, some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rime both in longer and shorter works, as have long since our best English tragedies; as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another; not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it is rather to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of riming.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This first Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject; Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cause of his Fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his angels now fallen into Hell, described here, not in the centre (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos: here Satan with his angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion; calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise; their numbers; array of battle; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech; comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven; but tells them lastly of a new world and a new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven: for that angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the deep. The infernal peers there sit in council.

OF Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought Death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man

Restore us, and regain the blissful seat, 5
 Sing Heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
 That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
 In the beginning how the Heav'n's and Earth
 Rose out of Chaos: or if Sion hill 10
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
 Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues 15
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rime.
 And chiefly Thou, O Spirit! that dost prefer
 Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for thou know'st; Thou from the first
 Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread 20
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss
 And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
 Illumine, what is low raise and support;
 That to the highth of this great argument
 I may assert Eternal Providence, 25
 And justify the ways of God to men.
 Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view
 Nor the deep tract of Hell, say first what cause
 Mov'd our grand parents in that happy state,
 Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off 30
 From their Creator, and transgress his will.
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
 Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?—
 Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd 35
 The mother of mankind; what time his pride
 Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his host
 Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers,
 He trusted to have equal'd the Most High, 40
 If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God

Rais'd impious war in Heav'n, and battle proud
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky 45
 With hideous ruin and combustion down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamantine chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
 Nine times the space that measures day and night 50
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquisht, rolling in the fiery gulf,
 Confounded though immortal: but his doom
 Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain 55
 Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
 Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
 At once as far as angels ken, he views
 The dismal situation waste and wild; 60
 A dungeon horrible on all sides round
 As one great furnace flam'd; yet from those flames
 No light, but rather darkness visible
 Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace 65
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 That comes to all; but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
 Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd 70
 For those rebellious, here their prison ordain'd
 In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n
 As from the centre, thrice to th' utmost pole.
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell! 75
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns; and welt'ring by his side
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd 80

Beëlzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
 And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began.
 'If thou beest he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd
 From him, who in the happy realms of light 85
 Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine
 Myriads though bright: if he whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
 Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd 90
 In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest
 From what highth fall'n; so much the stronger prov'd
 He with his thunder: and till then who knew
 The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
 Nor what the potent Victor in his rage 95
 Can else inflict, do I repent or change
 (Though chang'd in outward lustre) that fixt mind,
 And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,
 That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,
 And to the fierce contention brought along 100
 Innumerable force of spirits arm'd
 That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
 In dubious battle on the plains of Heav'n,
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost? 105
 All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield,
 And what is else not to be overcome;
 That glory never shall his wrath or might 110
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
 Who from the terror of this arm so late
 Doubted his empire, that were low indeed,
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath 115
 This downfall; since by fate the strength of gods
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
 Since through experience of this great event

In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't,
 We may with more successful hope resolve 120
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,
 Irreconcilable to our grand Foe
 Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heav'n.'

So spake th' apostate Angel, though in pain, 125
 Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep despair:
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.

'O Prince, O chief of many throned Powers,
 That led th' imbattl'd seraphim to war
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds 130
 Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King;
 And put to proof his high supremacy,
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;

Too well I see and rue the dire event,
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat 135
 Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,

As far as gods and Heav'nly essences
 Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns, 140

Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
 But what if he our Conqueror, (whom I now
 Of force believe Almighty, since no less
 Than such could have o'er-pow'rd such force as ours) 145
 Have left us this our spirit and strength entire

Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls
 By right of war, whate'er his business be, 150
 Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,

Or do his errands in the gloomy deep?
 What can it then avail though yet we feel
 Strength undiminisht, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment?' 155

Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-Fiend repli'd.

'Fall'n cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil, seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil; 165
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.
But see! the angry Victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170
Back to the gates of Heav'n; the sulphurous hail
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage, 175
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild, 180
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbour there, 185
And re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope, 190
If not what resolution from despair.'

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd; his other parts besides

Prone on the flood, extended long and large, 195
 Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
 As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
 Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
 Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
 By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea-beast 200
 Leviathan, which God of all his works
 Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream;
 Him haply slumbring on the Norway foam,
 The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
 Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell, 205
 With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night
 Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:
 So stretcht out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay
 Chain'd on the burning lake; nor ever thence 210
 Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
 Left him at large to his own dark designs;
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought 215
 Evil to others; and enrag'd might see.
 How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
 Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn
 On man by him seduc't; but on himself
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd. 220
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
 His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
 Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
 In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight 225
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
 He lights; if it were land that ever burn'd
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force 230
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side

Of thund'ring *Ætna*, whose combustible
And fuell'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds, 235
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have scap't the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recover'd strength, 240
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.
'Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,'
Said then the lost Archangel; 'this the seat
That we must change for Heav'n? this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he 245
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell happy fields
Where joy for ever dwells: hail horrors, hail 250
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n. 255
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence: 260
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and co-partners of our loss, 265
Lie thus astonisht on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell?' 270

So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
 Thus answer'd. 'Leader of those armies bright,
 Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft 275
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
 Of battle when it rag'd, in all assaults
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume
 New courage and revive, though now they lie
 Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280
 As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd ;
 No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.'

He scarce had ceas't when the superior Fiend
 Was moving toward the shore ; his ponderous shield
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round, 285
 Behind him cast ; the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
 At ev'ning from the top of Fesole,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, 290
 Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
 His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
 Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
 He walkt with to support uneasy steps 295
 Over the burning marle, not like those steps
 On Heav'ns azure ; and the torrid clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire :
 Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach
 Of that inflamed sea, he stood and call'd 300
 His legions, angel forms, who lay entranc't
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
 In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
 High over-arch't imbowr ; or scatter'd sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd 305
 Hath vext the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
 Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd

The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the same shore their floating carcasses 310
 And broken chariot-wheels; so thick bestrown
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
 Under amazement of their hideous change.
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
 Of Hell resounded: 'Princes, Potentates, 315
 Warriors, the flow'r of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
 If such astonishment as this can seize
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
 After the toil of battle to repose
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find 320
 To slumber here, as in the vales of Heav'n?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
 Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon 325
 His swift pursuers from Heav'n-gates discern
 Th' advantage; and descending tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.' 330
 They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung
 Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight 335
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
 Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd
 Innumerable. As when the potent rod
 Of Amram's son in Egypt's evil day
 Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud 340
 Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
 Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
 So numberless were those bad angels seen
 Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell 345
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;

Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted spear
 Of their great sultan waving to direct
 Their course, in even balance down they light
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain; 350
 A multitude, like which the populous North
 Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
 Rhene or the Danaw; when her barbarous sons
 Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands. 355
 Forthwith from every squadron and each band
 The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
 Their great commander; godlike shapes and forms
 Excelling human, princely Dignities,
 And Powers that erst in Heav'n sat on thrones; 360
 Though of their names in Heav'nly records now
 Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
 By their rebellion from the books of life.
 Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
 Got them new names, till wandering o'er the Earth, 365
 Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
 By falsities and lies the greatest part
 Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
 God their Creator, and th' invisible
 Glory of him that made them, to transform 370
 Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
 With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
 And devils to adore for deities:
 Then were they known to men by various names,
 And various idols through the heathen world. 375
 Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
 Rous'd from the slumber on that fiery couch
 At their great emperor's call, as next in worth
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
 While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof? 380
 The chief were those, who from the pit of Hell
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
 Their seats long after next the seat of God,
 Their altars by his altar, gods ador'd

Among the nations round; and durst abide 385
 Jehovah thundring out of Sion, thron'd
 Between the cherubim; yea, often plac'd
 Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
 Abominations; and with cursed things
 His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd, 390
 And with their darkness durst affront his light.
 First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
 Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
 Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
 Their children's cries unheard, that past through fire 395
 To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
 Worshipt in Rabba and her watry plain,
 In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
 Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400
 Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
 His temple right against the temple of God
 On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
 The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
 And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell. 405
 Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,
 From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
 Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
 And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
 The flowry dale of Sibma clad with vines, 410
 And Eleäle to th' Asphaltic pool:
 Peor his other name, when he entic'd
 Israel in Sittim on their march from Nile
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
 Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd 415
 Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
 Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;
 Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
 With these came they, who from the bordring flood
 Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
 Of Bälim and Ashtaroth; those male,

These feminine. For spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure; 425
Not ti'd or manacl'd with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose
Dilated or condens't, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes, 430
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low 435
Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarte, queen of Heav'n, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon 440
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart though large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell 445
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock 450
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led 455
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunsel-edge, 460

Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers:
 Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
 And downward fish: yet had his temple high
 Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
 Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon 465
 And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
 Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat
 Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
 Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
 He also against the house of God was bold; 470
 A leper once he lost and gain'd a king,
 Ahaz his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
 God's altar to disparage, and displace
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
 His odious offerings, and adore the gods 475
 Whom he had vanquisht. After these appear'd
 A crew who under names of old renown,
 Osiris, Isis, Orus and their train,
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
 Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek 480
 Their wandring gods disguis'd in brutish forms
 Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape
 Th' infection when their borrow'd gold compos'd
 The calf in Oreb: and the rebel king
 Doubl'd that sin in Bethel and in Dan; 485
 Lik'ning his Maker to the grazed ox,
 Jehovah, who in one night when he pass'd
 From Egypt marching, equall'd with one stroke
 Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
 Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd 490
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for itself; to him no temple stood,
 Or altar smok'd; yet who more oft than he
 In temples and at altars, when the priest
 Turns atheist? as did Eli's sons, who fill'd 495
 With lust and violence the house of God.
 In courts and palaces he also reigns,
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise

Of riot ascends above their loftiest tow'rs,
 And injury and outrage: and when night 500
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
 Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
 Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
 In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
 Expos'd a matron to avoid worse rape. 505
 These were the prime in order and in might;
 The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd:
 Th' Ionian Gods, of Javan's issue held
 Gods, yet confest later than Heav'n and Earth
 Their boasted parents; Titan Heav'ns first-born 510
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd
 By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove
 (His own and Rhea's son) like measure found;
 So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete
 And Ida known, thence on the snowy top 515
 Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air
 Their highest Heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
 Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
 Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian fields, 520
 And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
 Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost 525
 In loss itself; which on his count'nance cast
 Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
 Soon recollecting, with high words that bore
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd
 Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears: 530
 Then straight commands that at the warlike sound
 Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
 His mighty standard; that proud honour claim'd
 Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall;
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd 535
 Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanc't

Shon like a meteor streaming to the wind,
 With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
 Seraphic arms and trophies: all the while
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds: 540
 At which the universal host upsent
 A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air 545
 With orient colours waving; with them rose
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
 Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
 Of depth immeasurable; anon they move
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood 550
 Of flutes and soft recorders; such as rais'd
 To highth of noblest temper heroes old
 Arming to battle, and instead of rage
 Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat; 555
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
 With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chase
 Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
 Breathing united force with fixed thought 560
 Mov'd on in silence, to soft pipes that charm'd
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
 Advanc't in view, they stand, a horrid front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
 Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield, 565
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief
 Had to impose: he through the armed files
 Darts his experienc't eye; and soon traverse
 The whole battalion views, their order due,
 Their visages and stature as of gods, 570
 Their number last he sums. And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hardning in his strength
 Glories: for never since created man,
 Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these

Could merit more than that small infantry 575
 Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood
 Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
 Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
 In fable or romance of Uther's son, 580
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
 And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel
 Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
 Damasco, or Morocco, or Trebison'd;
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore 585
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
 By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
 Their dread commander: he above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent 590
 Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not lost
 All her original brightness, nor appear'd
 Less than archangel ruin'd, and th' excess
 Of glory obscur'd: as when the sun new ris'n
 Looks through the horizontal misty air 595
 Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
 In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. Dark'n'd so, yet shon
 Above them all th' Archangel: but his face 600
 Deep scars of thunder had intrencht, and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold 605
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
 (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
 For ever now to have their lot in pain,
 Millions of spirits for his fault amerc't
 Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung 610
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory wither'd. As when Heav'n's fire

Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
 With singed top their stately growth though bare
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd 615
 To speak; whereat their doubl'd ranks they bend
 From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
 With all his peers: attention held them mute.
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
 Tears such as angels weep, burst forth: at last 620
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way.
 'O myriads of immortal spirits, O powers
 Matchless, but with th' Almighty; and that strife
 Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
 As this place testifies, and this dire change 625
 Hateful to utter: but what power of mind
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
 How such united force of gods, how such
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse? 630
 For who can yet believe, though after loss,
 That all these puissant legions, whose exile
 Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend
 Self-rais'd, and re-possess their native seat?
 For me be witness all the host of Heav'n, 635
 If counsels different, or danger shunn'd
 By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
 Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
 Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
 Consent or custom, and his regal state 640
 Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd;
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own;
 So as not either to provoke, or dread
 New war, provok't; our better part remains, 645
 To 'work in close design by fraud or guile
 What force effected not: that he no less
 At length from us may find, who overcomes
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
 Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife 650

There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation, whom his choice regard
 Should favour equal to the sons of Heaven:
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps 655
 Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
 For this infernal pit shall never hold
 Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' abyss
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
 Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd, 660
 For who can think submission? War then, war
 Open or understood must be resolv'd.'

He spake: and, to confirm his words, out-flew
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
 Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze 665
 Far round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd
 Against the Highest; and fierce with grasped arms
 Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heav'n.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top 670
 Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
 Shon with a glossy scurf; undoubted sign
 That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
 The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
 A numerous brigad hasten'd: as when bands 675
 Of pioneers with spade and pick-axe arm'd
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
 Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,
 Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
 From Heav'n; for ev'n in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
 Were always downward bent, admiring more 681
 The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodd'n gold,
 Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
 In vision beatific: by him first
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught, 685
 Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
 Riff'd the bowels of their mother Earth
 For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew

Op'nd into the hill a spacious wound
 And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire 690
 That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
 Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
 Who boast in mortal things, and wondring tell
 Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
 Learn how their greatest monuments of fame, 695
 And strength and art are easily out-done
 By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
 What in an age they with incessant toil
 And hands innumerable scarce perform.
 Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd, 700
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire
 Sluic'd from the lake, a second multitude
 With wondrous art found out the massy ore,
 Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross:
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground 705
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
 As in an organ from one blast of wind
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
 Anon out of the earth a fabric huge 710
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave; nor did there want 715
 Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures grav'n,
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
 Equall'd in all their glories, to enshrine
 Belus or Serapis their Gods, or seat 720
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
 In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
 Stood fixt her stately highth, and straight the doors
 Op'ning their brazen folds discover wide
 Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth 725
 And level pavement: from the arched roof

Pendent by subtle magic many a row
 Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets fed
 With naphtha and asphaltus yielded light
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude 730
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,
 And some the architect: his hand was known
 In Heav'n by many a towred structure high,
 Where scepter'd angels held their residence,
 And sat as princes, whom the Supreme King 735
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
 Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
 Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
 In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
 Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell 740
 From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry Jove
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
 A summer's day; and with the setting sun
 Dropt from the zenith like a falling star, 745
 On Lemnos th' Ægean ile: thus they relate,
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
 To have built in Heav'n high towr's; nor did he scape
 By all his engines, but was headlong sent 750
 With his industrious crew to build in Hell.

Meanwhile the winged haralds by command
 Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
 And trumpets' sound throughout the host proclaim
 A solemn council forthwith to be held 755
 At Pandemonium, the high capital
 Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
 From every band and squared regiment
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
 With hunderds and with thousands trooping came 760
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
 (Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair

Defi'd the best of Panim chivalry 765
To mortal combat or carreer with lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
Brusht with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive 770
In clusters; they among fresh dewes and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the airy crowd 775
Swarm'd, and were strait'n'd; till the signal giv'n,
Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race 780
Beyond the Indian mount, or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth 785
Wheels her pale course; they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduc'd their shapes immense; and were at large, 790
Though without number still amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat; 795
A thousand demigods on gold'n seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates, whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search. Satan, their chief, undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell-gates; finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshon the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Shows on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heav'n, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus display'd:

5

10

' Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold

Immortal vigor, though opprest and fall'n,
 I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
 Celestial virtues rising, will appear 15
 More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
 Me though just right, and the fixt laws of Heav'n
 Did first create your leader, next free choice,
 With what besides, in counsel or in fight, 20
 Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loss
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
 Establish't in a safe unenvied throne
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state
 In Heav'n which follows dignity, might draw 25
 Envy from each inferior; but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain? where there is then no good 30
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
 From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell
 Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
 Will covet more. With this advantage then 35
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
 More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assur'd us; and by what best way, 40
 Whether of open war or covert guile,
 We now debate; who can advise, may speak.
 He ceas'd; and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,
 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
 That fought in Heav'n; now fiercer by despair: 45
 His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
 Equal in strength, and rather than be less
 Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost
 Went all his fear; of God, or Hell, or worse
 He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake. 50

'My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
 More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait 55
 The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
 Heav'ns fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns
 By our delay? No, let us rather choose 60
 Arm'd with Hell-flames and fury all at once
 O'er Heav'ns high towr's to force resistless way,
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms
 Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
 Of his almighty engine he shall hear 65
 Infernal thunder; and for lightning see
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among his angels; and his throne itself
 Mixt with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
 His own invented torments. But perhaps 70
 The way seems difficult and steep to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe.
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
 That in our proper motion we ascend 75
 Up to our native seat: descent and fall
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
 When the fierce foe hung on our brok'n rear
 Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
 We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then;
 Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction: if there be in Hell
 Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse 85
 Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire

Must exercise us without hope of end
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90
 Inexorable, and the torturing hour
 Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus
 We should be quite abolisht and expire.
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
 His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd, 95
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential, happier far
 Than miserable to have eternal being:
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
 Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
 Which if not victory is yet revenge.' 105

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
 Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
 To less than Gods. On th' other side uprose
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
 A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seem'd 110
 For dignity compos'd and high exploit;
 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
 Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low; 115
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
 Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear;
 And with persuasive accent thus began.

'I should be much for open war, O peers,
 As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd 120
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
 When he who most excels in fact of arms,
 In what he counsels and in what excels 125
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair

And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The tow'rs of Heav'n are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access 130
Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise 135
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great Enemy
All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and th' ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel 140
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure, 145
To be no more; sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night, 150
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire, 155
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? "Wherefore cease we then?"
Say they who counsel war; "we are decreed, 160
Reserv'd and destin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more?
What can we suffer worse?" Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?

What when we fled amain, pursu'd and struck 165
 With Heav'ns afflicting thunder, and besought
 The deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
 A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
 Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
 What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires, 170
 Awak'd should blow them into seven-fold rage,
 And plunge us in the flames? or from above
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again
 His red right hand to plague us? What if all
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament 175
 Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
 Impendent horrors, threatning hideous fall
 One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,
 Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd 180
 Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey
 Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
 There to converse with everlasting groans,
 Unrespired, unpitied, unrepriev'd, 185
 Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.
 War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
 My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
 With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
 Views all things at one view? He from Heav'ns highth 190
 All these our motions vain, sees and derides;
 Not more almighty to resist our might
 Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
 Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n
 Thus trampil'd, thus expell'd to suffer here 195
 Chains and these torments? better these than worse,
 By my advice; since fate inevitable
 Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
 The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
 Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust 200
 That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,
 If we were wise, against so great a foe

Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
 I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
 And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear 205
 What yet they know must follow, to endure
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of their conqueror: this is now
 Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
 Our supreme Foe in time may much remit 210
 His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd
 Not mind us not offending, satisfi'd
 With what is punish't; whence these raging fires
 Will slack'n, if his breath stir not their flames.
 Our purer essence then will overcome 215
 Their noxious vapour, or inur'd not feel,
 Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
 In temper and in nature, will receive
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light, 220
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change;
 Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe.' 225

Thus Belial with words cloth'd in reason's garb
 Counsell'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
 Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.

'Either to disenthroned the King of Heav'n
 We war, if war be best, or to regain 230
 Our own right lost. Him to enthrone we then
 May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
 To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
 The former vain to hope argues as vain
 The latter: for what place can be for us 235
 Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord Supreme
 We overpower? Suppose he should relent
 And publish grace to all, on promise made
 Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive 240

Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbl'd hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc't Halleluiahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied Sovran, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers, 245
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring 255
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
We can create; and in what place so e'er 260
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd, 265
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Must'ring their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell!
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil 270
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n show more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements, these piercing fires 275
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite

To peaceful counsels, and the settl'd state
 Of order, how in safety best we may 280
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we are and were, dismissing quite
 All thoughts of war: ye have what I advise.'

He scarce had finisht, when such murmur fill'd
 Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain 285
 The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long
 Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea-faring men o'er-watcht, whose bark by chance
 Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
 After the tempest: such applause was heard 290
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,
 Advising peace: for such another field
 They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear
 Of thunder and the sword of Michael
 Wrought still within them; and no less desire 295
 To found this nether empire, which might rise
 By policy, and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to Heav'n.

Which when Beëlzebub perceiv'd; than whom,
 Satan except, none higher sat, with grave 300
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat and public care;
 And princely counsel in his face yet shon,
 Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood 305
 With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
 Drew audience and attention still as night
 Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

'Thrones and Imperial Powers, offspring of Heav'n,
 Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now 310
 Must we renounce, and changing style be call'd
 Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
 Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
 A growing empire; doubtless; while we dream, 315
 And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd

This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
 Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
 From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
 Banded against his throne; but to remain 320
 In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,
 Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd
 His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
 In highth or depth, still first and last will reign
 Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part 325
 By our revolt; but over Hell extend
 His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
 Us here, as with his golden those in Heav'n.
 What sit we then projecting peace and war?
 War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss 330
 Irreparable: terms of peace yet none
 Vouchsaf't or sought; for what peace will be giv'n
 To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
 Inflicted? and what peace can we return, 335
 But to our power hostility and hate,
 Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,
 Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
 In doing what we most in suffering feel? 340
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
 With dangerous expedition to invade
 Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
 Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
 Some easier enterprise? There is a place 345
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
 Err not) another world, the happy seat
 Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In power and excellence, but favour'd more 350
 Of him who rules above; so was his will
 Pronounc'd among the gods, and by an oath,
 That shook Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn

What creatures there inhabit, of what mould, 355
 Or substance, how endu'd, and what their power,
 And where their weakness, how attempted best,
 By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,
 And Heav'ns high Arbitrator sit secure
 In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd 360
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
 Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
 By sudden onset; either with Hell-fire
 To waste his whole creation, or possess 365
 All as our own, and drive as we were driven,
 The puny habitants; or if not drive,
 Seduce them to our party, that their God
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass 370
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
 In our confusion, and our joy upraise
 In his disturbance; when his darling sons
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
 Their frail original, and faded bliss, 375
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
 Hatching vain empires.' Thus Beëlzebub
 Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd
 By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence, 380
 But from the Author of all ill could spring
 So deep a malice, to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
 To mingle and involve; done all to spite
 The great Creator? But their spite still serves 385
 His glory to augment. The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
 Sparkl'd in all their eyes; with full assent
 They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.
 'Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate, 390
 Synod of gods; and like to what ye are,
 Great things resolv'd: which from the lowest deep

Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
 Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighb'ring arms
 And opportune excursion, we may chance 396
 Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some mild zone
 Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair light
 Secure, and at the bright'ning orient beam
 Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air, 400
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
 Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send
 In search of this new world, whom shall we find
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet
 The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss, 405
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight
 Upborne with indefatigable wings
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
 The happy ile? What strength, what art can then 410
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict senteries and stations thick
 Of angels watching round? Here he had need
 All circumspection, and we now no less
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send, 415
 The weight of all and our last hope relies.'

This said, he sat; and expectation held
 His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
 To second, or oppose, or undertake
 The perilous attempt: but all sat mute, 420
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
 In other's count'nance read his own dismay,
 Astonisht: none among the choice and prime
 Of those Heav'n-warring champions could be found
 So hardy as to proffer or accept 425
 Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
 Above his fellows, with monarchical pride
 Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.
 'O progeny of Heav'n, empyreal Thrones, 430

With reason hath deep silence and demur
 Seiz'd us, though undismay'd: long is the way
 And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
 Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round 435
 Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
 Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.
 These past, if any pass, the void profound
 Of unessential Night receives him next
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being 440
 Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
 If thence he scape into whatever world,
 Or unknown region, what remains him less
 Than unknown dangers and as hard escape?
 But I should ill become this throne, O peers, 445
 And this imperial sov'ranty, adorn'd
 With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd
 And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
 Of difficulty or danger could deter
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume 450
 These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
 Refusing to accept as great a share
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike
 To him who reigns, and so much to him due
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest 455
 High honor'd sits? Go therefore, mighty powers,
 Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease
 The present misery, and render Hell
 More tolerable; if there be cure or charm 460
 To respite or deceive, or slack the pain
 Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch
 Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
 Deliverance for us all: this enterprise 465
 None shall partake with me.' Thus saying, rose
 The Monarch, and prevented all reply;
 Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd,

Others among the chief might offer now
 (Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd; 470
 And so refus'd might in opinion stand
 His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
 Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice
 Forbidding; and at once with him they rose; 475
 Their rising all at once was as the sound
 Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
 With awful reverence prone; and as a god
 Extol him equal to the Highest in Heav'n:
 Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd, 480
 That for the general safety he despis'd
 His own: for neither do the spirits damn'd
 Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
 Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
 Or close ambition varnisht o'er with zeal. 485
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
 Ended rejoicing in their matchless chief:
 As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
 Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'erspread
 Heav'n's cheerful face, the lowring element 490
 Scowls o'er the landscape dark'nd snow, or show'r;
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings. 495
 O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
 Firm concord holds, men only disagree
 Of creatures rational, though under hope
 Of heavenly grace; and God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife 500
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy;
 As if (which might induce us to accord)
 Man had not hellish foes anow besides,
 That day and night for his destruction wait. 505
 The Stygian council thus dissolv'd; and forth

In order came the grand infernal peers,
 Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seem'd
 Alone the antagonist of Heav'n, nor less
 Than Hell's dread emperor with pomp supreme, 510
 And God-like imitated state; him round
 A globe of fiery seraphim enclos'd
 With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms.
 Then of their session ended they bid cry
 With trumpets' regal sound the great result: 515
 Toward the four winds four speedy cherubim
 Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy
 By harald's voice explain'd: the hollow abyss
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
 With deaf'ning shout, return'd them loud acclaim. 520
 Thence more at ease their minds and somewhat rais'd
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
 Disband, and wandring, each his several way
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
 Leads him perplext, where he may likeliest find 525
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
 The irksome hours, till his great chief return.
 Part on the plain, or in the air sublime
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
 As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields; 530
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form.
 As when to warn proud cities war appears
 Wag'd in the troubl'd sky, and armies rush
 To battle in the clouds, before each van 535
 Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears
 Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
 From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
 Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air 540
 In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
 As when Alcides from Æchalia crown'd
 With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,

And Lichas from the top of Cæta threw 545
 Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes angelical to many a harp
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
 By doom of battle; and complain that Fate 550
 Free Virtue should enthral to Force or Chance.
 Their song was partial, but the harmony
 (What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet 555
 (For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,)
 Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
 Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
 Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, 560
 And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.
 Of good and evil much they argu'd then,
 Of happiness and final misery,
 Passion and apathy, and glory and shame;
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy: 565
 Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
 Another part in squadrons and gross bands, 570
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks
 Of four infernal rivers that disgorge 575
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams;
 Abhorred Styx the flood of deadly hate;
 Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
 Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
 Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegeton, 580
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
 Far off from these a slow and silent stream,

Lethe the river of oblivion rolls
 Her watry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets, 585
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590
 Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
 Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
 Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
 Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire. 595
 Thither by harpy-footed furies *hal'd, dragg'd*
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd
 Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immovable, infixt, and frozen round, *the equal frozen.*
 Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
 They ferry over this Lethean sound
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment; 605
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
 All in one moment, and so near the brink;
 But Fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt, 610
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
 The ford, and of itself the water flies
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled *man,*
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
 In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventurous bands 615
 With shuddring horror pale and eyes agast
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
 No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620

Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death;
 A universe of death, which God by curse
 Created evil, for evil only good,
 Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, 625
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 Than fables yet have feign'd or fear conceiv'd,
 Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.

Meanwhile the Adversary of God and Man,
 Satan with thoughts inflam'd of highest design, 630
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell
 Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery concave towering high. 635

As when far off at sea a fleet descri'd
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the iles
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
 Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood 640
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
 Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so seem'd
 Far off the flying Fiend: at last appear
 Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid roof,
 And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,
 Three iron, three of adamantine rock, 646
 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat

On either side a formidable shape;
 The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair, 650
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting: about her middle round
 A cry of Hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
 With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung 655
 A hideous peal: yet, when they list, would creep, *under*
 If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,

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Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
 Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts 660
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd
 In secret, riding through the air she comes
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon *suffers* 665
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as night, 670
 Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head x
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
 The monster moving onward came as fast 675
 With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
 Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
 Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son, ^{being} except,^d
 Created thing naught valu'd he nor shunn'd;
 And with disdainful look thus first began. 680

'Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way
 To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
 That be assur'd, without leave askt of thee: 685
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
 Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of Heav'n.'
 To whom the goblin full of wrath repli'd;
 'Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou he,
 Who first broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till then 690
 Unbrok'n; and in proud rebellious arms,
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's sons
 Conjur'd against the Highest; for which both thou
 And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain? 695
 And reck'n'st thou thyself with spirits of Heav'n,

Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn
 Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
 Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.'

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
 So speaking and so threat'ning, grew tenfold 705
 More dreadful and deform: on th' other side,
 Incenst with indignation Satan stood
 Unterrifi'd; and like a comet burn'd,

resents
England
useful power That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
 In th' Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair 710
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head

Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
 No second stroke intend, and such a frown
 Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds
 With Heav'ns artillery fraught, come rattling on 715
 Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
 Hov'ring a space, till winds the signal blow
 To join their dark encounter in mid air:

So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
 Grew darker at their frown, so matcht they stood; 720
 For never but once more was either like

To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
 Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
 Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
 Fast by Hell-gate, and kept the fatal key, 725
 Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

'O father, what intends thy hand,' she cri'd,
 'Against thy only son? What fury O son,
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
 Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom? 730
 For him who sits above and laughs the while
 At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
 Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
 His wrath which one day will destroy ye both.'

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest 735
 Forbore, then these to her Satan return'd:
 'So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
 Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
 What it intends; till first I know of thee, 740
 What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
 In this infernal vale first met thou call'st
 Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son?
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
 Sight more detestable than him and thee.' 745
 T' whom thus the portress of Hell-gate repli'd.
 'Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
 Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
 In Heav'n, when at th' assembly, and in sight
 Of all the seraphim with thee combin'd 750
 In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,
 All on a sudden miserable pain
 Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swam
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
 Threw forth; till on the left side op'ning wide, 755
 Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
 Then shining heav'nly fair, a goddess arm'd,
 Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd
 All th' host of Heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid
 At first, and call'd me SIN: and for a sign 760
 Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
 I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
 The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
 Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
 Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st 765
 With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
 A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
 And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd
 (For what could else) to our Almighty Foe
 Clear victory, to our part loss and rout 770
 Through all the empyrean: down they fell
 Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down

Into this deep, and in the general fall
 I also; at which time this powerful key
 Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep 775
 These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
 Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat
 Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
 Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
 Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy 785
 Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal dart,
 Made to destroy: I fled, and cri'd out, DEATH;
 Hell trembl'd at the hideous name, and sigh'd
 From all her caves, and back resounded DEATH.
 I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems, 790
 Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,
 Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,
 And in embraces forcible and foul
 Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling monsters that with ceaseless cry 795
 Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me; for when they list into the womb
 That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
 My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth 800
 Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me round,
 That rest or intermission none I find.
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim Death my son and foe, who sets them on,
 And me his parent would full soon devour 805
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
 Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.
 But thou O father, I forewarn thee, shun 810

His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
 Though temper'd heav'nly; for that mortal dint,
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist.'

She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore 815
 Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.

'Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change 820
 Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of, know

I come no enemy, but to set free
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
 Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host
 Of spirits that in our just pretences arm'd 825

Fell with us from on high: from them I go
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
 Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense
 To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold 830

Should be, and by concurring signs, ere now
 Created vast and round; a place of bliss
 In the purlieus of Heav'n, and therein plac'd
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply

Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd, 835
 Lest Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
 Might hap to move new broils: be this or aught
 Than this more secret now design'd, I haste

To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
 And bring ye to the place where thou and Death 840
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen

Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
 With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
 Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.'

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
 Grinn'd horrible a gasty smile, to hear 846
 His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw
 Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd

His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire.

‘The key of this infernal pit by due, 850
 And by command of Heav’n’s all-powerful King
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
 These adamantine gates; against all force
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
 Fearless to be o’ermatcht by living might. 855
 But what owe I to his commands above
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
 Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
 To sit in hateful office here confin’d,
 Inhabitant of Heav’n, and heav’nly-born, 860
 Here in perpetual agony and pain,
 With terrors and with clamors compast round
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
 Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
 My being gav’st me; whom should I obey 865
 But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
 To that new world of light and bliss, among
 The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.’ 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
 And towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
 Which but herself not all the Stygian powers 875
 Could once have mov’d: then in the keyhole turns
 Th’ intricate wards, and every bolt and bar,
 Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
 Unfast’ns: on a sudden op’n fly,
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound 880
 Th’ infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of Erebus. She op’nd, but to shut
 Excell’d her power; the gates wide op’n stood,
 That with extended wings a banner’d host 885
 Under spread ensigns marching might pass through

With horse and chariots rankt in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth,
And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold 895
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce
Strive here for mast'ry, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag 900
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poize 905
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss, 910
The womb of Nature and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mixt
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain 915
His dark materials to create more worlds:
Into this wild abyss the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd 920
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona storms,
With all her battering engines bent to rase
Some capital city; or less than if this frame

Of heav'n were falling, and these elements 925
 In mutiny had from her axle torn
 The stedfast Earth. At last his sail-broad vans
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
 Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a league
 As in a cloudy chair ascending rides 930
 Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets
 A vast vacuity: all unawares
 Fluttring his pennons vain plumb down he drops
 Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour
 Down had been falling, had not by ill chance 935
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud
 Instinct with fire and nitre hurried him
 As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
 Quencht in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
 Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares, 940
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
 Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.
 As when a gryfon through the wilderness
 With winged course o'er hill or moory dale,
 Pursues the Arimaspan, who by stealth 945
 Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
 The guarded gold: so eagerly the Fiend
 O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense or rare,
 With head, hands, wings or feet, pursues his way,
 And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies: 950
 At length an universal hubbub wild
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd
 Borne through the hollow dark assaults his ear
 With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
 Undaunted to meet there whatever power 955
 Or spirit of the nethermost abyss
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
 Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread 960
 Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthron'd
 Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,

The consort of his reign; and by them stood
 Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
 Of Demogorgon; Rumor next and Chance, 965
 And Tumult and Confusion all embroil'd,
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
 T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. 'Ye powers
 And spirits of this nethermost abyss,
 Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy, 970
 With purpose to explore or to disturb
 The secrets of your realm, but by constraint
 Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light;
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 975
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
 Confine with Heav'n; or if some other place
 From your dominion won, th' ethereal King
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this profound; direct my course; 980
 Directed no mean recompense it brings
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,
 All usurpation then expell'd, reduce
 To her original darkness and your sway
 (Which is my present journey) and once more 985
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night;
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.'
 Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old
 With falt'ring speech and visage in compos'd
 Answer'd. 'I know thee, stranger, who thou art, 990
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late
 Made head against Heav'n's King, though overthrown.
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous host
 Fled not in silence through the frightened deep
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, 995
 Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n gates
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
 Pursuing. I upon my frontièrs here
 Keep residence; if all I can will serve,
 That little which is left so to defend, 1000

Encroacht on still through our intestine broils
 Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night: first Hell,
 Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;
 Now lately heaven and earth, another World
 Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain 1005
 To that side Heav'n from whence your legions fell:
 If that way be your walk, you have not far;
 So much the nearer danger; go and speed;
 Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.'

He ceas'd; and Satan staid not to reply, 1010
 But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
 Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
 Into the wild expanse; and through the shock
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round 1015
 Environ'd wins his way; harder beset
 And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
 Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks:
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
 Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd. 1020
 So he with difficulty and labour hard
 Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he;
 But he once past, soon after when man fell,
 Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
 Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n, 1025
 Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way
 Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
 Tamely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length
 From Hell continu'd, reaching th' utmost orb
 Of this frail World; by which the spirits perverse 1030
 With easy intercourse pass to and fro
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
 God and good angels guard by special grace.
 But now at last the sacred influence
 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n 1035
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
 A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins
 Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire

As from her outmost works, a brok'n foe,
With tumult less and with less hostile din; 1040
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And like a weather-beaten vessel holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air, 1045
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorn'd
Of living sapphire, once his native seat; 1050
And fast by hanging in a golden chain
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurst, and in a cursed hour he hies. 1055

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man: but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the angels to adore him: they obey, and hynning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place since called the Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation and Man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed: alights first on Mount Niphates.

HAIL holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,
Or of th' Eternal co-eternal beam
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is Light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.

Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,
 Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle didst invest 10
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite.
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escap't the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight 15
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
 With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
 Taught by the heav'nly muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend, 20
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quencht their orbs, 25
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song: but chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flowry brooks beneath 30
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides, 35
 And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old.
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year 40
 Seasons return; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;

But cloud instead, and ever-during dark 45
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. 50
 So much the rather thou celestial Light
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight. 55
 Now had the Almighty Father from above,
 From the pure empyrean where he sits
 High thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,
 His own works and their works at once to view:
 About him all the sanctities of Heaven 60
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
 Beatitude past utterance; on his right
 The radiant image of his glory sat,
 His only Son; on Earth he first beheld
 Our two first parents, yet the only two 65
 Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love
 In blissful solitude; he then survey'd
 Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there 70
 Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side night
 In the dun air sublime, and ready now
 To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
 On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
 Firm land imbosom'd without firmament, 75
 Uncertain which, in ocean or in air
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
 Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.
 'Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage 80
 Transports our adversary? whom no bounds
 Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains

Heapt on him there, nor yet the main abyss
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound 85
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
Not far off Heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly towards the new created world,
And Man there plac't, with purpose to assay 90
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert.
For Man will heark'n to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall, 95
He and his faithless progeny: whose fault?
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' ethereal powers 100
And spirits, both them who stood and them who fail'd;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,
Where only what they needs must do, appear'd, 105
Not what they would? what praise could they receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid?
When will and reason (reason also is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had serv'd necessity, 110
Not me. They therefore as to right belong'd,
So were created; nor can justly accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination over-rul'd
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree 115
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed.
Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without least impulse or shadow of fate, 120

Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
 They trespass; authors to themselves in all
 Both what they judge and what they choose; for so
 I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
 Till they enthrall themselves: I else must change 125
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
 Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd their fall.
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
 Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd 130
 By the other first; man therefore shall find grace,
 The other none: in mercy and justice both,
 Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glory excel;
 But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.'
 Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd 135
 All Heav'n, and in the blessed spirits elect
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
 Most glorious, in him all his Father shon
 Substantially express'd, and in his face 140
 Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
 Love without end, and without measure grace,
 Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.
 'O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
 Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace; 145
 For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extol
 Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
 Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
 Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
 For should Man finally be lost, should Man 150
 Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
 With his own folly? That be from thee far,
 That far be from thee, Father, who art Judge
 Of all things made, and judgest only right. 155
 Or shall the Adversary thus obtain
 His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught?

Or proud return, though to his heavier doom
 Yet with revenge accomplish't, and to Hell 160
 Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
 By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
 Abolish thy creation, and unmake,
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both 165
 Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence.'

To whom the great Creator thus repli'd:
 'O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
 Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might, 170
 All hast thou spok'n as my thoughts are, all
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed:
 Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will;
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me,
 Freely voutsaft; once more I will renew 175
 His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
 On even ground against his mortal foe;
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail 180
 His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
 All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
 Elect above the rest; so is my will:
 'The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd 185
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
 Th' incens'd Deity, while offer'd grace
 Invites: for I will clear their senses dark,
 What may suffice, and soft'n stony hearts
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190
 To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
 Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
 And I will place within them as a guide
 My umpire Conscience, whom if they will hear, 195
 Light after light well us'd they shall attain,

And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
 This my long sufferance and my day of grace
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste:
 But hard be hard'nd, blind be blinded more, 200
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.
 But yet all is not done; Man disobeying,
 Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
 Against the high supremacy of Heav'n, 205
 Affecting Godhead; and so losing all,
 To expiate his treason hath nought left,
 But to destruction sacred and devote,
 He with his whole posterity must die,
 Die he or Justice must; unless for him 210
 Some other able, and as willing, pay
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
 Say Heav'nly powers, where shall we find such love,
 Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
 Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save, 215
 Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?
 He ask'd; but all the Heav'nly quire stood mute,
 And silence was in Heav'n: on Man's behalf
 Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw 220
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
 And now without redemption all mankind
 Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine, 225
 His dearest mediation thus renew'd.
 'Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace;
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230
 Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought?
 Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
 Atonement for himself or offering meet,

Indebted and undone, hath none to bring: 235
 Behold me then, me for him, life for life
 I offer, on me let thine anger fall;
 Account me Man; I for his sake will leave
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die 240
 Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreak all his rage;
 Under his gloomy power I shall not long
 Lie vanquisht; thou hast giv'n me to possess
 Life in myself for ever, by thee I live
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due 245
 All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
 For ever with corruption there to dwell;
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue 250
 My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
 I through the ample air in triumph high
 Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show 255
 The Powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
 Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
 While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
 Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave:
 Then with the multitude of my redeem'd 260
 Shall enter Heav'n long absent, and return,
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,
 And reconcilment; wrath shall be no more
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.' 265

His words here ended; but his meek aspect
 Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
 To mortal men, above which only shon
 Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270
 Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd
 All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend

Wondring; but soon th' Almighty thus repli'd.
 'O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
 Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou 275
 My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
 To me are all my works, nor Man the least
 Though last created, that for him I spare
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
 By losing thee a while, the whole race lost. 280
 Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem,
 Their nature also to thy nature join;
 And be thyself Man among men on Earth,
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
 By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room 285
 The Head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
 As in him perish all men, so in thee
 As from a second root shall be restor'd
 As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
 His crime makes guilty all his sons, thy merit 290
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
 Shall satisfy for Man, be judg'd and die, 295
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise
 His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
 So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
 So dearly to redeem what hellish hate 300
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
 Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
 Man's nature, less'n or degrade thine own.
 Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss 305
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying
 Godlike fruition, quitted all to save
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found
 By merit more than birthright Son of God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being good, 310

Far more than great or high; because in thee
 Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign 315
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
 Anointed universal King; all power
 I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
 Thy merits; under thee as Head supreme
 Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce: 320
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
 In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.
 When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
 The summoning archangels to proclaim 325
 Thy dread tribunal: forthwith from all winds
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past ages to the general doom
 Shall hast'n; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
 Then all thy saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge 330
 Bad men and angels, they arraign'd shall sink
 Beneath thy sentence; Hell her numbers full,
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile
 The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
 New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell, 335
 And after all their tribulations long
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
 With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.
 Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
 For regal sceptre then no more shall need, 340
 God shall be all in all. But all ye gods,
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies;
 Adore the Son, and honour him as me.'
 No sooner had th' Almighty ceas't, but all
 The multitude of angels with a shout 345
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
 With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd

Th' eternal regions: lowly reverent
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground 350
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold,
 Immortal amarant, a flow'r which once
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of Life
 Began to bloom, but soon for Man's offence 355
 To Heav'n remov'd where first it grew, there grows,
 And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of Life,
 And where the river of Bliss through midst of Heav'n
 Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream;
 With these that never fade the spirits elect 360
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams.
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shon,
 Impurpl'd with celestial roses smil'd.
 Then crown'd again their gold'n harps they took, 365
 Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
 Like quivers hung; and with preamble sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join 370
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.
 Thee Father first they sung omnipotent,
 Immutable, immortal, infinite,
 Eternal King; thee Author of all being,
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible 375
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
 Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear, 380
 Yet dazzle Heav'n; that brightest seraphim
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
 Thee next they sang of all creation first,
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
 In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud 385
 Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,

Whom else no creature can behold; on thee
 Imprest the effulgence of his glory abides,
 Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
 He Heav'n of Heavens and all the Powers therein 390
 By thee created, and by thee threw down
 Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
 Heav'ns everlasting frame, while o'er the necks 395
 Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.
 Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
 Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
 Not so on Man; him through their malice fall'n, 400
 Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
 So strictly, but much more to pity incline:
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son
 Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
 So strictly, but much more to pity inclin'd, 405
 He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
 Of mercy and justice in thy face discern'd,
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
 Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
 For man's offence. O unexempl'd love, 410
 Love no where to be found less than divine!
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of men, thy name
 Shall be the copious matter of my song
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin. 415

Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry sphere,
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
 Meanwhile upon the firm opacous globe
 Of this round world, whose first convex divides
 The luminous inferior orbs, enclos'd 420
 From Chaos, and th' inroad of darkness old,
 Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent,
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night

Starless expos'd, and ever-threat'ning storms 425
 Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky;
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n
 Though distant far, some small reflection gains
 Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud:
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field. 430
 As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
 To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids
 On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the springs 435
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
 But in his way lights on the barren plains
 Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
 With sails and wind their cany wagons light:
 So on this windy sea of land, the Fiend 440
 Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,
 Alone; for other creature in this place
 Living or lifeless to be found was none,
 None yet; but store hereafter from the Earth
 Up hither like aërial vapours flew 445
 Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men:
 Both all things vain, and all who on vain things
 Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
 Or happiness in this or th' other life; 450
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
 Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
 Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
 All th' unaccomplisht works of Nature's hand, 455
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,
 Dissolv'd on Earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
 Till final dissolution, wander here,
 Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dream'd;
 Those argent fields more likely habitants, 460
 Translated saints, or middle spirits hold
 Betwixt th' angelical and human kind:

Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born,
 First from the ancient world those giants came
 With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd: 465
 The builders next of Babel on the plain
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
 Others came single; he who to be deem'd
 A god, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames, 470
 Empedocles; and he who to enjoy
 Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
 Cleombrotus; and many more too long,
 Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars
 White, black and gray, with all their trumpery. 475
 Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heav'n:
 And they who to be sure of Paradise
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd; 480
 They pass the planets seven, and pass the fixt,
 And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
 The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd;
 And now Saint Peter at Heav'n's wicket seems
 To wait them with his keys; and now at foot 485
 Of Heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo
 A violent cross wind from either coast
 Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry
 Into the devious air; then might ye see
 Cows, hoods and habits with their wearers tost 490
 And flutter'd into rags, then reliques, beads,
 Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
 The sport of winds: all these upwhirl'd aloft
 Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
 Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd 495
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
 Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod;
 All this dark globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,
 And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
 Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste 500

His travell'd steps; far distant he descries
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of Heaven a structure high,
 At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd
 The work as of a kingly palace-gate. 505
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold
 Embellisht, thick with sparkling orient gems
 The portal shon; inimitable on earth
 By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
 The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw 510
 Angels ascending and descending, bands
 Of guardians bright; when he from Esau fled
 To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,
 And waking cri'd, 'This is the gate of Heav'n!' 515
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
 There always, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes
 Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
 Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd, 520
 Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake.
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
 The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
 The Fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss. 525
 Direct against which op'nd from beneath,
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
 A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,
 Wider by far than that of after-times
 Over mount Sion, and, though that were large, 530
 Over the Promis'd Land to God so dear,
 By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
 On high behests his angels to and fro
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
 From Paneas the fount of Jordan's flood 535
 To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land
 Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore;
 So wide the op'ning seem'd, where bounds were set

To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
 Satan from hence now on the lower stair 540
 That scal'd by steps of gold to Heav'n-gate,
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
 Of all this world at once. As when a scout
 Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
 All night; at last by break of cheerful dawn 545
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
 Which to his eye discovers unaware
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land
 First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
 With glistening spires and pinnacles 'adorn'd, 550
 Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams.
 Such wonder seiz'd, though after Heaven seen,
 The Spirit malign, but much more envy seiz'd
 At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
 Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood 555
 So high above the circling canopy
 Of night's extended shade; from eastern point
 Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
 Beyond th' horizon; then from pole to pole 560
 He views in breadth, and without longer pause
 Down right into the World's first region throws
 His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
 Through the pure marble air his oblique way
 Amongst innumerable stars, that shon 565
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds,
 Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy iles,
 Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,
 Fortunate fields, and groves and flowry vales,
 Thrice happy iles: but who dwelt happy there, 570
 He staid not to inquire: above them all
 The golden sun in splendor likest Heaven
 Allured his eye: thither his course he bends
 Through the calm firmament; (but up or down
 By centre or eccentric, hard to tell, 575
 Or longitude) where the great luminary

Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
 Dispenses light from far; they as they move
 Their starry dance in numbers that compute 580
 Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
 The universe, and to each inward part
 With gentle penetration, though unseen, 585
 Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep:
 So wondrously was set his station bright.
 There lands the Fiend; a spot like which perhaps
 Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb
 Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw. 590
 The place he found beyond expression bright,
 Compar'd with aught on earth, metal or stone;
 Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
 With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
 If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear; 595
 If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
 Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shon
 In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides
 Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen;
 That stone, or like to that which here below 600
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
 In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
 Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound
 In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
 Drain'd through a limbec to his native form. 605
 What wonder then if fields and regions here
 Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
 Th' arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,
 Produces with terrestrial humour mixt 610
 Here in the dark so many precious things,
 Of colour glorious and effect so rare?
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met,
 Undazzl'd; far and wide his eye commands,

For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade, 615
 But all sun-shine, as when his beams at noon
 Culminate from th' equator, as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the air,
 Nowhere so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray 620
 To objects distant far; whereby he soon
 Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
 The same whom John saw also in the sun:
 His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;
 Of beaming sunny rays, a golden tiar 625
 Circl'd his head, nor less his locks behind
 Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings
 Lay waving round; on some great charge employ'd
 He seem'd, or fixt in cogitation deep.
 Glad was the Spirit impure, as now in hope 630
 To find who might direct his wandring flight
 To Paradise the happy seat of Man,
 His journey's end and our beginning woe.
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,
 Which else might work him danger or delay: 635
 And now a stripling cherub he appears,
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
 Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb
 Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd;
 Under a coronet his flowing hair 640
 In curls on either cheek play'd, wings he wore
 Of many a colour'd plume sprinkl'd with gold,
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
 Before his decent steps a silver wand.
 He drew not nigh unheard; the angel bright, 645
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
 Admonisht by his ear, and straight was known
 Th' arch-angel Uriel, one of the sev'n
 Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne
 Stand ready at command, and are his eyes 650
 That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth
 Bear his swift errands over moist and dry

O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts;
 'Uriel, for thou of those sev'n Spirits that stand
 In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright, 655
 The first art wont his great authentic will
 Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,
 Where all his sons thy embassy attend;
 And here art likeliest by supreme decree
 Like honour to obtain, and as his eye 660
 To visit oft this new creation round;
 Unspeakable desire to see, and know
 All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
 His chief delight and favour, him for whom
 All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd, 665
 Hath brought me from the quires of cherubim
 Alone thus wandring. Brightest seraph, tell
 In which of all these shining orbs hath Man
 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
 But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell; 670
 That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
 Or open admiration him behold
 On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
 That both in him and all things, as is meet, 675
 The universal Maker we may praise;
 Who justly hath driv'n out his rebel foes
 To deepest Hell; and to repair that loss,
 Created this new happy race of men
 To serve him better: wise are all his ways.' 680
 So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;
 For neither man nor angel can discern
 Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
 Invisible except to God alone,
 By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth: 685
 And oft though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
 At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
 Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
 Where no ill seems: which now for once beguil'd
 Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held 690

The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in Heav'n;
 Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,
 In his uprightness answer thus return'd.

‘Fair angel, thy desire which tends to know
 The works of God, thereby to glorify 695
 The great Work-Master, leads to no excess
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
 From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps 700
 Contented with report hear only in Heav’n:
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
 Had in remembrance always with delight;
 But what created mind can comprehend 705
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
 I saw when at his word the formless mass,
 This world’s material mould, came to a heap:
 Confusion heard his voice, and wild Uproar 710
 Stood rul’d; stood vast Infinitude confin’d;
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
 Light shon, and order from disorder sprung:
 Swift to their several quarters hasted then
 The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire; 715
 And this ethereal quintessence of heav’n
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
 That roll’d orbicular, and turn’d to stars
 Numberless, as thou scest, and how they move;
 Each had his place appointed, each his course, 720
 The rest in circuit walls this universe.
 Look downward on that globe whose hither side
 With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
 That place is Earth, the seat of Man, that light
 His day, which else as th’ other hemisphere 725
 Night would invade, but there the neighbouring Moon
 (So call that opposite fair star) her aid
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round

Still ending, still renewing, through mid heav'n;
With borrow'd light her countenance triform' 730
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is Paradise,
Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bow'r.
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.' 735
Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,
As to superior spirits is wont in Heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave; and toward the coast of Earth beneath,
Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success, 740
Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel,
Nor staid, till on Niphates top he lights.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions; fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of Life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel descending on a sunbeam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures on the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest; their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel: by whom questioned, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hindered by a sign from heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O FOR that warning voice, which he who saw
Th' Apocalypse, heard cry in Heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,

'Woe to the inhabitants on Earth!' that now, 5
 While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
 The coming of their secret foe, and scap'd,
 Haply so scap'd his mortal snare; for now
 Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
 The tempter ere th' accuser of mankind, 10
 To wreck on innocent frail Man his loss
 Of that first battle, and his flight to hell:
 Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold,
 Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
 Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth 15
 Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,
 And like a devilish engine back recoils
 Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
 His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom stir
 The Hell within him, for within him Hell 20
 He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
 One step no more than from himself can fly
 By change of place. Now conscience wakes despair
 That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be 25
 Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
 Sometimes towards Eden which now in his view
 Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad,
 Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full-blazing sun,
 Which now sat high in his meridian tow'r: 30
 Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.
 'O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
 Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminisht heads; to thee I call, 35
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down 40
 Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless King:
 Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return

From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard. 45
 What could be less than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
 How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
 I sdein'd subjection, and thought one step higher 50
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome still paying, still to owe;
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
 And understood not that a grateful mind 55
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?
 O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd 60
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other Power
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
 Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great
 Fell not, but stand unshak'n, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd. 65
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou then, or what to accuse,
 But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
 Be then his love accurst, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe. 70
 Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell; 75
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.
 O then at last relent: is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left? 80

None left but by submission; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue 85
 Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan;
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell,
 With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd 90
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery; such joy ambition finds.
 But say I could repent and could obtain
 By act of grace my former state; how soon
 Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unsay 95
 What feign'd submission swore: ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 For never can true reconcilment grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse 100
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace:
 All hope excluded thus, behold in stead 105
 Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this World.
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
 Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
 Evil be thou my good; by thee at least 110
 Divided empire with Heav'ns King I hold;
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
 As Man ere long, and this new World shall know.'

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
 Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy and despair, 115
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
 Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.
 For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul

Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm, 120
Artificer of fraud; and was the first
That practis'd falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch't with revenge:
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursu'd him down 125
The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen. 130
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides 135
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deni'd; and over-head up grew
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A silvan scene; and as the ranks ascend 140
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung;
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round. 145
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mixt:
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams 150
Than on fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath show'rd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That landscape: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive 155
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales

Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past 160
 Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
 Sabeian odours from the spicy shore
 Of Araby the blest; with such delay
 Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league
 Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles. 165
 So entertain'd those odorous sweets the Fiend
 Who came their bane; though with them better pleas'd
 Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume,
 That drove him, tho' enamour'd, from the spouse
 Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent 170
 From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill
 Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow;
 But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,
 As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth 175
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
 All path of man or beast that past that way;
 One gate there only was, and that look'd east
 On th' other side: which when th' Arch-felon saw,
 Due entrance he disdain'd; and in contempt, 180
 At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
 Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
 Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
 Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve 185
 In hurd'd cotes amid the field secure,
 Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
 Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash
 Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
 Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190
 In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles;
 So clomb this first grand Thief into God's fold:
 So since into his church lewd hirclings climb.
 Thence up he flew, and on the tree of Life

The middle tree and highest there that grew, 195
 Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
 Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
 To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought
 Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
 For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge 200
 Of immortality. So little knows
 Any, but God alone, to value right
 The good before him, but perverts best things
 To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views 205
 To all delight of human sense expos'd
 In narrow room nature's whole wealth; yea more,
 A Heav'n on Earth; for blissful Paradise
 Of God the garden was, by him in the east
 Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line 210
 From Auran eastward to the royal tow'rs
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
 Or where the sons of Eden long before
 Dwelt in Telassar: in this pleasant soil
 His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd. 215
 Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
 And all amid them stood the tree of Life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold; and next to life 220
 Our death the tree of Knowledge grew fast by,
 Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
 Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill
 Pass'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown 225
 That mountain as his garden mould high rais'd
 Upon the rapid current; which through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Water'd the garden; thence united fell 230
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,

And now divided into four main streams,
 Runs diverse, wandring many a famous realm
 And country, whereof here needs no account; 235
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
 How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
 With mazy error under pendent shades
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240
 Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
 In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
 Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain;
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierc't shade 245
 Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs: thus was this place,
 A happy rural seat of various view;
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
 Others whose fruit burnisht with golden rind
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true, 250
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
 Or palmy hillock, or the flowry lap
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store, 255
 Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall 260
 Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a lake,
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
 The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune 265
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
 Led on th' eternal Spring. Not that fair field
 Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flow'rs
 Herself a fairer flow'r by gloomy Dis 270

Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
 To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
 Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd
 Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
 Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle 275
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
 Hid Amalthea and her florid son
 Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
 Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard, 280
 Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd
 True Paradise, under the Ethiop line
 By Nilus' head, enclos'd with shining rock,
 A whole day's journey high; but wide remote
 From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend 285
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 Of living creatures new to sight and strange:
 Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native honour clad
 In naked majesty seem'd lords of all, 290
 And worthy seem'd, for in their looks divine
 The image of their glorious Maker shon,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
 Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd;
 Whence true authority in men; though both 295
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
 For contemplation he and valour form'd,
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
 He for God only, she for God in him:
 His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd 300
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
 She as a veil down to the slender waist
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore 305
 Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which impli'd
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,

And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride, 310
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,
 Then was not guilty shame; dishonest Shame
 Of nature's works, Honour dishonourable,
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind 315
 With shews instead, mere shews of seeming pure,
 And banisht from man's life his happiest life,
 Simplicity and spotless innocence!
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
 Of God or angel, for they thought no ill: 320
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in love's embraces met;
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
 Under a tuft of shade that on a green 325
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
 They sat them down; and after no more toil
 Of their sweet gardning labour than suffic'd
 To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite 330
 More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell;
 Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
 On the soft downy bank damaskt with flow'rs:
 The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind 335
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
 Fair couple, linkt in happy nuptial league,
 Alone as they. About them frisking play'd 340
 'All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
 Dandl'd the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
 Gamboll'd before them; th' unwieldly elephant 345
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd

His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass 350
 Coucht, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,
 Or bed-ward ruminating: for the sun
 Declin'd was hasting now with prone career
 To th' ocean iles, and in th' ascending scale
 Of Heav'n the stars that usher evening rose: 355
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.
 'O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold?
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc't
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps, 360
 Not spirits, yet to heav'nly spirits bright
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace
 The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.
 Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh 366
 Your change approaches, when all these delights
 Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
 Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd 370
 Long to continue, and this high seat your Heav'n
 Ill fenc't for Heav'n to keep out such a foe
 As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
 To you whom I could pity thus forlorn
 Though I unpitied: league with you I seek, 375
 And mutual amity so strait, so close,
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me
 Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
 Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me, 380
 Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfold,
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,
 And send forth all her kings; there will be room,
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive

- Your numerous offspring; if no better place, 385
 Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
 On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.
 And should I at your harmless innocence
 Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
 Honour and empire with revenge enlarg'd. 390
 By conquering this new World, compel me now
 To do what else though damn'd I should abhor.'
- So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
 The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree 395
 Down he alights among the sportful herd
 Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,
 Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end
 Nearer to view his prey, and unesp'd
 To mark what of their state he more might learn 400
 By word or action markt. About them round
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare,
 Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spi'd
 In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
 Straight couches close, then rising changes oft 405
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both,
 Grip't in each paw: when Adam first of men
 To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
 Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow. 410
- 'Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,
 Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power
 That made us and for us this ample world,
 Be infinitely good, and of his good
 As liberal and free as infinite, 415
 That rais'd us from the dust and plac't us here
 In all this happiness, who at his hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform
 Aught whereof he hath need, he who requires
 From us no other service than to keep 420
 This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit

So various, not to taste that only tree
Of Knowledge, planted by the tree of Life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is, 425
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st
God hath pronounc't it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of power and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion giv'n 430
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights: 435
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flow'rs,
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.'

To whom thus Eve repli'd. 'O thou for whom 440
And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy 445
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak't, and found myself repos'd 450
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wondring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issu'd from a cave and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd 455
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc't thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite, 460

A shape within the watry gleam appear'd
 Bending to look on me, I started back,
 It started back, but pleas'd I soon return'd,
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks
 Of sympathy and love; there I had fixt 465
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me; "What thou seest,
 What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself,
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays 470
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces; he
 Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
 Mother of human race:" what could I do, 475
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
 Till I espi'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a platan, yet methought less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
 Than that smooth watry image; back I turn'd, 480
 Thou following cri'dst aloud, "Return fair Eve;
 Whom fli'st thou? whom thou fli'st, of him thou art
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side 485
 Henceforth, an individual solace dear;
 Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other half:" with that thy gentle hand
 Seiz'd mine, I yielded, and from that time see
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace 490
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
 So spake our general mother, and with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,
 And meek surrender, half-embracing lean'd
 On our first father; half her swelling breast 495
 Naked met his under the flowing gold
 Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms

Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter
 On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds 500
 That shed May flowers; and press'd her matron lip
 With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd
 For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
 Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.
 'Sight hateful! sight tormenting! thus these two, 505
 Imparadis't in one another's arms
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
 Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
 Among our other torments not the least, 510
 Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines;
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
 From their own mouths; all is not theirs it seems:
 One fatal tree there stands of Knowledge call'd,
 Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbid'n? 515
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
 Envy them that? Can it be sin to know,
 Can it be death? And do they only stand
 By ignorance, is that their happy state,
 The proof of their obedience and their faith? 520
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build
 Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
 With more desire to know, and to reject
 Envious commands, invented with design
 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt 525
 Equal with gods; aspiring to be such,
 They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
 But first with narrow search I must walk round
 This garden, and no corner leave unspid;
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet 530
 Some wandring spirit of Heav'n, by fountain-side,
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
 What further would be learnt. Live while ye may,
 Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.' 535
 So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,

But with sly circumspection; and began
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his room.
 Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where Heav'n
 With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting sun 540
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect
 Against the eastern gate of Paradise
 Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock
 Of alabaster, pild up to the clouds,
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent 545
 Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;
 The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
 Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat
 Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night; 550
 About him exercis'd heroic games
 Th' unarmed youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
 Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears
 Hung high, with diamond flaming and with gold.
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even 555
 On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star
 In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd
 Impress the air, and shows the mariner
 From what point of his compass to beware
 Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste. 560
 'Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath giv'n
 Charge and strict watch that to this happy place
 No evil thing approach or enter in;
 This day at highth of noon came to my sphere
 A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know 565
 More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly man
 God's latest image: I describ'd his way
 Bent all on speed, and markt his airy gait;
 But on the mount that lies from Eden north,
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks 570
 Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:
 Mine eyes pursu'd him still, but under shade
 Lost sight of him; one of the banisht crew
 I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise

New troubles; him thy care must be to find.' 575

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd:
 'Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
 Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,
 See far and wide. In at this gate none pass
 The vigilance here plac't, but such as come 580
 Well known from Heav'n; and since meridian hour
 No creature thence: if spirit of other sort,
 So minded, have o'erleapt these earthly bounds
 On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
 Spiritual substance with corporeal bar. 585
 But if within the circuit of these walks,
 In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
 Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.'

So promis'd he; and Uriel to his charge
 Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd 590
 Bore him slope downward to the sun now fall'n
 Beneath the Azores; whether the prime orb,
 Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd
 Diurnal, or this less volubil earth
 By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there 595
 Arraying with reflected purple and gold
 The clouds that on his western throne attend:
 Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad;
 Silence accompanied, for beast and bird, 600
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;
 Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
 With living sapphires: Hesperus that led 605
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: 'Fair consort, th' hour 610
 Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set

Labour and rest, as day and night to men
 Successive, and the timely dew of sleep
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines 615
 Our eye-lids; other creatures all day long
 Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest;
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,
 And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways; 620
 While other animals unactive range,
 And of their doings God takes no account.
 To-morrow ere fresh morning streak the east
 With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform 625
 Yon flowry arbours, yonder alleys green,
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
 That mock our scant manuring, and require
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums, 630
 That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
 Meanwhile, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.'
 To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd.
 'My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st, 635
 Unargued I obey; so God ordains,
 God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
 With thee conversing I forget all time,
 All seasons and their change; all please alike. 640
 Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
 Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth 645
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild, then silent Night
 With this her solemn bird and this fair moon.
 And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train:
 But neither breath of Morn when she ascends 650

With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
Glistring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent Night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon 655
Or glittering star-light without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?'
To whom our general ancestor repli'd.
'Daughter of God and Man, accomplisht Eve, 660
These have their course to finish, round the earth,
By morrow ev'ning; and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise:
Lest total darkness should by night regain 665
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down 670
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none, 675
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise;
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the steep 680
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to others note
Singing their great Creator: oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk 685
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.'

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
 On to their blissful bower; it was a place 690
 Chos'n by the soyran Planter, when he fram'd
 All things to Man's delightful use; the roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side 695
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flow'r,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine
 Rear'd high their flourisht heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic; underfoot the violet, 700
 Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay
 Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with stone
 Of costliest emblem: other creature here
 Bird, beast, insect, or worm durst enter none;
 Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower 705
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
 Pan or Silvanus never slept, nor Nymph,
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess,
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs
 Espoused Eve deckt first her nuptial bed, 710
 And heav'nly quires the hymenean sung,
 What day the genial angel to our sire
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
 More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods
 Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like 715
 In sad event, when to the unwiser son
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnar'd
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
 On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.
 Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood, 720
 Both turn'd; and under op'n sky ador'd
 The God that made both sky, air, earth and heav'n
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe
 And starry pole: 'Thou also mad'st the night,
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day, 725
 Which we in our appointed work employ'd

Have finish't; happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants 730
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.' 735

This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best, into their inmost bow'r
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting-off
These troublesome disguises which we wear, 740
Straight side by side were laid; nor turn'd I ween
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refus'd:
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity and place and innocence, 745
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and man?
Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source 750
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men
Among the bestial herds to range, by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure, 755
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother first were known.
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets, 760
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc't,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden shaft employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,

Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile 765
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
 Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
 Mixt dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
 Or serenate, which the starv'd lover sings
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770
 These lull'd by nightingales embracing slept,
 And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
 Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on
 Blest pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek
 No happier state, and know to know no more. 775

Now had Night measur'd with her shadowy cone
 Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
 And from their ivory port the cherubim
 Forth issuing at th' accustom'd hour stood arm'd
 To their night-watches in warlike parade, 780
 When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.

'Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the north,
 Our circuit meets full west.' As flame they part,
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear. 785
 From these, two strong and subtle spirits he call'd
 That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

'Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed
 Search through this garden, leave unsearcht no nook,
 But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge, 790
 Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm.
 This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd
 Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd
 The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt: 795
 Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.'

'So saying, on he led his radiant files,
 Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct
 In search of whom they sought: him there they found
 Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve; 800
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach
 The organs of her fancy, and with them forge

Illusion as he list, phantasms and dreams,
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
 Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise 805
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
 At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires
 Blown up with high conceits ingend'ring pride.
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear 810
 Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns
 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
 Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid 815
 Fit for the tun some magazine to store
 Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain
 With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air:
 So started up in his own shape the Fiend.
 Back stept those two fair angels, half amaz'd 820
 So sudden to behold the grisly King;
 Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.
 'Which of those rebel spirits adjudg'd to Hell
 Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and transform'd,
 Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait 825
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?'
 'Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
 Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar;
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown, 830
 The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
 Your message, like to end as much in vain?'
 To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.
 'Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same, 835
 Or undiminisht brightness, to be known
 As when thou stood'st in Heav'n upright and pure;
 That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
 Departed from thee; and thou resembl'st now
 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul. 840

But come; for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.'

So spake the cherub; and his grave rebuke
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace 845
Invincible: abasht the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pin'd
His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd 850
Undaunted. 'If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the sender not the sent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost.' 'Thy fear,' said Zephon bold,
Will save us trial what the least can do 855
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.'

The Fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd 860
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief
Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud. 865

'O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendor wan; who by his gait 870
And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance low'rs.'

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found, 875
How busied, in what form and posture coucht.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.
'Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd

To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress 830
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?"

To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow. 885

'Gabriel, thou hadst in Heaven th' esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question askt
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place 891

Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought:
To thee no reason; who know'st only good, 895
But evil hast not tri'd: and wilt object

His will who bound us? Let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was askt.
The rest is true, they found me where they say; 900
But that implies not violence or harm.'

Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel mov'd,
Disdainfully half smiling thus repli'd.

'O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew, 905

And now returns him from his prison scap't,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicenc't from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain 910

However, and to scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous; till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain 915
Can equal anger infinite provok't.

But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
 Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
 Less pain, less to be fled, or thou than they
 Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief, 920
 The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleg'd
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.'

To which the Fiend thus answer'd frowning stern.

'Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain, 925
 Insulting angel, well thou know'st I stood
 Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
 The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
 And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
 But still thy words at random, as before, 930
 Argue thy inexperience what behoves
 From hard assays and ill successes past
 A faithful leader, not to hazard all
 Through ways of danger by himself untri'd;
 I therefore, I alone first undertook 935
 To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
 This new-created world, whereof in Hell
 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
 Better abode, and my afflicted powers
 To settle here on Earth, or in mid air; 940
 Though for possession put to try once more
 What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
 Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
 High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne,
 And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.' 945

To whom the warrior angel soon repli'd.

'To say and straight unsay, pretending first
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
 Argues no leader but a liar trac't,
 Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name, 950
 O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
 Army of fiends! fit body to fit head;
 Was this your discipline and faith engag'd,

Your military obedience, to dissolve
 Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power supreme? 955
 And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou
 Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilely ador'd
 Heav'ns awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope 960
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?
 But mark what I areed thee now, avant;
 Fly thither whence thou fledd'st: if from this hour
 Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
 Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd, 965
 And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
 The facile gates of Hell too slightly barr'd.'

So threaten'd he, but Satan to no threats
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd.

'Then when I am thy captive talk of chains, 970
 Proud liminary cherub, but ere then
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
 From my prevailing arm; though Heaven's King
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
 Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels 975
 In progress through the road of Heav'n star-pav'd.'

While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright
 Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round,
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
 Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
 Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands
 Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves
 Prove chaff. On th' other side Satan alarm'd 985
 Collecting all his might dilated stood,
 Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
 His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
 Sat Horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp
 What seem'd both spear and shield: now dreadful deeds
 Might have ensu'd, nor only Paradise 991
 In this commotion, but the starry cope

Of heav'n perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon 995
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with balanc't air 1000
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: in these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend. 1005
 'Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine,
Neither our own but giv'n; what folly then
To boast what arms can do, since thine no more
Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubl'd now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up, 1010
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak,
If thou resist.' The Fiend lookt up and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night. 1015

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their day labours: their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God to render man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand; who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance described, his coming discerned by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at Adam's request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Now Morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak't, so custom'd; for his sleep
Was airy light from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which th' only sound 5
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwak'nd Eve
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek, 10
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half-raisd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd; and beheld

Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice 15
 Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. 'Awake
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
 Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
 Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field 20
 Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
 How Nature paints her colours, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.' 25
 Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye
 On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.
 'O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My glory, my perfection, glad I see
 Thy face, and morn return'd, for I this night, 30
 Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,
 If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksome night. Methought 35
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
 With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,
 "Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake 40
 Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns
 Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
 Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
 If none regard: Heav'n wakes with all his eyes;
 Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire? 45
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze."
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
 To find thee I directed then my walk;
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways 50
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree

Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it seem'd,
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
 And as I wondring lookt, beside it stood
 One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n, 55
 By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill'd
 Ambrosia; on that tree he also gaz'd;
 And "O fair plant," said he, "with fruit surcharg'd,
 Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,
 Nor God, nor Man? is Knowledge so despis'd? 60
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
 Longer thy offer'd good; why else set here?"
 This said, he paus'd not, but with ventrous arm
 He pluckt, he tasted; me damp horror chill'd 65
 At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold:
 But he thus overjoy'd; "O fruit divine!
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus crompt,
 Forbidd'n here, it seems, as only fit
 For gods, yet able to make gods of men: 70
 And why not gods of men, since good, the more
 Communicated, more abundant grows,
 The author not impair'd, but honour'd more?
 Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
 Partake thou also; happy though thou art, 75
 Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods
 Thyself a goddess, not to Earth confin'd,
 But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
 Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see 80
 What life the gods live there, and such live thou."
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
 Which he had pluckt; the pleasant savoury smell
 So quick'nd appetite, that I, methought, 85
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld
 The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect wide
 And various: wondring at my flight and change

To this high exaltation; suddenly 90
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream!' Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad.
'Best image of myself and dearer half, 95
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear:
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the soul 100
Are many lesser faculties that serve
Reason as chief; among these Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, airy shapes, 105
Which Reason joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell when Nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes 110
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream, 115
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream, 120
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not disheart'nd then, nor cloud those looks
That wont to be more cheerful and serene
Than when fair Morning first smiles on the world,
And let us to our fresh employments rise 125
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flow'rs
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,

Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.'

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,
But silently a gentle tear let fall 130
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended. 135

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first from under shady arborous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up risen
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim, 140
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landscape all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid 145
In various style, for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc't or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse, 150
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness, and they thus began.

'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then! 155
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens
To us invisible or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works, yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine:
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light, 160
Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing, ye in Heav'n,
On Earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end. 165

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling Morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. 170
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fl'ist, 175
 With the fixt stars, fixt in their orb that flies,
 And ye five other wandring fires that move
 In mystic dance not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
 Air, and ye elements the eldest birth 180
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations that now rise 185
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers, 190
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow, 195
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices all ye living souls; ye birds,
 That singing up to Heaven gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk 200
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade

Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.

Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still 205

To give us only good; and if the night

Have gathered aught of evil or conceal'd,

Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.'

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts

Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm. 210

On to their morning's rural work they haste

Among sweet dew's and flow'rs; where any row

Of fruit-trees over-woody, reach'd too far

Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check

Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine 215

To wed her elm; she spous'd about him twines

Her marriageable arms, and with her brings

Her dow'r th' adopted clusters, to adorn

His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld

With pity Heav'n's high King, and to him call'd 220

Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deign'd

To travel with Tobias, and secur'd

His marriage with the seven-times-wedded maid.

'Raphael,' said he, 'thou hear'st what stir on Earth
Satan, from Hell scap't through the darksome gulf, 225

Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd

This night the human pair, how he designs

In them at once to ruin all mankind.

Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend

Converse with Adam, in what bow'r or shade 230

Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,

To respite his day-labour with repast,

Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,

As may advise him of his happy state,

Happiness in his power left free to will, 235

Left to his own free will, his will though free,

Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware

He swerve not, too secure: tell him withal

His danger, and from whom, what enemy

Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now 240

The fall of others from like state of bliss;

By violence? no, for that shall be withstood,
 But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
 Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend
 Surprisal, unadmonisht, unforewarn'd.' 245

So spake th' Eternal Father, and fulfill'd
 All justice: nor delay'd the winged saint
 After his charge receiv'd; but from among
 Thousand celestial ardors, where he stood
 Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light 250
 Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic quires
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
 Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
 Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide
 On golden hinges turning, as by work 255
 Divine the sovran Architect had fram'd.

From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
 Star interpos'd, however small he sees,
 Not unconform to other shining globes,
 Earth, and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd 260
 Above all hills. As when by night the glass
 Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes

Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon:
 Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades
 Delos or Samos first appearing, kens 265

A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
 Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
 Winnows the buxom air; till within soar 270
 Of tow'ring eagles, to all the fowls he seems

A phoenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird
 When to enshrine his reliques in the sun's
 Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
 At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise 275

He lights, and to his proper shape returns
 A seraph wing'd; six wings he wore, to shade
 His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast,

With regal ornament; the middle pair 280
 Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
 And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
 Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood, 285
 And shook his plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance fill'd
 The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands
 Of angels under watch; and to his state,
 And to his message high in honour rise;
 For on some message high they guess'd him bound. 290
 Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come
 Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
 And flow'ring odours, cassia, nard, and balm;
 A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
 Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will 295
 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
 Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.
 Him through the spicy forest onward come
 Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
 Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted sun 300
 Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
 Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs;
 And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd
 For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst 305
 Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,
 Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.
 'Haste hither Eve, and worth thy sight behold
 Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
 Comes this way moving; seems another morn 310
 Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from Heav'n
 To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe
 This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
 And what thy stores contain, bring forth and pour
 Abundance, fit to honour and receive 315
 Our Heav'nly stranger; well may we afford
 Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow

From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies
 Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows
 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.' 320

To whom thus Eve. 'Adam, earth's hallow'd mould.
 Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,
 All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes: 325
 But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
 Each plant and juiciest gourd will pluck such choice
 To entertain our angel guest, as he
 Beholding shall confess, that here on Earth
 God hath dispenst his bounties as in Heav'n.' 330

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent;
 What choice to choose for delicacy best,
 What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
 Tastes not well join'd, inelegant, but bring 335
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change;
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
 Whatever Earth all-bearing mother yields
 In India East or West, or middle shore
 In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where 340
 Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
 Rough or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell
 She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
 Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the grape
 She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths 345
 From many a berry, and from sweet kernels prest
 She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold
 Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground
 With rose and odours from the shrub unfum'd.

Meanwhile our primitive great Sire, to meet 350
 His godlike guest, walks forth; without more train
 Accompani'd than with his own complete
 Perfections, in himself was all his state,
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
 On princes, when their rich retinue long 355

Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,
 Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.
 Nearer his presence, Adam though not aw'd,
 Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
 As to a superior nature, bowing low, 360
 Thus said. 'Native of Heav'n, for other place
 None can than Heav'n such glorious shape contain;
 Since by descending from the thrones above,
 Those happy places thou hast deign'd awhile
 To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us 365
 Two only, who yet by sovran gift possess
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bow'r
 To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
 Be over, and the sun more cool decline.' 370

Whom thus the angelic Virtue answer'd mild.
 'Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
 As may not oft invite, though spirits of Heav'n
 To visit thee; lead on then where thy bow'r 375
 O'ershades; for these mid-hours, till ev'ning rise
 I have at will.' So to the silvan lodge
 They came, that like Pomona's arbour smil'd
 With flowrets deckt and fragrant smells; but Eve
 Undeckt, save with herself more lovely fair 380
 Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feign'd
 Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,
 Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n; no veil
 She needed, virtue-proof, no thought infirm
 Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel 'Hail' 385
 Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd
 Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

'Hail Mother of mankind, whose fruitful womb
 Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons
 Than with these various fruits the trees of God 390
 Have heap'd this table.' Rais'd of grassy turf
 Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
 And on her ample square from side to side

All Autumn pil'd; though Spring and Autumn here
 Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold; 395
 No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began
 Our author. 'Heav'nly stranger, please to taste
 These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom
 All perfect good unmeasur'd out descends,
 To us for food and for delight hath caus'd 400
 The Earth to yield; unsavoury food perhaps
 To spiritual natures; only this I know,
 That one celestial Father gives to all.'

To whom the angel. 'Therefore what he gives,
 (Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part 405
 Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found
 No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
 Intelligential substances require
 As doth your rational; and both contain 410
 Within them every lower faculty
 Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
 And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
 For know, whatever was created, needs
 To be sustain'd and fed; of elements 415
 The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
 Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires
 Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon;
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
 Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd. 420
 Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
 From her moist continent to higher orbs.
 The sun that light imparts to all, receives
 From all his alimental recompense
 In humid exhalations, and at even 425
 Sups with the ocean: though in Heav'n the trees
 Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
 Yield nectar, though from off the boughs each morn
 We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
 Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here 430
 Varied his bounty so with new delights,

As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
 Think not I shall be nice.' So down they sat,
 And to their viands fell, nor seemingly
 The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss 435
 Of theologians, but with keen dispatch
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
 To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires
 Through spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
 Of sooty coal the empiric alchemist 440
 Can turn or holds it possible to turn
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold
 As from the mine. Meanwhile at table Eve
 Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
 With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence 445
 Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
 Then had the sons of God excuse to have been
 Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
 Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell. 450

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,
 Not burd'nd nature, sudden mind arose
 In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass
 Given him by this great conference to know
 Of things above his world, and of their being 455
 Who dwell in Heav'n; whose excellence he saw
 Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms,
 Divine effulgence, whose high power so far
 Exceeded human; and his wary speech
 Thus to th' empyreal minister he fram'd. 460

'Inhabitant with God, now know I well
 Thy favour, in this honour done to man,
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsaf't
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
 Food not of angels, yet accepted so, 465
 As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
 At Heav'n's high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?'

To whom the winged hierarch repli'd.
 O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom

All things proceed, and up to him return, 470
 If not deprav'd from good, created all
 Such to perfection, one first matter all,
 Endu'd with various forms, various degrees
 Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
 But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure, 475
 As nearer to him plac't or nearer tending,
 Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
 Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
 Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves 480
 More airy, last the bright consummate flow'r
 Spirits odorous breathes: flow'rs and their fruit,
 Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd
 To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
 To intellectual, give both life and sense, 485
 Fancy and understanding, whence the soul
 Reason receives, and reason is her being,
 Discursive, or intuitive; discourse
 Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same. 490
 Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
 To proper substance: time may come, when men
 With angels may participate, and find
 No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare: 495
 And from these corporal nutriments perhaps,
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
 Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend
 Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
 Here, or in Heav'nly Paradises dwell; 500
 If ye be found obedient, and retain
 Unalterably firm his love entire
 Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy
 Your fill what happiness this happy state
 Can comprehend, incapable of more.' 505
 To whom the Patriarch of mankind repli'd.
 'O favourable spirit, propitious guest,

Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
 Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set
 From centre to circumference, whereon 510
 In contemplation of created things
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
 What meant that caution join'd, 'if ye be found
 Obedient?' Can we want obedience then
 To him, or possibly his love desert 515
 Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the angel. 'Son of Heav'n and Earth,
 Attend: that thou art happy, owe to God; 520
 That thou continu'st such, owe to thyself,
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
 This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
 God made thee perfect, not immutable;
 And good he made thee, but to persevere 525
 He left it in thy power, ordain'd thy will
 By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
 Inextricable, or strict necessity;
 Our voluntary service he requires,
 Not our necessitated, such with him 530
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find, for how
 Can hearts, not free, be tri'd whether they serve
 Willing or no, who will but what they must
 By destiny, and can no other choose?
 Myself and all th' angelic host that stand 535
 In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
 On other surety none; freely we serve,
 Because we freely love, as in our will
 To love or not; in this we stand or fall: 540
 And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
 And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell; O fall,
 From what high state of bliss into what woe!

To whom our great Progenitor. 'Thy words
 Attentive, and with more delighted ear, 545

Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
 Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills
 Aerial music send: nor knew I not
 To be both will and deed created free;
 Yet that we never shall forget to love 530
 Our Maker, and obey him whose command
 Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts
 Assur'd me, and still assure: though what thou tell'st
 Hath past in Heav'n, some doubt within me move,
 But more desire to hear, if thou consent, 555
 The full relation, which must needs be strange,
 Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;
 And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun
 Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins
 His other half in the great zone of Heav'n.' 560

Thus Adam made request, and Raphael
 After short pause assenting, thus began.

'High matter thou enjoin'st me, O prime of men,
 Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate
 To human sense th' invisible exploits 565
 Of warring spirits? how without remorse
 The ruin of so many glorious once
 And perfet while they stood? how last unfold
 The secrets of another world, perhaps
 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good 570
 This is dispens't; and what surmounts the reach
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
 By lik'ning spiritual to corporal forms,
 As may express them best, though what if Earth
 Be but the shadow of Heav'n, and things therein 575
 Each to other like, more than on Earth is thought?

'As yet this World was not, and Chaos wild
 Reign'd where these heav'ns now roll, where Earth now rests
 Upon her centre pois'd, when on a day,
 (For time, though in eternity, appli'd 580
 To motion, measures all things durable
 By present, past, and future,) on such day
 As Heav'ns great year brings forth, th' empyreal host

Of angels by imperial summons call'd,
 Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne 585
 Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd
 Under their hierarchs in order bright.
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,
 Standards and gonfalons, 'twixt van and rear
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve 590
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees:
 Or in their glittering tissues bear imblaz'd
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood, 595
 Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
 By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,
 Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.
 "Hear all ye angels, progeny of light, 600
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
 Hear my decree, which unrevok't shall stand.
 This day I have begot whom I declare
 My only Son, and on this holy hill
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold 605
 At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;
 And by myself have sworn to him shall bow
 All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord:
 Under his great vicegerent reign abide
 United as one individual soul 610
 For ever happy: him who disobeys,
 Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
 Into utter darkness, deep ingulft, his place
 Ordain'd without redemption, without end." 615
 'So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
 All seem'd well pleas'd; all seem'd, but were not all.
 That day, as other solemn days, they spent
 In song and dance about the sacred hill,
 Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere 620
 Of planets and of fixt in all her wheels

Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
 Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
 Then most, when most irregular they seem,
 And in their motions Harmony divine 625
 So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
 Listens delighted. Ev'ning now approach'd,
 (For we have also our ev'ning and our morn,
 We ours for change delectable, not need)
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn 630
 Desirous; all in circles as they stood,
 Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
 With angels' food, and rubied nectar flows
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heav'n. 635
 On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh flowrets crown'd,
 They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
 Quaff immortality and joy, secure
 Of surfeit where full measure only bounds
 Excess, before th' all-bounteous King, who show'rd 640
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
 Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhal'd
 From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
 Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had chang'd
 To grateful twilight (for night comes not there 645
 In darker veil) and roseat dew's dispos'd
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far
 Than all this globous earth in plain outspread,
 (Such are the courts of God) th' angelic throng 650
 Disperst in bands and files their camp extend
 By living streams among the trees of life,
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept
 Fann'd with cool winds, save those who in their course 655
 Melodious hymns about the sovran throne
 Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd
 Satan, so call him now, his former name
 Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the first,

If not the first archangel, great in power, 660
In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught
With envy against the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Messiah King anointed, could not bear
Through pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd. 665
Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipt, unbey'd the throne supreme, 670
Contemptuous; and his next subordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

“Sleep'st thou companion dear, what sleep can close
Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what decree
Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips 675
Of Heav'ns Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest impos'd;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise 680
In us who serve; new counsels, to debate
What doubtful may ensue; more in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim Night 685
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we possess
The quarters of the north, there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King 690
The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.”

‘So spake the false Archangel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwary breast 695
Of his associate; he together calls,
Or several one by one, the Regent Powers,

- Under him Regent; tells, as he was taught,
 That the Most High commanding, now ere night,
 Now ere dim night had disincumber'd Heav'n, 700
 The great hierarchal standard was to move;
 Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
 Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
 Or taint integrity; but all obey'd
 The wonted signal, and superior voice 705
 Of their great Potentate; for great indeed
 His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;
 His count'nance, as the morning star that guides
 The starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's host: 710
 Meanwhile th' Eternal Eye, whose sight discerns
 Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount
 And from within the golden lamps that burn
 Nightly before him, saw without their light
 Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread 715
 Among the sons of morn, what multitudes
 Were banded to oppose his high decree;
 And smiling to his only Son thus said.
- ‘“Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
 In full resplendence, heir of all my might, 720
 Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
 Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
 We mean to hold what anciently we claim
 Of deity or empire, such a foe
 Is rising, who intends to erect his throne 725
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north;
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
 In battle, what our power is, or our right.
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
 With speed what force is left, and all imploy 730
 In our defence, lest unawares we lose
 This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.”
- ‘To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear
 Light'ning divine, ineffable, serene,
 Made answer. “Mighty Father, thou thy foes 735

Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal power
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event 740
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n."

'So spake the Son, but Satan with his powers
Far was advanc't on winged speed, an host
Innumerable as the stars of night, 745
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf, and every flower.
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies
Of seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In their triple degrees, regions to which 750
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea, from one entire globose
Stretcht into longitude; which having pass'd,
At length into the limits of the north 755
They came, and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Raised on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,
The palace of great Lucifer, (so call 760
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted,) which not long after, he
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heav'n, 765
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
For thither he assembl'd all his train,
Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of their King,
Thither to come, and with calumnious art 770
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

' "Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
If these magnific titles yet remain

Not merely titular, since by decree Another now hath to himself engross't	775
All power, and us eclips'd under the name Of King anointed, for whom all this haste Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here, This only to consult how we may best With what may be devis'd of honours new	780
Receive him, coming to receive from us Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile, Too much to one, but double how endur'd, To one and to his image now proclaim'd? But what if better counsels might erect	785
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke? Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves Natives and sons of Heav'n possess before	790
By none, and if not equal all, yet free, Equally free; for orders and degrees Jar not with liberty, but well consist. Who can in reason then or right assume Monarchy over such as live by right	795
His equals, if in power and splendor less, In freedom equal? or can introduce Law and edict on us, who without law Err not? much less for this to be our Lord, And look for adoration, to th' abuse	800
Of those imperial titles which assert Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve." 'Thus far his bold discourse without control Had audience, when among the seraphim Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd	805
The Deity, and divine commands obey'd, Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe The current of his fury thus oppos'd. "O argument blasphemous, false and proud! Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n	810
Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate,	

In place thyself so high above thy peers.
 Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
 The just decree of God, pronounc't and sworn,
 That to his only Son by right endu'd 815
 With regal sceptre, every soul in Heav'n
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
 Confess him rightful King? Unjust thou say'st,
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
 And equal over equals to let reign, 820
 One over all with unsucceeded power.
 Shalt thou give law to God? shalt thou dispute
 With him the points of liberty, who made
 Thee what thou art, and form'd the Pow'rs of Heav'n
 Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being? 825
 Yet by experience taught we know how good,
 And of our good, and of our dignity
 How provident he is, how far from thought
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt
 Our happy state under one Head more near 830
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,
 That equal over equals monarch reign:
 Thyself though great and glorious dost thou count,
 Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
 Equal to him begotten Son? by whom 835
 As by his Word the mighty Father made
 All things, ev'n thee, and all the spirits of Heav'n
 By him created in their bright degrees,
 Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory nam'd
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers, 840
 Essential Powers, nor by his reign obscur'd,
 But more illustrious made since he the Head
 One of our number thus reduc't becomes,
 His laws our laws, all honour to him done
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage, 845
 And tempt not these; but hast'n to appease
 Th' incensed Father, and th' incensed Son,
 While pardon may be found in time besought."
 ' So spake the fervent angel, but his zeal

None seconded, as out of season judg'd, 850
 Or singular and rash; whereat rejoic'd
 Th' Apostate, and more haughty thus repli'd.
 "That we were form'd then, sayst thou? and the work
 Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd
 From Father to his Son? Strange point and new! 855
 Doctrine which we would know whence learnt: who saw
 When this creation was? remember'st thou
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
 We know no time when we were not as now;
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais'd 860
 By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course
 Had circl'd his full orb, the birth mature
 Of this our native Heav'n, ethereal sons.
 Our puissance is our own, our own right hand
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try 865
 Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
 Whether by supplication we intend
 Address, and to begird th' Almighty throne
 Beseeching or besieging. This report,
 These tidings carry to th' anointed King; 870
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight."
 'He said, and as the sound of waters deep
 Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause
 Through the infinite host, nor less for that
 The flaming seraph fearless, though alone 875
 Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.
 "O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,
 Forsak'n of all good; I see thy fall
 Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread 880
 Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
 No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke
 Of God's Messiah; those indulgent laws
 Will not be now voutsaft, other decrees
 Against thee are gone forth without recall; 885
 That golden sceptre which thou didst reject
 Is now an iron rod to bruise and break

Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath 890
Impendent, raging into sudden flame,
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know." 895
 'So spake the seraph Abdiel faithful found,
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshak'n, unseduc'd, untterrifi'd
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal; 900
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught; 905
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight described: Satan and his powers retire under night: he calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his angels to some disorder; but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan: yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory: he in the power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

'ALL night the dreadless angel unpursu'd
Through Heav'n's wide champain held his way, till Morn,
Wak't by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne, 5
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through Heav'n
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious Darkness enters, till her hour 10
To veil the Heav'n, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn
Such as in highest Heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyrean, from before her vanisht Night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain 15

Cover'd with thick embattl'd squadrons bright,
 Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds
 Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
 War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found
 Already known what he for news had thought 20
 To have reported: gladly then he mixt
 Among those friendly pow'rs who him receiv'd
 With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
 That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one
 Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill 25
 They led him high applauded, and present
 Before the seat supreme; from whence a Voice
 From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard.

““Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
 The better fight, who single hast maintain'd, 30
 Against revolted multitudes the cause
 Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
 And for the testimony of truth hast borne
 Universal reproach, far worse to bear
 Than violence: for this was all thy care 35
 To stand approv'd in sight of God, though worlds
 Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return
 Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue 40
 By force, who reason for their law refuse,
 Right reason for their law, and for their king
 Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
 Go Michael, of celestial armies Prince,
 And thou in military prowess next, 45
 Gabriel lead forth to battle these my sons
 Invincible, lead forth my armed saints
 By thousands and by millions rang'd for fight;
 Equal in number to that godless crew
 Rebellious, them with fire and hostile arms 50
 Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n
 Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,
 Into their place of punishment, the gulf

Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
 His fiery Chaos to receive their fall." 55
 'So spake the sovran Voice, and clouds began
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
 In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign
 Of wrath awak't; nor with less dread the loud
 Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow: 60
 At which command the powers militant,
 That stood for Heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd
 Of union irresistible, mov'd on
 In silence their bright legions, to the sound
 Of instrumental harmony that breath'd 65
 Heroic ardor to adventurous deeds
 Under their god-like leaders, in the cause
 Of God and his Messiah. On they move,
 Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
 Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides 70
 Their perfet ranks; for high above the ground
 Their march was, and the passive air upbore
 Their nimble tread, as when the total kind
 Of birds in orderly array on wing
 Came summon'd over Eden to receive 75
 Their names of thee; so over many a tract
 Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide
 Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last
 Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd
 From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretcht 80
 In battailous aspect, and nearer view
 Bristl'd with upright beams innumerable
 Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
 Various, with boastful argument portray'd,
 The banded powers of Satan hasting on 85
 'With furious expedition; for they ween'd
 That self-same day by fight, or by surprise
 To win the mount of God, and on his throne
 To set the envier of his state, the proud
 Aspirer, but their thoughts proved fond and vain 90
 In the mid way: though strange to us it seem'd

At first, that angel should with angel war,
 And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
 So oft in festivals of joy and love
 Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire 95
 Hymning th' Eternal Father: but the shout
 Of battle now began, and rushing sound
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
 High in the midst exalted as a god
 Th' Apostate in his sun-bright chariot sate, 100
 Idol of majesty divine, enclos'd
 With flaming cherubim, and golden shields;
 Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
 'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
 A dreadful interval, and front to front 105
 Presented stood in terrible array
 Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
 On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
 Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc't,
 Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold: 110
 Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores.
 "O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest
 Should yet remain, where faith and realty 115
 Remain not; wherefore should not strength and might
 There fail whose virtue fails, or weakest prove
 Where boldest; though to sight unconquerable?
 His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,
 I mean to try, whose reason I have tri'd 120
 Unsound and false: nor is it aught but just,
 That he who in debate of truth hath won,
 Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
 Victor; though brutish that contest and foul,
 When reason hath to deal with force, yet so 125
 Most reason is that reason overcome."

'So pondering, and from his armed peers
 Forth stepping opposite, half way he met
 His daring foe, at this prevention more

Incens't, and thus securely him defi'd. 130
 "Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reacht
 The highth of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
 The throne of God unguarded, and his side
 Abandon'd, at the terror of thy power
 Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain 135
 Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms;
 Who out of smallest things could without end
 Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat
 Thy folly; or with solitary hand
 Reaching beyond all limit at one blow 140
 Unaided could have finisht thee, and whelm'd
 Thy legions under darkness; but thou seest
 All are not of thy train; there be who faith
 Prefer, and piety to God, though then
 To thee not visible, when I alone 145
 Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
 From all: my sect thou seest, now learn too late
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err."
 'Whom the grand Foe with scornful eye askance
 Thus answer'd. "Ill for thee, but in wisht hour 150
 Of my revenge, first sought for thou return'st
 From flight, seditious angel, to receive
 Thy merited reward, the first assay
 Of this right hand provok't, since first that tongue
 Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose 155
 A third part of the gods, in synod met
 Their deities to assert, who while they feel
 Vigour divine within them, can allow
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160
 From me some plume, that thy success may show
 Destruction to the rest: this pause between
 (Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know;
 At first I thought that Liberty and Heav'n
 To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now 165
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve.
 Ministring spirits, train'd up in feast and song;

Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heav'n,
 Servility with freedom to contend,
 As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove." 170

'To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern repli'd.
 "Apostate, still thou err'st; nor end wilt find
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
 Of servitude to serve whom God ordains, 175
 Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 180
 Thyself not free, but to thyself enthral'd;
 Yet lewdly dar'st our ministring upbraid.
 Reign thou in Hell thy kingdom, let me serve
 In Heav'n God ever blest, and his divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd: 185
 Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect: meanwhile
 From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive."

'So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell 190
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
 Nor motion of quick thought, less could his shield
 Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
 He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
 His massy spear up-stay'd; as if on Earth 195
 Winds under ground or waters forcing way
 Sidelong, had pusht a mountain from his seat
 Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
 The rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see
 Thus foil'd their mightiest, ours joy fill'd, and shout, 200
 Presage of victory and fierce desire
 Of battle: whereat Michael bid sound
 Th' archangel trumpet; through the vast of Heaven
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
 Hosannah to the Highest: nor stood at gaze 205

The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
 The horrid shock: now storming fury rose,
 And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now
 Was never, arms on armour clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels 210
 Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
 Of conflict; overhead the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
 And flying vaulted either host with fire.
 So under fiery cope together rush'd 215
 Both battles main, with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage; all Heav'n
 Resounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth
 Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when
 Millions of fierce encountring angels fought 220
 On either side, the least of whom could wield
 These elements, and arm him with the force
 Of all their regions: how much more of power
 Army against army numberless to raise
 Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb, 225
 Though not destroy, their happy native seat;
 Had not th' Eternal King omnipotent
 From his strong hold of Heav'n high o'er-rul'd
 And limited their might; though number'd such
 As each divided legion might have seem'd 230
 A numerous host, in strength each armed hand
 A legion; led in fight, yet leader seem'd
 Each warrior single as in chief, expert
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
 Of battle; open when, and when to close 235
 The ridges of grim war; no thought of flight,
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
 That argu'd fear; each on himself reli'd
 As only in his arm the moment lay
 Of victory; deeds of eternal fame 240
 Were done, but infinite: for wide was spread
 That war and various; sometimes on firm ground
 A standing fight, then soaring on main wing

Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
 Conflicting fire: long time in even scale 245
 The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
 Prodigious power had shewn, and met in arms
 No equal, ranging through the dire attack
 Of fighting seraphim confus'd, at length
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd 250
 Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
 Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down
 Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield, 255
 A vast circumference: at his approach
 The great archangel from his warlike toil
 Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
 Intestine war in Heav'n, the Arch-foe subdu'd
 Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown 260
 And visage all inflam'd first thus began:

“Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest
 These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
 Though heaviest by just measure on thyself 265
 And thy adherents; how hast thou disturb'd
 Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
 Misery, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy rebellion? how hast thou instill'd
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270
 And faithful, now prov'd false? But think not here
 To trouble holy rest; Heav'n casts thee out
 From all her confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss
 Brooks not the works of violence and war.
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along, 275
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
 Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,
 Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
 Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain.” 280

‘So spake the Prince of angels; to whom thus

The Adversary. "Nor think thou with wind
 Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise 285
 Unvanquisht, easier to transact with me
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
 To chase me hence? err not that so shall end
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
 The strife of glory; which we mean to win, 290
 Or turn this Heav'n itself into the Hell
 Thou fablest; here however to dwell free,
 If not to reign: meanwhile thy utmost force,
 And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
 I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh." 295
 'They ended parle, and both addrest for fight
 Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
 Of angels, can relate, or to what things
 Liken on Earth conspicuous, that may lift
 Human imagination to such highth 300
 Of godlike power? for likest gods they seem'd,
 Stood they or mov'd; in stature, motion, arms
 Fit to decide the empire of great Heav'n.
 Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
 Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields 305
 Blaz'd opposite, while Expectation stood
 In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind
 Of such commotion; such as to set forth 310
 Great things by small, if (nature's concord broke)
 Among the constellations war were sprung,
 Two planets rushing from aspect malign
 Of fiercest opposition in mid-sky,
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound. 315
 Together both with next to almighty arm
 Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim'd
 That might determine, and not need repeat,
 As not of power, at once; nor odds appear'd

In might or swift prevention; but the sword 320
 Of Michael from the armoury of God
 Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen
 Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
 Descending, and in half cut sheer, nor stay'd, 325
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep entring shar'd
 All his right side. Then Satan first knew pain,
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound
 Pass'd through him, but th' ethereal substance clos'd, 330
 Not long divisible, and from the gash
 A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
 Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,
 And all his armour stain'd erewhile so bright.
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run 335
 By angels many and strong who interpos'd
 Defence; while others bore him on their shields
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd
 From off the files of war; there they him laid
 Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame 340
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride
 Humbl'd by such rebuke, so far beneath
 His confidence to equal God in power.
 Yet soon he heal'd; for spirits that live throughout
 Vital in every part, not as frail man 345
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins;
 Cannot but by annihilating die;
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear, 350
 All intellect, all sense, and as they please,
 They limb themselves, and colour, shape or size
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.
 'Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserv'd
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought, 355
 And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array
 Of Moloch furious king, who him defi'd,

And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
 Threatn'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n
 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon 360
 Down clov'n to the waist, with shatter'd arms
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
 Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe,
 Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
 Vanquish'd Adramalech, and Asmadai; 365
 Two potent Thrones, that to be less than gods
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
 Mangl'd with gastly wounds through plate and mail;
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
 The atheist crew, but with redoubl'd blow 370
 Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
 Of Ramiel scorcht and blasted overthrew.
 I might relate of thousands and their names
 Eternize here on earth; but those elect
 Angels contented with their fame in Heav'n 375
 Seek not the praise of men: the other sort
 In might though wondrous and in acts of war,
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
 Cancell'd from Heav'n and sacred memory,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380
 For strength from truth divided and from just,
 Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
 And ignominy, yet to glory aspires
 Vainglorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom. 385
 'And now their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerv'd,
 With many an inroad gor'd; deformed rout
 Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
 With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd, 390
 And fiery foaming steeds; what stood, recoil'd
 O'erwearied, through the faint Satanic host
 (Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,
 Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of pain)
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought 395

By sin of disobedience, till that hour
 Not liable to fear or flight or pain.
 Far otherwise th' inviolable saints
 In cubic phalanx firm advanc't entire,
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd: 400
 Such high advantages their innocence
 Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,
 Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
 By wound, though from their place by violence mov'd. 405

'Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
 And silence on the odious din of war:
 Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
 Victor and vanquisht: on the foughten field 410
 Michael and his angels prevalent
 Encamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
 Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part
 Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
 Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest, 415
 His potentates to council call'd by night;
 And in the midst thus undismay'd began.

"O now in danger tri'd, now known in arms
 Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,
 Found worthy not of liberty alone, 420
 Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,
 Honour, dominion, glory, and renown;
 Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
 (And if one day, why not eternal days?)
 What Heaven's Lord had powerfullest to send 425
 Against us from about his throne, and judg'd
 Sufficient to subdue us at his will,
 But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
 Of future we may deem him, though till now
 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd, 430
 Some disadvantage we endur'd and pain,
 Till now not known, but known as soon condemn'd,
 Since now we find this our empyreal form

Incapable of mortal injury,
 Imperishable; and though pierc'd with wound, 435
 Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
 Of evil then so small as easy think
 The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes, 440
 Or equal what between us made the odds,
 In nature none: if other hidden cause
 Left them superior, while we can preserve
 Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,
 Due search and consultation will disclose." 445
 'He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
 Nisroch, of Principalities the prime;
 As one he stood escap't from cruel fight,
 Sore toil'd, his riv'n arms to havoc hewn,
 And cloudy in aspect thus answering spake. 450
 "Deliverer from new lords, leader to free
 Enjoyment of our right as gods; yet hard
 For gods, and too unequal work we find,
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
 Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil 455
 Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails
 Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
 Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 460
 But live content, which is the calmest life:
 But pain is perfet misery, the worst
 Of evils, and excessive, overturns
 All patience. He who therefore can invent
 With what more forcible we may offend 465
 Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
 Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
 No less than for deliverance what we owe."
 'Whereto with look compos'd Satan repli'd.
 "Not uninvented that, which thou aright 470
 Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.

Which of us who beholds the bright surface
 Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
 This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd
 With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems, and gold, 475
 Whose eye so superficially surveys
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
 Of spiritous and fiery spume, till toucht
 With Heav'n's ray, and temper'd they shoot forth 480
 So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light?
 These in their dark nativity the deep
 Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,
 Which into hollow engines long and round
 Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire 485
 Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
 From far with thundring noise among our foes
 Such implements of mischief as shall dash
 To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd 490
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
 Nor long shall be our labour; yet ere dawn,
 Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive;
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd." 495
 'He ended; and his words their drooping cheer
 Enlight'nd, and their languisht hope reviv'd.
 Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
 To be th' inventor miss'd; so easy it seem'd
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
 Impossible: yet haply of thy race 501
 In future days, if malice should abound,
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
 With dev'lish machination might devise
 Like instrument to plague the sons of men 505
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
 Forthwith from council to the work they flew,
 None arguing stood, innumerable hands
 Were ready, in a moment up they turn'd

- Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath 510
 Th' originals of nature in their crude
 Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam
 They found, they mingl'd, and with subtle art,
 Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd : 515
 Part hidd'n veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
 Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
 Whereof to found their engines and their balls
 Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520
 So all ere day-spring, under conscious night
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
 With silent circumspection unesp'd.
- 'Now when fair Morn orient in Heav'n appear'd
 Up rose the victor angels, and to arms 525
 The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
 Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
 Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
 Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,
 Each quarter, to descry the distant foe, 530
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
 In motion, or in halt: him soon they met
 Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
 But firm battalion; back with speediest sail
 Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing, 535
 Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cri'd.
- "Arm, warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
 This day, fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
 He comes; and settl'd in his face I see 540
 Sad resolution and secure: let each
 His adamantine coat gird well, and each
 Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,
 Borne ev'n or high, for this day will pour down,
 If I conjecture aught, no drizzling show'r, 545
 But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire."
- 'So warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon

In order, quit of all impediment;
 Instant without disturb they took alarm,
 And onward move embattl'd: when behold 550
 Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
 Approaching gross and huge; in hollow cube
 Training his devilish enginry, impal'd
 On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood 555
 Awhile, but suddenly at head appear'd
 Satan: and thus was heard commanding loud.
 "Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek
 Peace and composure, and with open breast 560
 Stand ready to receive them, if they like
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse;
 But that I doubt, however witness Heaven,
 Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge
 Freely our part; ye who appointed stand 565
 Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
 What we propound, and loud that all may hear."
 'So scoffing in ambiguous words he scarce
 Had ended; when to right and left the front
 Divided, and to either flank retir'd. 570
 Which to our eyes discover'd new and strange,
 A triple-mounted row of pillars laid
 On wheels, (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
 Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir
 With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd;) 575
 Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
 With hideous orifice gap't on us wide,
 Portending hollow truce: at each behind
 A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
 Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense, 580
 Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd;
 Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
 Put forth, and to a narrow vent appli'd
 With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
 But soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heav'n appear'd, 585

From those deep-throated engines belcht, whose roar
 Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air,
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
 Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
 Of iron globes, which on the victor host 590
 Levell'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
 That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
 Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
 By thousands, angel on archangel roll'd;
 The sooner for their arms, unarm'd they might 595
 Have easily as spirits evaded swift
 By quick contraction or remove; but now
 Foul dissipation follow'd and forc't rout;
 Nor serv'd it to relax their serried files.
 What should they do? if on they rusht, repulse 600
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,
 And to their foes a laughter; for in view
 Stood rankt of seraphim another row
 In posture to displode their second tire 605
 Of thunder: back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

"O friends, why come not on these victors proud?
 Erewhile they fierce were coming, and when we, 610
 To entertain them fair with open front
 And breast, (what could we more?) propounded terms
 Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance, yet for a dance they seem'd 615
 Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
 For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose
 If our proposals once again were heard,
 We should compel them to a quick result."

'To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood. 620
 "Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
 Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,

And stumbl'd many; who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand: 625
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They show us when our foes walk not upright."

'So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, highth'nd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; Eternal Might 630

To match with their inventions they presum'd
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
Awhile in trouble; but they stood not long,
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms 635
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.

Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n 640
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale),

Light as the lightning-glimpse they ran, they flew,
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro
They pluckt the seated hills with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods; and, by the shaggy tops 645

Uplifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be sure, and terror seiz'd the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd,
Till on those cursed engines triple-row 650

They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried dcep,
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and opprest whole legions arm'd. 655

Their armour help'd their harm, crusht in and bruis'd
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light, 660
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.

The rest in imitation to like arms
 Betook them, and the neighbouring hills upto're;
 So hills amid the air encounter'd hills
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire, 665
 That under ground they fought; in dismal shade,
 Infernal noise; war seem'd a civil game
 To this uproar; horrid confusion heap't
 Upon confusion rose: and now all Heav'n
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread, 670
 Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits
 Shrin'd in his sanctuary of Heav'n secure,
 Consulting on the 'sum of things, foreseen
 This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
 That his great purpose he might so fulfil, 675
 To honour his anointed Son aveng'd
 Upon his enemies, and to declare
 All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son,
 Th' assessor of his throne, he thus began.
 "Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd, 680
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld
 Visibly, what by Deity I am,
 And in whose hand what by decree I do,
 Second Omnipotence, two days are past,
 Two days, as we compute the days of Heav'n, 685
 Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
 These disobedient: sore hath been their fight,
 As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;
 For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,
 Equal in their creation they were form'd, 690
 Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
 Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
 Endless, and no solution will be found:
 War wearied hath perform'd what war can do, 695
 And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
 With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which makes
 Wild work in Heav'n, and dang'rous to the main.
 Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;

For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far 700
 Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
 Of ending this great war, since none but thou
 Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
 Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
 In Heav'n and Hell thy power above compare, 705
 And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
 To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
 Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
 By sacred unction, thy deserved right.
 Go then thou Mightiest in thy Father's might, 710
 Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
 That shake Heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,
 My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
 Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;
 Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out 715
 From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:
 There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
 God and Messiah his anointed King."

'He said, and on his Son with rays direct
 Shon full, he all his Father full exprest 720
 Ineffably into his face receiv'd,
 And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.

"O Father, O Supreme of Heav'nly Thrones,
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st
 To glorify thy Son, I always thee, 725
 As is most just; this I my glory account,
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,
 That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
 Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume, 730
 And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
 Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee
 For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st:
 But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on, 735
 Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
 Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of these rebell'd,

To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down
 To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm,
 That from thy just obedience could revolt, 740
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.
 Then shall thy saints unmixt, and from th' impure
 Far separate, circling thy holy mount
 Unfeigned hallelujahs to thee sing,
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief." 745
 'So said, he o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
 From the right hand of glory where he sate,
 And the third sacred morn began to shine
 Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
 The chariot of Paternal Deity, 750
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
 By four cherubic shapes, four faces each
 Had wondrous, as with stars their bodies all
 And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels 755
 Of beryl, and careering fires between;
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colours of the showry arch.
 He in celestial panoply all arm'd 760
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended, at his right hand Victory
 Sate eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his bow
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd,
 And from about him fierce effusion roll'd 765
 Of smoke and bickering flame, and sparkles dire.
 Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
 He onward came, far off his coming shon,
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen; 770
 He on the wings of cherub rode sublime
 On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd.
 Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
 First seen, them unexpected joy surpris'd,
 When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd 775

Aloft by angels borne, his sign in Heaven;
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
 His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
 Under their Head imbody'd all in one.
 Before him power divine his way prepar'd; 780
 At his command the uprooted hills retir'd
 Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
 Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
 And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.
 This saw his hapless foes but stood obdur'd, 785
 And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
 Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
 In heav'nly spirits could such perverseness dwell?
 But to convince the proud what signs avail,
 Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent? 790
 They hard'nd more by what might most reclaim,
 Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
 Took envy: and aspiring to his highth,
 Stood re-embattl'd fierce, by force or fraud
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevail 795
 Against God and Messiah, or to fall
 In universal ruin last, and now
 To final battle drew, disdaining flight,
 Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
 To all his host on either hand thus spake. 800
 "Stand still in bright array ye saints, here stand
 Ye angels arm'd, this day from battle rest;
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;
 And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done 805
 Invincibly; but of this cursed crew
 The punishment to other hand belongs;
 Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;
 Number to this day's work is not ordain'd
 Nor multitude, stand only and behold 810
 God's indignation on these godless pour'd
 By me, not you but me they have despis'd,
 Yet envied; against me is all their rage,

Because the Father t' whom in Heav'n supreme
 Kingdom and power and glory appertains, 815
 Hath honour'd me according to his will.
 Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;
 That they may have their wish, to try with me
 In battle which the stronger proves, they all,
 Or I alone against them, since by strength 820
 They measure all, of other excellence
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
 Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe."
 'So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd
 His count'nance too severe to be beheld, 825
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
 At once the four spread out their starry wings
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
 Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host. 830
 He on his impious foes right onward drove,
 Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
 The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
 All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
 Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand 835
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
 Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
 Plagues; they astonisht all resistance lost,
 All courage; down their idle weapons dropp'd;
 O'er shields and helms, and helmed heads he rode 840
 Of Thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
 That wisht the mountains now might be again
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd four, 845
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels,
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,
 One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
 Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among th' accurst, that wither'd all their strength, 850
 And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,

Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.

Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd

His thunder in mid volley, for he meant

Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n:

855

The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd

Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,

Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursu'd

With terrors and with furies to the bounds

And crystal wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide,

860

Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd

Into the wasteful Deep; the monstrous sight

Struck them with horror backward, but far worse

Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they threw

Down from the verge of Heav'n; eternal wrath

865

Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

'Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw

Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled

Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep

Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.

870

Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,

And felt tenfold confusion in their fall

Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout

Encumber'd him with ruin: Hell at last

Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd:

875

Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire

Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.

Disburd'nd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd

Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.

Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes

880

Messiah his triumphant chariot turn'd:

To meet him all his saints, who silent stood

Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,

With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,

Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,

885

Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,

Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion giv'n,

Worthiest to reign: he celebrated rode

Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts

And temple of his mighty Father thron'd 890
On high: who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.
 'Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth
At thy request, and that thou may'st beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd 895
What might have else to human race been hid;
The discord which befell, and war in Heav'n
Among th' angelic powers, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd
With Satan, he who envies now thy state, 900
Who now is plotting, how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that with him
Bereav'd of happiness thou may'st partake
His punishment, eternal misery;
Which would be all his solace and revenge, 905
As a despite done against the Most High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But list'n not to his temptations, warn
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard
By terrible example the reward 910
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.'

NOTES.

OF the following Notes, the greater portion has been selected from those appended to the best editions of Milton, but illustrations have also been drawn from other sources. I have endeavoured to carry out the recommendation of Dr. Abbott in his Essay on the Teaching of English, and to set before the student condensed and suggestive information upon salient points, rather than a complete and detailed commentary. Readers requiring a fuller exposition should consult the notes on the Early Poems by Warton, valuable for their array of parallel passages, or those to the Poetical Works by Mr. Keightley, from which latter the following pages have frequently been enriched. It is an agreeable duty to acknowledge the assistance which I, and all lovers of Milton's poetry, have received from the labours of the accomplished editor.

To the illustrative passages from the Bible, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Shakespeare, and the First and Second Books of the *Faery Queene* (already published in this Series), references only, for the most part, will be found in these Notes. Quotations from other classical writers, and from the later books of Spenser (when necessary), are given in full.

R. C. B.

THE etymological portion of the notes has been revised throughout by Mr. Henry Bradley, M.A., joint editor of the *New English Dictionary*.

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NOTES.

Psalms cxiv, cxxxvi.

THE commentators have perceived, in certain epithets and rhymes in these translations, traces of the author's early study of Sylvester's translation of the 'Divine Works and Weeks' of Du Bartas—a poetical sacred history of the world. Spenser (Ruines of Rome) lauds the 'heavenlie Muse' of Bartas and prophesies that he shall 'fill the world with never-dying fame.' This book was very popular in Milton's school-days, and retained its reputation until Dryden, recalling his juvenile admiration of its laboured conceits, pronounced it to be 'abominable fustian,' and it was consigned to contempt or oblivion. Wordsworth asks: 'Who now reads the "Creation" of Du Bartas? Yet all Europe once resounded with his praises; he was caressed by Kings: and when his poem was translated into our language, the Faery Queene faded before it.' Of the expressions supposed to have been taken from its pages to adorn these paraphrased Psalms, some might well have had another and an earlier source: e.g. 'golden-tressed Phœbus' is used by Chaucer in his *Troilus and Creseide* (v. 9), and a similar phrase occurs in the opening speech of Henry VI, Part I. The 'horned moon' has been noted as Spenserian, but it probably owes its place in the clowns' play in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* (v. 1.) to its already hackneyed use.

Psalm cxiv.

1. 1. Gen. xi. 27.

1. 3. *Pbarian fields*, Egypt. Pharos, an island on the Egyptian coast of the Mediterranean, was famous for the lighthouse built thereon by Ptolemy II.

1. 15. *agast*, formerly spelt *agazed* in consequence of an erroneous impression that the fundamental meaning of the word was 'set agazing' at an object of astonishment or horror, as in 1 Henry VI, i. 1,

'All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.'

The word (now spelt *agbāst*) is really the past participle of an obsolete verb *agast*, to terrify, first found in Layamon (thirteenth century). Cp. Spenser, Faery Queene, i. 9. 21,

‘Or other griesly thing that him aghast.’

The longer form *agasted* occurs in Wyclif, and was used until the end of the sixteenth century. The verb is a compound of *gast*, to frighten, A.S. *gāstan*, whence the adjective *gastly*, now *ghastly*. In modern use *agbāst* and *ghastly* imply horror, not terror or awe, as in the older language.

Psalm cxxxvi.

l. 5. *blaze*, to blow (a blast on a trumpet, &c.), is used in literal sense by Chaucer, House of Fame, 1802,

‘with his blake clarioun

He gan to blasen out a soun.’

In the figurative use ‘to proclaim publicly,’ it has been confused with two different words, *blaze*, ‘flame,’ and *blaze* = *blazon*, to describe heraldically.

l. 26. *Erythræan main*, the Red Sea, included by Herodotus in the sea Erythra. The Red Sea is supposed to have derived its name from the masses of coral therein, but is called in Hebrew ‘the weedy’ (Exod. x. 19). See note on Paradise Lost, i. 306.

l. 34. *prowess*, bravery, from the French *prouesse*, equivalent to the Italian *prodezza*; derived from the adjective *preux* (Old French *prot*, *proz*), Italian *prode*, valiant, serviceable; probably from the Latin prefix *prod-* in *prodesse*, to be profitable. The adjective was adopted into English as *prow*: see Paradise Regained, iii. 342,

‘His daughter, sought by many prowest knights.’

Compare the substantive *prow*, profit, advantage, occurring frequently in writers of the fourteenth century.

On the death of a Fair Infant.

This poem was first printed in ed. 1673.

l. 1. Cp. Shakespeare, Passionate Pilgrim,

‘Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluckt, soon vaded.’

l. 2. *timeless*, untimely. So ‘knightless’ = ‘unknightly’ (Faery Queene, vi. 2. 14),

‘Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.’

(Romeo and Juliet, v. 3.)

The suffix *-less* has nothing to do with the adjective *-less*; it is the A.S. *lēas*, destitute of, from the same root as the verb *to lose*.

l. 5. *amorous on*. Keightley considers this construction more correct than ‘amorous of,’ and cites ‘My brother is amorous on Hero,’

Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 1. Cp. parallel passage (Romeo and Juliet, v. 3),

‘Unsubstantial death is amorous,’ &c.

l. 6. In Shakespeare’s poem, Venus says of the boar that killed Adonis, ‘He thought to kiss him.’

envermeil, tinge with vermillion.

l. 8. *Aquilo* (whose Greek name was Boreas), the north-wind, carried off to Thrace Orithyia, daughter of Erechtheus, king of Athens. The story is told in Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, vi. 677, &c.

l. 12. Spenser also accentuates *infamous* (Faery Queene, iii. 6. 13), agreeably to the classical quantity of the second syllable. Cp. *Comus* 424.

l. 14. Pluto is said by Claudian to have carried off Proserpine from the same motive.

l. 16. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, i. 516.

l. 18. *quest*, search (from Lat. *quaerere*). The word is specially applied to the mission of a knight in romance (Faery Queene, iii. 7. 53).

l. 23. *unweeting*, unwitting; from *witan*, to know. Cp. *Samson Agonistes* 1684.

l. 25. *Eurotas*, a river in Laconia. Hyacinth was the son of a king of Sparta. He was accidentally slain by Apollo with a quoit. The ‘purple flower inscribed with woe’ (*Lycidas* 106), is that which bears his name. On its leaves are certain marks, said to be AI, AI, (alas!) or Y the Greek initial of Hyacinth.

l. 31. *wormy bed* occurs in *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, iii. 2; Puck’s speech.

l. 39. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 482; and see note on *Arcades* 69.

l. 41. *say*, for ‘tell.’ Spenser (Faery Queene, vi. 7. 50) defers an intended narrative

‘Till Mirabella’s fortunes I do further say.’

l. 44. *shak’t*, used before and in Milton’s time. It is found in Shakespeare (*Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3), and ‘unshak’d’ in *Cymbeline*, ii. 1. It is used by Steele in *Spectator* No. 4; ‘The few who are intimate with me . . . argue to the very point I shook my head at, without my speaking.’

l. 45. *beboof*, use, profit, advantage; Anglo-Saxon *bibōf* (found only in the compound *bibōflic*, useful, necessary), corresponding to the German *bebuf*, of similar meaning. Hence the verb to *bebove* (Anglo-Saxon *bibōfian*), to be necessary or expedient; in early use also to stand in need of, require.

l. 47. The Titans were ‘Earth’s sons.’ Their contest with Zeus was often confounded (as here) with the attack of the giants on Olympus.

l. 48. *sheeny*, bright. Spenser uses *sheen* also as an adjective, but Shakespeare only as a substantive, ‘spangled starlight sheen’ (*Mid-*

(in College Exercise i. Masson's translation), as 'priding themselves on a certain overboiling, and truly laughable foam of words; from whom if you strip the rags that they have borrowed from new-fangled authors, how much barer than my nail would you behold them!' Cp. Nativity Ode 98, Comus 256, 558.

1. 21. *attire*, here = head-dress (Keightley). But *tire* seems to have been used in that sense, and *attire* for the rest of the costume. 'Attired in a robe of white' (Merry Wives of Windsor, iv. 4).

1. 22. *spirit* is continually used as a monosyllable by Milton. Spenser has *spright* as the shortened form.

1. 29. The earliest indication we possess of Milton's deliberation in the selection of a subject.

1. 31. *coffers*; here used for the chests in which apparel was kept.

1. 33. *deep*, for 'high'—as Latin *altus* has both meanings. Cp. the lines in Milton's Spring Elegy (Cowper's translation):

'I mount, and undepressed by cumbrous clay
Through cloudy regions win my easy way,
My spirit searches all the realms of light,
And no Tartarean depths elude my sight.'

1. 36. *thunderous* is used by Milton (Paradise Lost, x. 702); but 'Thunderer's throne' has been proposed.

1. 37. *unborn* is the classic epithet of Apollo in Horace (Odes, i. 21. 2), and Pindar (Pyth. Od. iii. 26).

1. 38. Cf. Solemn Music 18.

1. 40. Cf. Ode on the Nativity 21. This passage resembles that in Du Bartas, in which the soul is represented as soaring into the airy regions where she

'learns to know
Th' originals of wind, and hail, and snow,
Lightning and thunder, blazing-stars and storms,
Of rain and ice, and strange exhaled forms.'

1. 42. *piled thunder*; referring to the thunderbolts. Cp. Othello's speech (v. 2), 'Are there no stones in heaven, but what serve for the thunder?'

1. 43. *green-ey'd*. This is a translation of the adjective *γλαυκός* (*glaucus*), used in Homer of the eyes of Athena, and in Virgil (Georg. iv. 451) of those of Proteus. From its application to the sea, its primary meaning of glistening, gleaming, seems to have been subordinated in Milton's mind to the conventional colour of the sea, green. But it is employed in classical writers to express light gray or blue. (Vide Liddell and Scott, Lexicon.)

1. 46. *beldam*. Nares says that this word is used in Spenser in the sense of 'belle dame,' but gives no reference. Todd remarks that it here implies great age, being used by old writers for 'grandmother.' 'Probably because a respectful form of address would be more frequent towards an elderly than a young person, *beldam* became appropriated to an old woman, and finally to an ugly and decrepit old woman.' (Wedgwood.)

1. 48. Demodocus, bard of Alcinous, king of the Phæacians, at whose song Ulysses wept (*Odyssey*, viii. 522).

1. 58. In the Aristotelian logic, *Ens* or *Being* is regarded as containing everything that is, while of everything one or more of the so-called predicaments might be asserted, and nothing else. They are ten in number; Substance, Quantity, Quality, Relation, Time, Place, Position, Possession, Action, Passion. They were all represented in various forms and habits on the occasion for which Milton wrote these verses. The following address of *Ens* is, as Warton says, 'a very ingenious enigma on substance.' (Keightley.)

1. 66. The substance, being a mere abstraction, is of course invisible.

1. 69. *Sibyl*, a prophetess. According to the old derivation, from *Διὸς βουλή*, Doric *Σιὸς βόλλα*, she that tells the will of Zeus.

1. 71. This was the property of the virtuous glass (*Il Penseroso* 113) in the Squire's Tale of Chaucer.

1. 74. 'The substance stands under, underlies the accidents. It is the invisible ground of the visible phenomena. No dispute can touch it; all disputes must be about them.' Yet one of the greatest disputes the world had seen was whether or not the invisible and imperceptible substance underlying bread and wine could be exchanged for another substance (also invisible and imperceptible) by the formula of consecration, the accidents, the visible phenomena, remaining unaltered.

1. 88. *those that are at enmity*, the inconsistent accidents.

1. 90. The assembled Phrygians were told by an oracle that a waggon should bring them a king. Immediately after, the peasant Gordius appeared, riding in his waggon. Having being chosen king, Gordius dedicated his wain to Zeus, and foretold that whoever could unloose the knot by which the pole was fastened to the yoke, should be ruler of Asia. Alexander, on his march against Darius, came to Gordium, and cut the knot to fulfil the prophecy.

1. 91. This enumeration of the rivers is based on Spenser's *Faery Queene*, iv. 11, and Drayton's *Polyolbion*. A writer in the *Saturday Review* (vol. vii. p. 130) suggests that the part of Relation was performed by a youth named Rivers, thus accounting for the singular invocation 'whether *thou* be.'

l. 94. The 'thirty floods of name' are mentioned by Drayton, Polyolbion, 28.

l. 95. At Mickleham, Surrey, this river

'Like a nousling mole doth make

His way still underground till Thames he overtake.' (Spenser.)

l. 96. *maiden's death*, Sabrina's. Cp. Comus 824 et seqq.

l. 98. Cp. Lycidas 55.

'Dee that long ago,

Did Britons call divine.' (Faery Queene, iv. 11. 39.)

'Hallowed Dee' is Drayton's epithet.

l. 99. Humber, in Polyolbion, asserts that his name was derived from that eastern king, Humber, King of Huns, once drowned in him. Spenser mentions six knights, six Yorkshire rivers.

'All whom a Scythian king that Humber hight

Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quite.'

(Faery Queene, iv. 11. 37.)

Milton, in his History of England, relates that Humber having invaded the territory of Locrine, King of Logria (the middle part of Britain), was by him defeated, and was 'in a river drowned, which to this day bears his name.'

l. 100. See note on Arcades 21, quotation by Spenser.

On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.

l. 6 *forfeit*, from *foris facere* = extraneum facere, to misdo. (Fr. *forfait*.) 'All this suffered our Lord Jesus Christ that never forfeited,' i.e. did amiss. (Persones Tale.) In Lord Berners' translation of Froissart, *forfeit* is used for *harm*, 'a country that never did us forfeit.' It here signifies the penalty of misdoing, as when the Duke (Measure for Measure, v. 1) says to Lucio,

'Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal

Remit thy other forfeits.'

l. 10. *wont* (from A.S. *wunian*, to dwell, thence to do habitually) here = 'used,' 'was wont.' Spenser has 'his strange weapon, never wont in war,' i.e. used. (Faery Queene, v. 4. 44.)

l. 17. *strain*, from Fr. *estreindre*, and that from Lat. *stringere*, to squeeze, wring, strain (Wedgwood). In ed. 1645, the spelling is *strein*. Cp. *tone* from *τόνος*, tension.

l. 23. *wisards*, magicians, referring to the 'three Magi.' The etymology of the word is difficult; Prof. Skeat refers it to a Central French from *wischard*, corresponding to the Northern French *guiscard*, cunning man; of Teutonic origin, from the same root as *wise*.

1. 24. *prevent*, anticipate, forestall; as in the Collect, 'Prevent us, O Lord.' Cp. *Comus* 285.

1. 28. *Isaiah* vi. 6. Cp. the passage in Reason of Church Government at opening of Bk. ii, quoted in p. lxvi of Introduction.

1. 29. Contrast with Milton's graceful fancies the practical and benevolent thought, with a beauty of its own, of Sir Roger de Coverley, 'It happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter,' &c. (*Spectator*, 269).

1. 33. *gaudy* (from Lat. *gaudium*), holiday. 'A gaudy day' Dr. Johnson gives as a 'University phrase,' and as such it is still used. Cp. quotation from Phillips, p. xvii of *Life*.

1. 45. *To cease*, here = to cause to cease. So Cornelius, in *Cymbeline*, v. 5, speaks of

'A certain stuff, which being ta'en would cease
The present power of life.'

1. 49. *barbinger*, originally, one who goes before a prince in order to prepare lodgings; hence, a forerunner; the word is a corruption of the Old French *berbergier*, from *berberge*, lodging. This was adopted from German, its original sense being 'shelter for an army' (cp. A. S. *here*, army, and *beorgan*, to protect); the English form *harbour* comes from Old Norse.

1. 52. *strikes*, as with an enchanter's rod.

1. 55. Cp. Gloster's first speech, *Richard III*, i. 1.

'Our bruised arms hung up for monuments.'

1. 56. The Soldan's chariot in Spenser (*Faery Queene*, v. 8. 28) is

'With yron wheelles and hookes armed dreadfully.'

1. 59. *awful*, fearful, awestruck. So *awless* is used for *fearless*, ('the awless lion,') in *King John*, i. 1.

1. 60. *souvan*, from It. *souvano*, Lat. *supra*. (*Wedgwood*.)

1. 64. *whist*, whisted, hushed; participle of the verb *to whist* or *bist* (*Keightley*). From the interjection commanding silence the verb was formed, as Fr. *chuchotter* from *chut*! (*Wedgwood*) 'The wild waves whist' (*Song in Tempest*, i. 2). Cp. *Il Penseroso* 55.

1. 66. *Ocean* is trisyllabic, as in *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1,

'Your mind is tossing on the ocean.'

1. 68. *Halcyone* was the daughter of *Æolus*. She and her husband, having called themselves *Hera* and *Zeus*, were for their presumption transformed into kingfishers. It was fabled that for seven days before and after the shortest day, while the kingfishers were breeding, the sea was calm. *Keightley* reminds the reader that the halcyon days were in midwinter.

1. 71. *pretious*, from Lat. *pretium*, and so spelt here, ed. 1645. The usual spelling *precious* is from the Fr. *précieux*.

influence. Whenever this word occurs in our poetry, down to

comparatively a modern day, it refers to invisible illapses of power, skyey planetary effects, supposed to be exercised by the heavenly luminaries upon the lives of men (Trench). Hakewill affirms that the influence of the stars produces the metals and minerals in the bowels of the earth. 'As heat pierces where light cannot, so the influence pierces where heat cannot.' Cp. note on L'Allegro 122.

1. 73. *for all*, notwithstanding. Balthazar (Romeo and Juliet, v. 3) says

'For all this same, I will watch here about.'

1. 75. *orb*, here for *orbit*. Cp. 'Venus in her glimmering sphere' (Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2).

1. 76. In the few places in Milton where *bespake* occurs, it is emphatic; the prefix *be-* giving a slightly intensive force.

1. 78. *room*; as we use *place*. So in last line of Vacation Exercise, and Richard II, v. 5, the king's last speech. In the concluding scene of the same play it signifies 'office,' another meaning of 'place.'

1. 81. *as*, for 'as if,' a frequent usage in Spenser (Faery Queene, i. 3. 6) and Shakespeare.

'As she had studied to misuse me so.'

(Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1.)

1. 85. *lawn*, a later form of *launde* (French *lande*). In the sixteenth century it meant 'shrubbery, heath'; here it has the sense 'grassy plain,' of which the modern sense is a specific application.

1. 88. *than*; old form for *then*, retained for rhyme's sake; as *sed* is used in the Hobson Epitaph i. and Lycidas 129.

1. 89. In Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar (May and July), God and our Lord are called Pan, a poetical rendering of John x. 11.

1. 97. *noise* was formerly used for a band of music. Falstaff employed the services of 'Sneak's noise.' *Noise* is used as = *music* in Solemn Music 18, and Comus 227. Cp. Psalm xlvii. 5 (Prayer-book Version), and Faery Queene, i. 12. 39.

1. 98. *took*; cp. note on Vacation Exercise 20.

1. 100. The *close* or cadence at the end of a piece of music is here meant. The word occurs with like meaning in Shakespeare (Richard II, ii. 1; Henry V, i. 2).

1. 103. Apollo and Artemis were called Cynthus and Cynthia, from Mount Cynthus, in the island of Delos, their birthplace.

thrilling: the verb originally meant 'to pierce.' Milton uses it in the modern sense, 'to quiver with intense feeling.' Cp. Wordsworth,

'And the cuckoo's sovereign cry,
Fills all the hollow of the sky.'

1. 108. *happier union*, i. e. than that of Nature. Cp. Arcades 70.

1. 116. Cp. Lycidas 176, and Orlando's

'The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she,'

where *unexpressive* = inexpressible. (As You Like It, iii. 2.)

l. 119. Job xxxviii. 7.

l. 124. *welter*, frequentative of A. S. *wealtan*, to roll; cp. Du. *welleren*.

l. 125. Cp. In Memoriam, cv.

'Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky.'

l. 127. Cp. Lorenzo's speech, Merchant of Venice, v. 1. One of Milton's prolusions is On the Music of the Spheres, which he affirms that we should hear, were our hearts pure, and our minds not bowed down to earth—an idea continually recurring in the poetry of the time. See note on Arcades 69.

l. 128. Cp. Comus 1021.

l. 131. Cp. Arcades 64.

l. 132. *consort*, from Lat. *consors*, *consortium*. See Glossary to Faery Queene, Bk. ii. and note on Solemn Music 27.

l. 136. Cp. 'Spotted inconstant man' (Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1), and the 'maculosum nefas' of Horace (Odes, iv. 5. 22).

l. 142. *return*, allusion to the legend of Astræa.

l. 143. *orbed in*, encircled in a double rainbow.

l. 145. *sheen*, brightness. 'Moons with borrowed sheen' (Hamlet iii. 2, Play). Cp. On a Fair Infant 48, and last line of Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.

l. 152. Cp. 'For our advantage on the bitter cross.'

(1 Henry IV, i. 1.)

l. 155. *y-chain'd*. Here *y-* is the prefix of the past participle; the *ge-* of Anglo-Saxon and modern German, and the *i-* in Old English, *ibrent*, &c. It is wrongly used by Milton in the lines on Shakespeare—being there prefixed to a participle present. (Latham.) Vide *Y* in Glossary to Faery Queene, Bk. ii.

l. 164. 1 Thess. iv. 17.

l. 172. Marvell remembered this passage when he wrote
'And stars still fall, and still the dragon's tail
Swinges the volumes of its horrid flail.'

(First Anniversary.)

Cp. Rev. xii. 4. and Spenser's Great Dragon (Faery Queene, i. 11. 11.)

l. 173. Hooker (Ecclesiastical Polity, i. 4) expresses the doctrine that the angels, after their fall, were 'dispersed, some in the air, some on the earth, some in the water: some amongst the minerals, dens, and caves that are under the earth, they have, by all means, laboured to effect an universal rebellion against the laws, and as far as in them lieth, utter destruction of the works of God. These wicked spirits, the heathens honoured instead of gods, both generally under the name of Dii Inferi, gods infernal; and particularly, some in oracles, some in idols, some as

household gods, some as nymphs: . . . till such time as light appeared in the world, and dissolved the works of the devil.' Sir Thomas Browne, though he ascribes oracles to diabolic agency, does not entirely agree with these last words of Hooker. 'That oracles ceased, or grew mute at the coming of Christ, is best understood in a qualified sense and not without latitude, as though precisely there were none after, nor any decay before.' De Quincey has an essay on the subject. His conclusion is adverse to the hypothesis of the fathers as to the cessation of the oracles. 'Constantine's revolution was slow and simply local; it took nearly five, not three centuries to Christianize even the entire Mediterranean empire of Rome. The fathers took the vulgar and superstitious course of explaining everything sagacious, everything true, everything that could by possibility seem to argue prophetic functions in the greater oracles, as the product indeed of inspiration, but of inspiration emanating from the Evil Spirit.' See note on Hooker, Bk. I. iv, p. 115 of the edition in this series.

1. 180. *cell*. The *cella* was the most important part of a temple, where the statue of the deity was placed, and mysteries were celebrated. Thence oracles were given. It was only accessible to the priests and to the initiated. From the cave beneath the centre of the temple of Apollo at Delphi rose an intoxicating vapour. Over the chasm was placed a tripod, on which sat the Pythia, to wait for the inspiration conveyed in the ascending fumes.

1. 183. *voice of weeping* is a Scripture phrase (Isa. lxxv. 19).

1. 184. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, i. 783, iii. 27; *L'Allegro* 130; *Il Penseroso* 138; *Faery Queene*, i. 3. 22; and Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 7. The genii were the guardian spirits of persons and of places.

1. 187. Cp. *Comus* 862.

1. 188. *parting*, for *departing*, as elsewhere in Milton. (*Paradise Lost*, iv. 872, viii 630, ix. 276, xii. 590). The usage occurs in Spenser.

1. 191. Keightley remarks that Milton is here in error, 'lar and lemur being nearly the same, species and genus.' But in Milton's time, 'lares and lemures' were used in the sense of 'ghosts and goblins' generally, as in the appendix to *Panthea*, a work by Sylvester.

1. 194. *flamen*, for priest in general.

quaint, from French *coint*, and this again from Lat. *cognitus*, known, familiar. and therefore agreeable. So the Scotch *couth*, *couthy*, familiar, pleasant. *Uncouth* is the opposite of quaint; awkward, revolting. (Wedgwood.) *Delicate* is used synonymously with *quaint* by Prospero, speaking of Ariel (*Tempest*, i. 2, iv. 1); and in Shakespeare's use of the word this sense is always present.

1. 195. Cp. *Georgics*, i. 480.

1. 196. Cp. *Æneid*, ii. 351.

l. 197. Num. xxv. 3. Baalim were Phœnician deities: Peor was one of these. He is usually identified with Priapus, but by Selden with Pluto.

l. 200. *Ashtaroth*; Hebrew name for Astarte, the Syrian Aphrodite. She loved Adonis (*Tbammuz*) the son of a Syrian king. He dying of a wound received from a boar, was revived for six months of every year, a symbol of the revival of nature in summer. The worship of Adonis, of Phœnician origin, spread over nearly all the countries round the Mediterranean. The river Adonis rose in the range of Libanus. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, i. 450.

l. 203. *Hammon* (Amun) was an Egyptian deity. He was protector of flocks, and was represented with the horns of a ram. The seats of his worship were Meroë, Thebes, and the oasis of Ammonium. The last-named was visited by Alexander, and its oracle hailed him as the son of the god.

l. 205. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, i. 392. Sandys in his *Travels*, a book popular in Milton's time, says of the valley of Tophet: 'Therein the Hebrews sacrificed their children to *Moloch*, an idol of brass, having the head of a calf, the rest of a kingly figure with arms extended to receive the miserable sacrifice seared to death with his burning embracements. For the idol was hollow within, and filled with fire; and lest their lamentable shrieks should sad the heart of their parents, the priests of Moloch did deaf their ears with the continual clang of trumpets and timbrels.'

l. 211. *Orus* was the Egyptian sun-god, also the god of silence and mystery. *Osiris* was the Nile-god; *Isis* was his wife, and the goddess of the earth. They were the only deities worshipped by all the Egyptians. (Herodotus, ii. 42.) In time they were considered as the divinities of the sun and moon. Osiris was said to have been king of Egypt, and to have reclaimed his subjects from barbarism. He travelled into foreign lands diffusing the blessings of civilisation, and on his return was murdered by his brother Typhon. His body was cut in pieces and flung into the Nile, but Isis found the fragments, and with the aid of her son Horus (the god of silence) defeated Typhon and recovered her sovereignty. Milton alludes to Typhon's conspiracy in his *Defence of the People of England*; and in his *Areopagitica* makes a beautiful application of the quest of Isis to the gathering up of the scattered fragments of the virgin Truth, hewn to pieces by deceivers. 'We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming.'

Anubis was the dog-, as *Apis* was the bull-god. But his worship afterwards assumed a symbolic or astronomical character.

l. 213. 'Apis not Osiris was in the form of a bull. The chest, however, belongs to Osiris.' (Keightley.)

l. 215. *unshower'd*; there is little or no rain in Egypt, which is fertilised by the overflowing of the Nile. Cowley, in his poem on Sleep, has the same allusion:

‘The fate of Egypt I sustain,
And never feel the dew of rain.’

l. 232. Cp. Puck’s speech to Oberon, ‘My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,’ &c. (*Midsummer Night’s Dream*, iii. 2), and (*Hamlet*, i. 1, Horatio’s last speech but one).

l. 244. *bright-barnest*, in bright armour; cp. *1 Kings* xxii. 34, *Macbeth*, v. 5, last line.

Stanzas 19 and 20 of this Ode are founded on a tradition that at the time of the Passion (the time is here changed to the Nativity), the pilot of a ship sailing from Italy to Cyprus was bidden by a supernatural voice to proclaim, when he came to a certain island, that Pan was dead. On arriving at the place named, the ship was suddenly becalmed, until he cried out that Pan was dead; ‘wherewithal was heard such piteous outcries and dreadful shrieking, as hath not been the like.’ This is quoted in the Gloss to Spenser’s *Shepherd’s Calendar* (May), and is said to have been understood ‘of the great Sathanas,’ for at that time ‘all oracles surceased, and enchanted spiritres that were wont to delude the people held their peace.’

On the Circumcision.

l. 1. The seraphim are the fiery, the cherubim are the winged spirits. Cp. *Solemn Music* 10, *Il Penseroso* 52. ‘We find, as far as credit is to be given to the celestial hierarchy of that supposed Dionysius the senator of Athens, the first place or degree is given to the angels of love, which are termed Seraphim; the second to the angels of light, which are termed Cherubim; and the third and so following places to thrones, principalities, and the rest, which are all angels of power and ministry; so as the angels of knowledge and illumination are placed before the angels of office and domination.’ (Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, i.) Cp. note on *Paradise Lost*, v. 750.

l. 2. *erst*, first, before. A.S. *ærest*, first, from *ær*, ere, formerly. (Skeat.)

l. 7. Shakespeare’s *Isabella* imagines that the angels do weep at the fantastic tricks of man (*Measure for Measure*, ii. 2). Cp. *Paradise Lost*, x. 23.

l. 10. *beraldry*, proclamation by heralds. So in *Hamlet*, i. 1:
‘Well ratified by law and heraldry.’

l. 15. The turn resembles that in Virgil, *Eclogue* viii. 49.

l. 17. *remediless* occurs in *Paradise Lost*, ix. 919, and *Samson Agonistes* 648.

1. 20. Phil. ii. 7, the literal version, 'he emptied himself' (ἐαυτὸν ἐκένωσε).

1. 21. *still*, in the sense of 'continually.' Paradise Lost, ii. 385, viii. 197, xii. 566; as often in Shakespeare, e.g. 'still-vest Bermoothes' (Tempest, i. 2).

1. 24. *excess*, transgression, as in Paradise Lost, xi. 111.

On the Passion.

1. 1. *ethereal*; alluding to the angels' song.

1. 3. The omission of the article is Spenserian.

1. 4. *Divide* is a musical term used by Spenser:

'And all the while sweet music did divide
Her looser notes with Lydian harmony.'

(Faery Queene, iii. 1. 40.)

Division occurs in this special sense in Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5; 1 Henry IV, iii. 1, and Lear, i. 2.

1. 6. The order is inverted. It is 'like the short'nd night in the wintry solstice.'

1. 13. Carlyle writes (Hero-worship): 'The greatest Hero is One whom we name not here.'

1. 14. *wight*, from A. S. *wibt*, a creature; old word for person male or female, any intelligent being. Chaucer's perfect knight never did villainy to 'no maner wight.'

1. 26. The allusion is to Vida, a poet of Cremona, who published his *Christiad* in 1535. He also wrote poems on Chess, the Art of Poetry, and Silkworms. (See Hallam, Literature of Europe.)

1. 28. *still* is applied to gentle sound, as in 1 Kings xix. 12, Il Penseroso, 127 (note).

1. 34. Warton tells us that Steevens had a volume of elegies in which all the title-pages were black, with white letters. To this conceit, and that in v. 49, there are parallels in the poems of Crashaw.

1. 50. *viewless*, invisible: 'viewless winds,' Measure for Measure, iii. 1. Cp. 'sightless couriers of the air,' Macbeth, i. 7. Scott has 'viewless forms of air,' Lay of Last Minstrel, i. 12.

1. 51. Jer ix. 10.

1. 54. Cp. Lycidas 56, and Much Ado about Nothing, iv. 1. (Leonato's last speech).

Epitaph on Shakespear.

'On Shakespear, 1630'—edition 1645. The title given in the text is from the second folio of the plays, 1632.

1. 1. Milton spells 'Shakespear' according to the derivation of the name commemorated in Jonson's lines:

‘He seems to shake a lance
As brandish’d at the eyes of Ignorance.’

l. 4. *star-ypointing*. See note on Nativity Ode 155.

l. 11. *unvalu’d*, that is not, and cannot be valued, invaluable. So Drayton, *Polyolbion* 13 :

‘With the unvalued prize of Blanch the beauteous crown’d;
and Shakespeare, *Richard III*, i. 4 (*Clarence’s Dream*),
‘Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.’

See note on *L’Allegro* 40.

l. 12. *Delphic*, for ‘oracular’; so ‘Delphian’ in *Sir II. Wootton’s* letter before *Comus* (p. 44, above).

l. 14. Cp. *Il Penseroso* 42.

l. 15. *sepulchre* is so accented in Shakespeare (*Richard II*, i. 3; *Lear*, ii. 4). For the thought, cp. his *Sonnet lxxxii*. One of *Crashaw’s* epitaphs concludes

‘Now, alas! not in this stone,
Passenger, whoe’er thou art
Is he entombed, but in thy heart.

On the University Carrier.

Thomas Hobson was born in 1544. ‘Since 1564, Shakespeare’s birth-year, he had weekly made the journey from Cambridge to the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate. He had so thriftily used the property left him by his father, that at his death he was one of the wealthiest citizens of Cambridge. He had combined farming, malting, and innkeeping with his business as a carrier. He was, according to tradition, the first man in England who let out horses to hire.’ It would then be his sign that bore in such great letters, ‘Here is good horse to hire.’ (*Much Ado about Nothing*, i. 1.) He compelled each customer to take the steed which stood next the stable-door, ‘Hobson’s choice.’ He died Jan. 1, 1631, leaving an ample fortune. To his bounty is owing the perpetual maintenance of the conduit at Cambridge, with a rivulet of clear water running through the main streets. (From *Masson’s ‘Life.’*) He is mentioned in the *Spectator*, No. 509. The line in the second epitaph,

‘As he were prest to death, he cried “more weight,”’ alludes to the ‘*peine forte et dure*,’ by which accused persons refusing to plead, were pressed with heavy weights until they complied or expired. The torture sometimes lasted so long that the victims begged for the mercy of a speedy death by ‘more weight.’

Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.

This lady was Jane, one of the daughters of Viscount Savage, and was married to John Paulett, fifth Marquis of Winchester. Her death

(in April, 1631) was caused by accident. An imposthume on her cheek was lanced, and the 'humour fell down into her throat and quickly despatched her.' Ben Jonson and Davenant also bewailed her early death (Masson). Her husband had his house of Basing sacked after a two years' siege by the Parliament forces. He died in 1674, was buried at Englefield, and had an epitaph by Dryden.

l. 1. *Inter* can only be correctly used of persons 'qui in terram ponunt.' (Keightley.) It is here used for 'entomb.' *Enterr*, of the old copies, brings out more prominently than the modern spelling, the derivation from Lat. *terra*, Fr. *terre*.

l. 19. Ovid, *Met.* x. 4.

l. 22. Cp. 'the cypress funeral' (Faery Queene, i. 1. 8).

l. 24. *a lovely son*; afterwards Charles, first Duke of Bolton.

l. 26. *Lucina*, the goddess who 'brings to light,' presiding over the birth of children. *Lucina* was a surname of Juno and of Diana: its Greek equivalent was *Ilithyia*. *Ilithyia* was the servant of Hera (Juno), and the companion of the Fates.

l. 28. *Atropos*, not to be turned, inflexible. The name of the third Fate, who cut the thread of life. The other two are *Clotho* (the spinster of the thread of life), and *Lachesis* (the disposer of human lots). Cp. *Arcades* 69.

l. 36. Cp. *Samson Agonistes* 1579.

l. 37. *carnation train*; the rest of the flowers, apparently using *carnation* in the sense of Lat. *purpureus*, brilliant, glowing, for he could hardly have meant the flower of that name (Keightley).

l. 46. *funeral*, death, like the Lat. *funus* (Horace, *Odes*, ii. 18. 18).

l. 47. Though Milton used considerable license in the matter of rhyme, these two endings are often found together, as in the dirge in *Cymbeline* (iv. 2),

'Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave.'

l. 50. Cp. 'Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly' (*Cymbeline*, ii. 2).

l. 55. Cp. *Lycidas* 14.

l. 56. *Helicon* here (as in Spenser's *Tears of the Muses*) has the last syllable long (Ἑλικών). Although properly the name of a mountain, it is often applied by English writers to the springs (*Aganippe* and *Hippocrene*) which flowed from thence. Instances may be found in abundance, from Chaucer, who sings of 'Elicon's clear well,' to Swift in his *Battle of the Books*. In Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, *Helicon* being named, Crites says, 'O, the Muses' well!'

l. 58. *Fore* is, I believe, the correct reading, but both editions (1645 and 1673) have *for*.

l. 59. *Came*, *Camus*. *Lycidas* 103.

l. 63. *Gen.* xxix. 9, xxxv. 18.

Sonnet I.

Archbishop Trench, in his *Lecture on the Sonnet*, thus lays down the canon of its formation:—‘It must, in strictness, consist of fourteen lines in two groups: (1) Major group, lines 1–8; (2) Minor group, lines 9–14. In (1) there should be but two rhymes, *a, b*, thus distributed—1, 4, 5, 8, *a*; 2, 3, 6, 7, *b*. (Arnold, in his *English Versification*, expresses the same thing thus: lines 1–8 consist of two quatrains with extreme and mean rhymes.) At the close of (1) there should be a pause in the sense. Then in (2) there should again be but two rhymes; and in the most finished specimens of the sonnet these alternate with one another.

‘But even the very best sonnetteers have transgressed these rules. The most frequent relaxation is this, viz. that while the strong outer framework of (1) remains unimpaired, the interior is filled with lines which do *not* rhyme to one another, but only 2 with 3, and 6 with 7; while in (2) three rhymes instead of two are admitted and disposed in almost any order that is most convenient to the writer.’ On the merits of this form of composition the Archbishop remarks, ‘The necessity of condensation has often compressed and rounded a nebulous vapour into a star. The sonnet, like a Grecian temple, may be limited in its scope, but like that, if successful, it is altogether perfect.’ (*Afternoon Lectures, Fourth Series.*)

The canon of the sonnet thus laid down is pretty nearly observed in Wordsworth’s lines.

‘Scorn not the Sonnet: Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch’s wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camoens soothed an exile’s grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faeryland
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!’

l. 10. *still*. See note on *Circumcision* 21.

l. 13. *All is*, i.e. ‘in strictest measure even,’ &c. He had said, ‘It shall be;’ now he corrects himself—‘nay, all my life is so already, if I have grace to use it as in God’s sight.’

l. 14. In the library at Langley, near Horton, the emblematic eye still

looks down from the painted panel on the shelves laden with old-world learning, and on the catalogue that hangs by them, dated the very year of Milton's continental journey. Charles Knight, visiting the library, noticed the decoration, and connected it with the last line of this sonnet. (*Passages from a Working Life.*)

On Time.

l. 3. *Plummet*; here used for the pendulum.

l. 12. *Individual*, here in its strict sense, not to be divided, inseparable. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 486, v. 610.

l. 18. *happy-making sight* is a translation of 'beatific vision.' Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 62.

l. 20. *quit*, i. e. all this earthly grossness being left.

l. 22. *Triumphing*; thus accented. The Christian, sings Ben Jonson (*Elegy on the Marchioness of Winchester*),

'Gets above Death and Sin,

And sure of Heaven, rides triumphing in.'

Marvell, in the conclusion of his Dialogue between the resolved Soul and Pleasure, exclaims 'Triumph, triumph victorious Soul!' Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 338, xii. 452, *Paradise Regained*, iii. 36.

At a Solemn Music.

l. 4. Probably in Milton's time *verse* and *pierce* formed a better rhyme than they do in our present pronunciation. At an earlier period the rhyme would have been perfect. The older spelling was *perse*.

l. 6. *content*, so in ed. 1645. Most editions, following (says Todd) the Cambridge MS. have *concent* in the sense of harmony (Lat. *concentus*).

l. 7. Ezek. i. 26.

l. 13. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, vii. 597; *Vacation Exercise* 37.

l. 18. *noise*. Cp. note on *Nativity* 97.

l. 19. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, xi. 55; *Richard II.*, v. 5 (*Richard's first speech*).

l. 23. *diapason*, the concord of the octave. Bacon calls it the sweetest concord 'inasmuch as it is in effect a unison.'

l. 27. *consort*, band. So *Mercutio* says (*Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 1),

'Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels?'

Cp. *Nativity* 132, note.

Sonnet II.

l. 1. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, vii. 435.

l. 3. Chaucer relates that among lovers the tradition ran that it was of better omen to hear the nightingale than the cuckoo, and complains of ill-luck similar to that here lamented by Milton. (Cuckoo and Nightingale).

l. 4. *jolly* has here not quite lost its primary meaning of 'handsome,' 'comely' (Fr. *jolif*). Spenser not only applies it to June and to Summer, but to the Red Cross Knight, who was 'too solemn sad.'

propitious; cp. *May Morning* 6.

l. 5. Cp. *Comus* 978, *Il Penseroso* 141, and *Lycidas* 26.

L'Allegro.

Many touches in this and the following poem occur in the lines prefixed to Burton's *Anatomy*, a dialogue between Pleasure and Pain.

l. 3. Styx, 'the hateful,' was one of the four infernal rivers. The adjective Stygian is used here as it is by Euripides, for 'detested.' Cp. *Paradise Lost*, i. 239, ii. 577.

l. 9. 'ragged, fatal rock' is the epithet given by Margaret to Richard, Duke of Gloucester (3 Henry VI, v. 4). Cp. *Isa.* ii. 21.

l. 10. The Cimmerians (*Odyssey*, xi. 14) were a mythical people who lived in perpetual mist, and on whom the sun never shone. Cp. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xi. 592 et seqq.

l. 14. This parentage of the Graces occurs in Servius on *Æneid* i. 720 (Keightley). Aglaia (the bright) and Thalia (the blooming) are the remaining sisters. Euphrosyne (the kindly) presides over festivities. Spenser (*Faery Queene*, vi. 10. 22) makes them the daughters of Jove and Eurynome, (the daughter of Ocean)—

'The first of them hight mild Euphrosyne,
Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry.'

l. 22. Cp. 'Morning roses newly washed in dew.'

(Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1.)

l. 24. Cp. 'So buxom, blithe, and full of face'

(Prologue to Pericles),

and 'That was so fine, so fair,
So blithe, so debonaire'

(Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*).

Buxom, from A.S. *būgan*, to bow, bend, is etymologically equivalent to the German *biegsam*, flexible, pliant. In the physical sense, 'yielding to pressure,' it is used by Spenser ('the buxome aire,' *Faery Queene*, i. 11. 37), and hence by Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 842. Before the end of

the sixteenth century the prevailing senses are 'obedient, pliant, tractable,' 'obliging, gracious, amiable'; the Elizabethan writers also used the word to mean 'gladsome, lively' (as Milton uses it here), and 'full of health, jolly, comfortable looking,' which is now the ordinary sense. *Debonaire*, from the Old French *de bon aire* (modern French *débonnaire*) originally meant 'well-born,' 'of good natural disposition,' the masculine substantive *aire* (according to M. Gaston Paris perhaps from the Latin *agrum*) having the sense 'place of birth, conditions of origin or breeding.' Hence it is employed by Chaucer, and after him by Spenser, in the sense 'well-mannered, courteous, gentle.'

1. 27. We have a practical illustration of *quip* in the Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 3. *Crank* implies the *turns* of wit. Hotspur, speaking of the winding Trent, exclaims

'See how this river comes me cranking in.'

(1 Henry IV, iii. 1.)

Of the planets, Mutability (Faery Queene, vii. 7. 52) says—

'So many turning cranks these have, so many crookes.'

In Alexander and Campaspe, by Lyly, a *quip* is defined as a 'short saying of a sharp wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word.' It is of unknown derivation, the Welsh etymon suggested by Wedgwood ('*chwiip*, a quick turn or flirt') being extremely questionable.

1. 33. 'Each one tripping on his toe.' (Ariel, of the Spirits, Tempest, iv. 2.) Cp. *Comus* 144.

1. 40. *unreproved*, that cannot be reprov'd. So Spenser has 'unreproved truth,' Faery Queene, ii. 7. 16, and a similar usage of 'unblamed,'

'Joying together in unblam'd delight.' (vi. 2. 43.)

Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 3, ix. 5, xii. 22, and note to Shakespear Epitaph 11.

1. 42. Cp. 'dull as night' (*Merchant of Venice*, v. 1), 'night's dull car' (*Henry V*, Chorus to act iv).

1. 44.

'The gentle day

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.'

(*Much Ado about Nothing*, v. 3.)

1. 45. *To come*, following in sense after 'admit me,' like the previous 'to live,' 'to hear,' in the list of unreproved pleasures. Awakened by the lark, the poet, after listening to that early song, arises to give a blithe good-morrow at his window. Other matin sounds are heard, and he goes forth to enjoy the cheerful music of the chase, or the sight of the rising sun. From line 69, the vision is mental rather than bodily. The plurals 'mountains,' 'meadows,' 'towers,' give a sense of generality that does not accord with the description of any actual scene: the delight given by the poem springs from touches of diverse yet harmonious associations.

1. 47. Eglantine and sweet-briar being the same plant, it is conjectured that by 'twisted eglantine,' Milton means the honeysuckle.

1. 57. Contrast with Il Penseroso 65. Some particulars of the following description of morning are taken from Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals* (Book IV, v. 75).

1. 62. *liveries*; from Fr. *livrée* (*livrer*) something given out at stated times, as clothes and provisions to servants (Wedgwood). Cp.

'The shadowed livery of the burnish'd sun.'

(Merchant of Venice, ii. 1.)

dight, decked, arranged; (from A.S. *dibtan*, *parare*). See Glossary to Faery Queene, Bk. i.

1. 67. The *tale* here is not a tale of love, but the tale of sheep counted by the shepherd as he turns them forth to pasture. So the 'tale,' of the bricks (Exod. v. 8).

1. 70. *landscape*, spelt *lantskip*, ed. 1645; probably from the Dutch *landschap*, where *-schap* is equivalent to the English *-ship* in *friendship*.

1. 71. *lawn*. See Nativity 85 (note), *gray*=light-brown, as in Gray Friars. (Keightley.)

1. 75. Warton says that *pied* was so hackneyed an epithet for flowers, that from it Shakespeare formed the substantive *piedness* (Winter's Tale, iv. 3). 'When daisies pied' begins the spring song at the end of Love's Labour's Lost.

1. 79. *lies*, resides, e.g. 'When the court lay at Windsor' (Merry Wives of Windsor, ii. 2); 'When I lay at Clement's Inn' (2 Henry IV, iii. 2).

1. 80. Cynosure is the constellation of the Little Bear, by which the Phœnician mariners steered their course, as the Greeks did by the Great Bear. In Hacket's Life of Williams, the Countess of Buckingham is described as 'the Cynosura that all the Papists steered by.' Cp. note on *Comus* 342.

1. 83. Milton's classic fancy plays round the sights and sounds of English rural life and gives to Berkshire peasants the names of Virgilian swains and shepherdesses. He saw nature 'through the spectacles of books,' as Dryden says.

1. 91. *secure* here means, not 'safe,' but 'void of care' (Lat. *securus*, from *sed-*, without, and *cura*, care. Quarles, in his *Enchiridion*, observes, 'The way to be safe is not to be secure.' Hamlet's father was murdered in his 'secure hour' (Hamlet, i. 5).

'Security

Is mortal's chiefest enemy.' (Macbeth, iii. 5.)

So Ben Jonson, in his Epode:

'Men may securely sin, but safely never.'

1. 93. Bells were abominations to the Puritans. In Ben Jonson's

Alchemist (iii. 2), Ananias says, 'Bells are profane; a tune may be religious.'

1. 94. The *rebeck* was a fiddle of four strings. The fiddler in *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 5, is named Hugh Rebeck.

1. 98. Cp. *Comus* 959. The deposed Richard II (iv. 1) wishes Bolingbroke 'many years of sunshine days.'

1. 102. For Queen *Mab*, see the well-known passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 4.

junkets, from Ital. *giuncata*, covered with, or placed on, rushes, as cream cheese is; and so used for other rural delicacies, and junketing for feasting, merrymaking generally.

1. 103. The punishment inflicted by fairies on tell-tales.

'It was a just and Christian deed,
To pinch such black and blue.'

(Corbet's Farewell to the Fairies.)

Cp. Shakespeare's fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Merry Wives of Windsor* (v. 5), and Dromio's speech in *Comedy of Errors* (ii. 2),

'They'll suck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.'

1. 104. 'The friar is the celebrated Friar Rush, who haunted houses, not fields, and was never the same with Jack-o'-the-Lantern.' (Keightley.)

1. 105. *goblin*, the French *gobelin*, a tricky, mischievous sprite. See Glossary to *Faery Queene*, Bk. ii. Milton gives a more elevated meaning to the word in *Paradise Lost* (ii. 688). The construction is rather difficult. I would suggest a colon at *led* and would read *Tales* for *Tells* in line 105, thus carrying on the sense from *stones* (line 101) to *tales* (line 105).

1. 120. *Triumph*, here = show, spectacle. One of Bacon's Essays is on *Masques and Triumphs*, the latter title being applied to 'justs, tourneys, and barriers.' 'Justs and triumphs' are named together in York's speech Richard II, v. 2), and Aumerle was expected at their celebration, 'in gay apparel.' Achilles desires to see great Hector in his 'weeds of peace,' *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 3. Cp. *Samson Agonistes* 1312, Pericles, ii. 2.

1. 121. *store of* was a familiar expression for 'plenty of,' 'many.' Spenser has it, *Faery Queene*, v. 3. 2,

'Of lords and ladies infinite great store.'

Cp. *Paradise Lost*, ix. 1078.

1. 122. *influence*; one of the words ('disastrous,' 'ill-starred,' 'ascendancy') which still testify to the once prevalent belief in astrology. Marvell (in his First Anniversary) says of Cromwell that

'By his beams observant princes steer,
And wisely court the influence they fear.'

Randolph's Epilogue to his *Jealous Lovers* attributes 'influence' in this sense to his audience:

'You are the stars we gaze at; we shall find
Our labours blest, if your aspects be kind.'

Cp. Edmund's speech in *King Lear* (i. 2), and Horatio's words before the second entrance of the Ghost (*Hamlet*, i. 1). Ben Jonson, in his *Elegy on Shakespeare*, exclaims,

'Shine forth thou star of poets, and with rage
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage.'

Cp. note on *Nativity* 71.

l. 126. Not (as in the Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester 20) with a 'scarce-well-lighted flame.' Hymen's dress in the masques was saffron-coloured. His mask and teade (i.e. torch) are named in Spenser's *Epithalamion*.

l. 127. *pomp*, solemn procession, as in its classical meaning. Cp. *Samson Agonistes* 1312. 'Feasts, pomps, and vain glories' are inveighed against by Apemantus (*Timon of Athens*, i. 2), and Theseus uses 'pomp' in a kindred sense (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 1).

l. 133. *Fancy* had a wider range of meaning in Milton's time than now. Cp. *Solemn Music* 5. Shakespeare often uses it as a synonym for 'love,' and Spenser makes *Fancy* the leader of the Maske of Cupid, *Faery Queene*, iii. 12. 7.

l. 134. Archbishop Trench demurs to this line. "'Fancy's child" may pass, for fancy and imagination were not effectually desynonymized when Milton wrote; nay, "fancy" was for him the greater name (*Paradise Lost*, v. 103, 110). "Sweetest" Shakespeare undoubtedly was, but then the sweetness is so drawn up into the power that this is about the last epithet one would be disposed to use about him. And then what could Milton possibly have intended by "his native wood-notes wild?" the sort of praise which might be bestowed, though with no eminent fulness, upon *Clare* or a poet of his rank.' Tennyson, in the *Palace of Art*, has applied what seem at first glance equally inadequate epithets to Shakespeare—'bland and mild.' But it should be remembered that it is just that feature of Shakespeare's poetic genius, the stillness of his power, which is most in harmony with the mood of intellectual luxury depicted in that poem. So here, the tragedies being relegated to *Il Penseroso*, the comedies would to Milton's mind present an artless beauty and irregular grace, sharply contrasting with the more severe formal and conscious displays of 'Jonson's learned sock.' Milton did not trace the operation of the 'wanton heed and giddy cunning' of art in literature as in music.

l. 135. *Eating cares* is translated from Horace (*Odes*, i. 18. 4).

l. 136. The three (supposed) original ancient modes were the Dorian,

the Phrygian, and the Lydian. The principal note of the last is F, its scale being the scale of F with B natural substituted for B flat. The tender character ascribed by the ancients to this mode results from the ascent by a semitone to the key-note, the form of cadence most conclusive and agreeable to us moderns. Therein the Lydian measure differed from the Dorian, which was the key of D with F and C natural instead of sharp. Dryden assigns to the Lydian measure the tender strains that lull the passions of his hero. 'In Beethoven's quartet in A, there is a movement defined as a song of gratitude in the Lydian mode, offered to the Divinity by a convalescent.' (Macfarren's Lectures on Harmony, pp. 13, 14.)

1. 137. Cp. Solemn Music 3. Ben Jonson, in his lines to Filmer, says

'French air and English verse here wedded lie ;'
and Du Bartas,

'Marrying their sweet tunes to the angels' lays.'

1. 139. *bout*, fold or twist; a word used by Spenser, Faery Queene, i. 1. 15, and i. 11. 11). It comes from *bow*, not from French *bout*. 'The boughts of a rope are the separate folds when coiled in a circle (A. S. *būgan*, to bend), and as the coils come round and round in similar circles, a *bout*, with a slight difference in spelling, is applied to the turns of things which succeed one another at certain intervals, as a bout of fair or foul weather. So Ital. *volta*, a turn, or time, or occasion, from *volgere*, to turn.' (Wedgwood.) Cp. Shakespeare (Coriolanus, iv. 4),

'O world! thy slippery turns!'

1. 141. The adjectives describe the appearance, the nouns the reality.

1. 142. The accompanied voice is meant, otherwise there would be melody, but not harmony.

1. 146. *golden*, in sense of 'excellent,' as used by Plato and Horace, and in the phrase 'the golden age.' Shakespeare has 'golden sleep' twice (1 Henry IV, ii. 3; Romeo and Juliet, ii. 3).

1. 149. In this passage Milton's opinion of the superiority of the modern over the ancient classical music is strongly asserted.

1. 151. No such doubt finds a place in the parallel passage of II Penseroso.

II Penseroso.

1. 1. 'Hence, hence, fond pleasures, momentary joys,' is a line of Sylvester. The commencement of the poem appears to have been suggested by a song in Fletcher's 'Nice Valour:'

'Hence, all you vain delights.'

1. 3. *bestead*, from A. S. *stede*, place, position. Hence *stead* is applied to signify the influences arising from relative position. To *bestead* one is to perform a charitable office to him. (Wedgwood.) Here the word would seem equivalent to 'help,' but in Shakespeare (2 Henry VI. ii. 3) and in some passages of Spenser it means simply to be in such and such a state. Only used here by Milton.

1. 4. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, i. 97.

'Nothing could my fixed mind remove.'

(*Faery Queene*, iv. 7. 16.)

'With so eternal and so fixed a soul.'

(*Troilus and Cressida*, v. 2.)

1. 6. *fond* in its old meaning of 'foolish.' Cp. *Lycidas* 56. 'Thou fond mad man,' says Friar Laurence to Romeo (iii. 3).

1. 7. Cp. 'As thik as motis in the sonne-beem.'

(*Canterbury Tales*, 6450.)

1. 10. Queen Elizabeth had for her guard a select band of tall and handsome gentlemen, called Pensioners. The word became common for 'train,' 'retinue.' Cp. Mrs. Quickly's climax, 'earls, nay, which is more, pensioners' (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii. 2); and

'The cowslips tall her pensioners be.'

(*Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1.)

1. 14. *to bit*; to meet, touch. Cp. its use in *Arcades* 77.

'A strange invisible perfume hits the sense.'

(*Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 2.)

1. 16. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 380.

1. 18. Memnon, King of Ethiopia, was an auxiliary to the Trojans, and was slain by Achilles. Archbishop Trench remarks that Milton did not, as some say, invent the sister. Her name is Hemera, and she is mentioned by Dictys Cretensis. As Memnon was the fairest of warriors (*Od.* xi. 522) his sister might be presumed to be no less beautiful.

1. 19. Cassiope was wife to Cepheus, King of Ethiopia. To appease the Nereids, she exposed her daughter Andromeda to the sea-monster which they had prevailed upon Poseidon to send into Ethiopia with an inundation. She was afterwards placed among the stars.

1. 23. *Vesta*, or Hestia, was the goddess of the hearth. She was daughter of Saturn or Cronos. According to classic legends, she swore by the head of Zeus to remain a virgin. To her father is attributed the origin of civilization. Milton's Melancholy is therefore the offspring of Retirement and Culture.

1. 25. *Saturn's reign*; 'the first age, when there was no summer nor winter, spring nor autumn, but all after one air and season.' (Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, ii.) Cp. Virgil, *Æneid*, vi. 792-795.

1. 32. *demure*, grave and subdued in manner. The word is used in this sense by Lydgate, and seems to be a compound of the French *meur* (now *mûr*) explained by Cotgrave 'ripe, mature, mellow'; also, 'discreet, considerate, advised, settled, staid.' Palsgrave (1530) gives *demeurement* as the French equivalent for 'sadly, wysely,' but the adjective appears not to be recorded in French. (See Prof. Skeat in *The Athenæum*, 29 August, 1891.) In modern use the word is no longer employed in a favourable sense, but expresses a notion of affected gravity and coyness.

1. 33. *darkest grain*; *granum* means seed or kernel, and was early applied to all small objects resembling seeds. A species of oak common on all Mediterranean coasts, and especially in Spain, is frequented by an insect of the genus *Coccus*, the dried body, or rather ovarium of which furnishes a variety of red dyes. From its form the prepared *coccus* was called *granum*. This grain Milton and other English poets often use as equivalent to Tyrian purple. Here the epithet 'darkest,' and the character and attributes of the wearers of the robe, shew that the poet meant the violet shade. In *Paradise Lost*, xi. 242, 'grain of Sarra' = purple of Tyre, Sarra being used by some Latin authors for Tyre. In *Paradise Lost*, v. 285, 'sky-tinctured' is not necessarily azure, for sky in old writers means clouds which may be of various hues, and 'regal ornament' suggests the imperial purple. Though we commonly restrict purple to the violet shade, it is employed in poetry to express as wide a range of colour as its Greek and Latin equivalents—that is, all shades between scarlet and dark violet inclusive. In *Conius* 750, 'grain' is used for vermilion. (Abridged from Marsh's *Lectures*.)

1. 35. *stole*, here = veil or hood (as in *Faery Queene*, i. i. 4), not the long robe of the Roman matrons. 'Cyprus black' is one of the wares of Autolycus. Minshew (1625) defines cipres 'a fine curled linen, crespé,' whence our 'crape.' Olivia says,

'A cyprus, not a bosom, hides my poor heart.'

(*Twelfth Night*, iii. 1.)

'Take off the cypress veil and leave a mask.'

(*Marvell to Dr. Witty*.)

1. 36. *decent* here either means 'comely,' 'beautiful,' as Horace uses it when he applies the word to the cheeks of Europa, to Venus, and to the Graces, or (as Warton thinks) decent because covered.

1. 37. *To keep state* was a familiar phrase taken from the cloth of estate or canopy under which the throne was placed. 'This chair shall be my state,' says Falstaff (1 *Henry IV*, ii. 4). Lady Macbeth, when queen, keeps her state at the banquet, remaining on the dais while her husband goes about among his guests to play the humble host (*Macbeth*, iii. 4). The expression also occurs in the Chamberlain's speech (*Henry VIII*, i. 3).

- l. 39. George Herbert accentuates in the same manner :

‘Surely if each one saw another’s heart
There would be no commerce.’

- l. 40. So in *Macbeth*, i. 3,

‘Look how our partner’s rapt.’

The word is used by old writers for ‘ravished’ in both its primary and secondary meanings.

- l. 44. As firmly fixed on the earth as before on heaven.

- l. 50. *trim*, trimmed ; as in *L’Allegro* 75.

- l. 52. Cp. *Fair Infant* 57.

- l. 59. Cp. ‘Swift, swift, you dragons of the night.’

(*Cymbeline*, ii. 2.)

‘Night’s swift dragons cut the clouds full fast.’

(*Midsummer Night’s Dream*, iii. 2.)

- l. 67. Cp. ‘I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon’s sphere ;’

and ‘Swifter than the wandering moon.’

(*Midsummer Night’s Dream*, ii. 1 ; iv. 1.)

- l. 69. Sir Philip Sidney has a beautiful sonnet beginning,

‘With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb’st the skies
How silently ! and with how wan a face !’

and Wordsworth took the same two lines as the commencement of another nearly as beautiful. Shelley asks of the moon,

‘Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth ?’

- l. 76. Cp. ‘sullen bell’ (2 *Henry IV*, i. 1) ; ‘solemn curfew’ (*Tempest*, v. 1).

l. 78. *removed* was formerly used where we employ its equivalent ‘remote.’ The Ghost beckons Hamlet to a more ‘removed ground’ (i. 4), and Orlando wonders how a shepherd could have acquired so fine an accent in ‘so removed a dwelling’ (*As You Like It*, iii. 2).

l. 83. Keightley quotes Stow : ‘The bell-man at every lane’s end, and at the ward’s end, gave warning of fire and candle and to help the poor, and to pray for the dead.’ Cp. *Lady Macbeth* (ii. 2),

‘It was the owl that shriek’d, the fatal bellman
Which gives the stern’st good night.’

l. 84. *nightly* is used by Shakespeare both as adjective and adverb. It here means ‘by night.’

l. 87. ‘As the Bear never sets, he could only out-watch him by sitting up till day-break.’ (Keightley.)

l. 88. *Hermes Trismegistus*, ‘thrice great’—a fabled king of Egypt, supposed contemporary with Moses. To him many books on politics, physics, and theology were ascribed. Chemistry, or rather alchemy,

was called the hermetical art, from his supposed invention of it. The books now extant under his name are forgeries by the Neo-Platonists, who wished to make the Egyptian religious system appear more venerable than the Christian mysteries. Cp. note in the edition of Hooker, Bk. i. in this series. Bacon speaks (Advancement of Learning, i.) of the 'triplicity which in great veneration was ascribed to the ancient Hermes; the power and fortune of a king, the knowledge and illumination of a priest, and the learning and universality of a philosopher.'

1. 88. *unsphere*, draw down from the station assigned to him. Cp. Comus 3.

1. 90. This is treated in the *Phædo* of Plato; and in some of his other dialogues he speaks of the intelligences which he names *dæmons*. But this assigning them their abode in the four elements over which they had power, rather belongs to the later Platonists and to the writers of the middle ages. (Keightley.)

1. 95. Drayton (Polyolbion v.) enunciates the opinion of the 'humorous Platonist,'

'Which boldly dares affirm that spirits themselves supply
With bodies to commix with frail mortality;
And here allow them place, beneath this lower sphere
Of the inconstant moon; to tempt us daily here.
Some earthly mixture take; as others, which aspire,
Their subtler shapes resume, of water, air, and fire:
Being those immortals long before from heaven that fell,
Whose deprivation thence, determined their hell.'

1. 96. Cp. *Paradise Regained*, ii. 122.

1. 97. Ovid gives Tragedy a sceptre (*Amores*, iii. 2. 13). The subjects of Attic tragedy are taken from the misfortunes of royal and heroic personages, which afforded 'stateliest and most regal argument,' as Milton says in his *Tractate of Education*.

1. 98. The *pall* is Lat. *palla*, the outer garment, usually of wool or cloth, often richly dyed or embroidered.

1. 99. *Presenting*, representing. It was the technical word for acting a masque or play. The nine worthies are 'presented' by Holofernes, Armado, and Costard in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Lord Brackley and the rest 'presented' Comus.

Thebes, the capital of Bœotia. Æschylus made it the scene of his *Seven against Thebes*, Sophocles of his *Oedipus Tyrannus* and *Antigone*, and Euripides of his *Bacchæ*. In ed. 1645 *Theb's* is printed lest the reader should make it a dissyllable. So *bero's* in *Vacation Exercise* 47.

Pelops' line, allusion to the trilogy of Æschylus on the subject of

the murder of Agamemnon, a descendant of Pelops, King of Pisa in Elis, who has given his name to Peloponnesus.

l. 100. *Troy divine*. Its story is dramatically treated, at least in selected episodes, by Sophocles in his *Ajax* and his *Philoctetes*, and by Euripides in his *Hecuba* and his *Andromache*.

ll. 101, 102. This couplet is probably intended to include the tragedies of Shakespeare.

l. 104. *Musæus*, a mythical bard of Thrace, according to some legends the son of Orpheus. The yearning after the long-lost past is here forcibly expressed in language that, by dwelling on the dim fragments yet remaining, gives the beauty of the feeling without its pain.

l. 106. Cp. *Arcades* 87.

l. 110. *The Squire's Tale* in Chaucer.

l. 116. *And if aught else, &c.* Referring to Spenser, in whose great poem all the enumerated circumstances may be found.

l. 120. It is somewhat strange that Dante finds no place in this catalogue. He and Petrarch were favourite writers with Milton.

l. 122. Juliet calls 'civil Night' a

'Sober-suited matron all in black.'

(*Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 2.)

l. 123. *trickt*, adorned. Only used once by Shakespeare,

'Horridly tricked

With blood of fathers.' (*Hamlet*, ii. 2. Player's speech.)

frounc't, applied to the dressing of the hair.

'Some frounce their curled hair in courtly guise.'

(*Faery Queene*, i. 4. 14.)

l. 124. The *Attic boy* is Cephalus. His mother was daughter of Cecrops, King of Attica. He was beloved by Eos, the dawn.

l. 127. *still*, here = gentle, as in the stage-direction in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv. 1, 'still music.' Cp. *Passion* 28.

l. 130. *minute-drops*; as we say 'minute-guns,' indicating a gentle shower of fine rain.

l. 134. Milton uses brown, the Italian *bruno*, for 'dark.' (Keightley.)

l. 135. *monumental*, i. e. a monument of other times, like the Talking Oak of Tennyson. 'Monument' is used for 'memorial' by Spenser and Shakespeare.

l. 141. *garish* (from O. E. *gare* or *gaure*, to stare) is Juliet's epithet for the sun (iii. 2), which is called 'the eye of heaven' in *Faery Queene*, i. 3. 4. Cf. *Lycidas* 26 (note), and Glossary to *Faery Queene*, ii. (*Garre*).

l. 145. In Spenser's *Faery Queene* (i. 1. 41) the noise of waters, bees, and rain lull Morpheus in 'his slumber soft.' Cf. Virgil, *Eclogue* i. 55.

l. 148. Of the spirit (Faery Queene, i. 1. 44) we read that

‘And on his little wings a Dream he bore.’

It has been suggested that Milton was here thinking of the old pictures of angels holding scrolls displayed against the background of their extended wings.

l. 151. Ferdinand (Tempest, i. 2) asks

‘Where should this music be? i’ th’ air, or the earth?

It sounds no more

I hear it now above me.’

l. 156. *Pale*, enclosure. With *studious cloister*, cp. ‘studious universities’ (Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 3).

l. 158. *massy-proof*, able to resist the incumbent weight. So *star-proof* is used in Arcades 89.

l. 159. *storied*. ‘Storia’ is used for ‘historia’ in barbarous Latin. Chaucer has ‘storial’ for ‘historical’ (Canterbury Tales, 3179), and Shakespeare ‘story’ for ‘history’ (Henry V. concluding Chorus). ‘Story’ was used in monastic records for Scripture history.

l. 161. Milton, in his Eikonoclastes, ridicules the organs and the singing men in the king’s chapel, as well as the ‘English mass-book’ of the ‘old Ephesian goddess called the Church of England.’

l. 172. Milton speaks (Epitaphium Damonis) of his hopes of being assisted in the study of botany by his friend Carlo Diodati.

Arcades.

The following particulars, mainly extracted from Professor Masson’s Life of Milton, are here subjoined, in order that the connexion between the chief spectator of this, and the actors in the following mask, and the circumstances in which each poem was produced, may be duly understood.

On the night of Feb. 3, 1634, the Inns of Court, indignant at the publication of the Histriomastix, by Prynne, gave a grand mask at Whitehall. Whitelock declares it to have been the most splendid show that ever was beheld in England. A fortnight after, Carew, Lawes, and Inigo Jones, presented at Whitehall their mask Cælum Britannicum, in which acted Viscount Brackley and his brother Thomas Egerton, sons of the Earl of Bridgewater. The Earl had been raised to the peerage as a mark of respect to his father, Lord Chancellor Ellesmere. Both father and son married about the same time. The former, while still Sir Thomas Egerton, wedded, as his third wife, Alice, daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, and widow of the fifth Earl of Derby. The latter married the daughter of the Countess by her former marriage. After the Chancellor’s death, his lady retained her old title of Countess

of Derby, and resided at Harefield. To her Spenser dedicated *The Tears of the Muses*, and he bewailed the Chancellor's death in *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*. In 1607, John Marston wrote a mask in her honour, containing some verses resembling those of *Arcades*.

The Earl of Bridgewater had been nominated President of Wales since 1531, but he did not begin residence till 1633. The hospitalities of his entry upon office extended to Michaelmas, 1634, and culminated in the mask presented in the great justice-chamber, the ruins of which still bear the name of *Comus Hall*.

The Earl died in 1649, and Viscount Brackley, his successor, in 1686. The latter was so scandalized at the *Defensio pro Populo* that he inscribed in his copy—'liber igne, auctor furcâ, dignissimi.' The 'Lady' Alice became the second wife of Richard Vaughan, Earl of Carberry. To her Jeremy Taylor dedicated part of his *Life of Christ*. Her husband appointed Samuel Butler, author of *Hudibras*, to the stewardship of Ludlow Castle.

l. 6. *vows*, here = Lat. *vota*, and is thus synonymous with wishes. This peculiarity of joining a Latin-derived word with its Saxon equivalent, is of frequent occurrence in the older writers, as in the Liturgy—'acknowledge and confess,' 'dissemble nor cloak,' &c.

l. 9. *erst*. Cp. *Circumcision 2*.

l. 16. *silver threads*. Keightley explains this to mean the silver stripes in the canopy radiating from the point over the throne on which the countess sat.

l. 20. *Latona*, the Latin name of Leto, the first wife of Zeus, or, in later legend, his mistress persecuted by Hera. She wandered about till she came to Ortygia, a floating island, whereon, after Zeus had fixed it by adamantine chains to the bottom of the sea, she gave birth to Apollo and Artemis. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, x. 296; and *Faery Queene*, ii. 12. 13.

l. 21. *Cybele* was an ancient Asiatic goddess, bearing the title of the Mother of the Gods. The Greeks identified her with their Rhea, daughter of Uranos and Ge (Heaven and Earth), wife of Chronos (Time), and mother of Zeus and Hera. She was worshipped with wild orgies and enthusiastic dances by armed priests. The epithet 'towered' is explained by these lines of Spenser (*Faery Queene*, iv. 11. 28):

'Old Cybele, arrayed with pompous pride,
Wearing a diademe embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a turribant (turban)
With such an one was Thamys beautifide
That was to weet the famous Troynovant (London)
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.'

l. 23. i. e. Juno durst not meet her on equal terms, by setting aside

her own divinity; as Falstaff was desired to 'lay his knighthood and his soldiery aside' (2 Henry IV, i. 2). Cp. Wither's expression

'And without respect of odds,

Vie renown with demigods' (Mistress of Philarete.)

l. 26. *gentle*, here emphatic, 'of gentle blood.'

l. 27. 'Disguised glory shineth in his eyes.'

(Sylvester, Du Bartas.)

l. 30. *Alpheus*, a river in Arcadia. It runs underground for some distance; whence arose the legend that the nymph Arethusa was pursued by Alpheus, and was changed by Artemis into the fountain bearing her name in the island of Ortygia at Syracuse, and that he still attempted to mingle his stream with hers, so that they flowed through the sea, and rose together in Sicily. Arethusa is invoked by Virgil (Eclogue x. 1) and by Milton (Lycidas 133) as a Sicilian Muse.

l. 33. The cothurnus or buskin was worn by Diana. Belphœbe, in Spenser, wears golden buskins.

l. 46. Cp. 'An Eastern wind, commixt with noisome airs,
Shall blast the plants and the young saplings.'

(Spanish Tragedy.)

l. 49. Cp. *Comus* 269.

l. 50. Cp. *Tempest*, i. 2:

'*Caliban*. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed.'

l. 51. *thunder*, here for 'thunderbolt' or 'lightning,' both which meanings are taken by 'fulmen.' *Thwarting* = twisting, zig-zag. Cp. 'cross blue lightning' (Julius Cæsar, i. 3).

l. 58. Cp. *L'Allegro* 56. The Squire's horn in Spenser (*Faery Queene*, i. 8. 3) hangs 'in twisted gold and tassels gay.'

l. 60. Cp. *Comus* 526. In both passages the word *murmurs* is used as equivalent to 'charms.' See note on Sonnet iii. 5.

l. 63. *celestial Sirens*, the Muses, who, when they had vanquished the Sirens in a vocal contest, took their wings and wore the feathers as trophies.

l. 69. *daughters of Necessity*, the Fates, so called by Plato (*Republic*, x. ad fin.). Necessity holds a spindle of adamant, and with her daughters she presides over the courses of the heavenly bodies. Nine Muses sit above the spheres, which in their revolutions produce the most ravishing harmony. To this harmony sing the Fates. Meanwhile, the spindle placed on the lap of Necessity is also turning. The music of the spheres, inaudible to men, consists of eight melodies, of which the music of the ninth sphere is the diapason or concentus. (Warton.) Cp. Solemn Music 6 (note).

l. 73. Cp. Lorenzo's speech, immediately before the entrance of the musicians (*Merchant of Venice*, v. 1), and Solemn Music 26.

l. 89. Cp. 'Not perceable with power of any starre.'

(Faery Queene, i. i. 7.)

l. 93. *deity*, as a title, like 'her Majesty.' So in Gloucester's speech, (Richard III, i. 1) about Lord Hastings' petition to Jane Shore, 'complaining to her deity.'

l. 97. *Ladon*, a river in Arcadia.

l. 98. *Lycæus*, a mountain in Arcadia whereon Pan was born and worshipped.

Cyllene, the highest mountain in Peloponnesus, on the borders of Arcadia, the birthplace of Hermes, whose temple was at the top.

l. 100. *Erymanthus* and *Mænalus* are Arcadian mountains, the latter the favourite resort of Pan.

l. 106. *Syrinx*, a nymph pursued by Pan. She fled into the Ladon, and was changed into a reed, (Gr. *σῦριγξ*) of which Pan made his flute.

Comus.

Professor Masson has the following remarks on the origin of Comus. They give, in a condensed form, the history of the subject:—'Critics have pointed out, that in writing Comus, Milton must have had before him analogous compositions by some previous writers, more especially the Old Wives' Tale of the dramatist Peele (1595); Fletcher's pastoral of The Faithful Shepherdess, which had been revived as a royal play for Twelfth-night, and also at the theatres in 1633-4; Ben Jonson's masque of Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue (1619), in which masque Comus is one of the characters; and, most especially of all, a Latin Poem entitled 'Comus' by Erycius Puteanus (Henri du Puy, Professor of Eloquence at Louvain), 1608, and republished at Oxford in 1634. Coincidences as regards the plan, the characters, and the imagery, are undoubtedly discernible between Comus and these compositions. Infinitely too much, however, has been made of such coincidences. After all of them, even the most ideal and poetical, the feeling in reading Comus is that all here is different, all peculiar. The peculiarity consists no less in the power and purity of the doctrine, than in the exquisite literary finish; and, doctrine and poetry together, this one composition ought to have been sufficient, to use the words of Mr. Hallam, "to convince any one of taste and feeling that a great poet had arisen in England, and one partly formed in a different school from his contemporaries."

A wild wood. The Inferno begins in a wood, the Pilgrim's Progress in the 'wilderness of this world.' Cp. Faery Queene, i. i. 7.

l. 1. Milton, in his Latin lines to Manso, speaks of the 'aether of the heaven-housed gods, whither labour, and the pure mind, and the fire of virtue, carry us.'

l. 2. *mansion*, abiding-place, as in John xiv. 2. Milton uses the word for a resting-place, whether temporary (Il Penseroso, 93) or permanent (Paraphrase of Psalm cxxxvi. 49).

those, those well-known, certainly existent. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 483, for a similar expression, 'that first mov'd.'

l. 3. Cp. Il Penseroso 88.

l. 5. *dim*, i. e. as seen from the 'regions mild.'

l. 7. *pester'd*, here meaning 'crowded.' The earlier sense of *pester* is to hamper, clog; the word is short for *empester*, from the French *empestrer* (now *empêtrer*), representing a mediæval Latin form *impastoriare*, literally to 'hobble' a horse while grazing, from *pastorium* (Italian *pastoja*), a foot-shackle for a horse, a derivative of *pascere*, to pasture, graze. Hotspur (I Henry IV, i. 3) speaks of being 'pestered by a popinjay,' the notion being that he has something fastened upon him which he finds it impossible to get rid of. The modern sense of *actively* annoying is possibly in some degree due to association with *pest*.

pin-fold, sheep-fold, but also a 'pound,' for strayed cattle (Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1).

l. 10. *change* here has its old meaning of a figure in a dance, as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2,

'Then in our measure do but vouchsafe one change,'

and in the revels in Ford's *Broken Heart*, v. 2. Milton elsewhere speaks of the 'world's vain mask' (*Sonnet xvii*). The conclusion of Jeremy Taylor's sermon on the House of Feasting connects the leading thought of the *Comus*, the praise of temperance, with the further advance in the same direction, the scorn of delight, indicated in *Lycidas*:—'I end with the saying of a wise man (Epictetus). He is fit to sit at the table of the Lord and to feast with saints, who moderately uses the creatures which God hath given him; but he that despiseth even lawful pleasures, shall not only sit and feast with God, but reign together with Him, and partake of His glorious kingdom.' Cp. *Rev. iv. 4*, whence the faithful are denominated by ecclesiastical writers the *ἀνθρώποι* of Christ. Note the alliteration in this passage, ll. 5, 11.

l. 13. Cp. *Lycidas* 111.

l. 16. Ambrosia was the food of the Gods, as nectar was their drink. *Ambrosial* is used here, as in Greek, in the general sense of heavenly.

l. 20. *bigb*. Jove ruled in the upper air; nether Jove in Hades (*Paradise Lost*, i. 516). Ovid calls Pluto, Jupiter Stygius. Cp. *Iliad*, xv. 190-2.

l. 21. *sea-girt iles*; see below on l. 50. Cp. Gaunt's speech on England (*Richard II*, ii. 1),

'This precious stone set in the silver sea.'

l. 29. The sea-nymphs in Spenser (*Faery Queene*, iv. 11. 48) are 'deckt with long green hair.'

- l. 31. *mickle*, great. See Glossary to Spenser's Faery Queene, Book i.
 l. 33. Cp. Æneid, i. 21.
 l. 37. *perplex't*, entangled; (from Lat. *plecto*, to twist.)
 l. 43. Cp. Horace, Odes, iii. 1. 2, and Paradise Lost, i. 16.
 l. 45. The *hall* of the chieftain, and the *bower* of the lady are often thus joined by Spenser, and by Scott, who was imbued with the spirit of old romance and ballad.

l. 48. *after the Tuscan mariners* (had been) *transform'd*; a similar construction occurs in Paradise Lost, i. 573. The story of the mariners who carried off Bacchus, and were transformed into dolphins, is told in the Homeric Hymn to Dionysus, and in Ovid, (Metamorphoses, iii. 660, &c.)

l. 49. *listed*, willed. A. S. *lystan*, to have pleasure in. Cp. John iii. 8.

l. 50. *fell on* is the Latin phrase 'incidere in.' For *Circe*, see Odyssey, x.

iland. A. S. *īg-land*, *ēg-land*. The modern spelling *island* arose from a mistaken notion that the word was a compound of *isle* and *land*.

Who knows not Circe? is imitated from

'Poor Colin Clout (who knows not Colin Clout?)'

(Faery Queene, vi. 10. 16.)

- l. 54. Cp. Paradise Lost, iv. 303, Samson Agonistes 568.
 l. 58. Comus, whom Æschylus makes akin to the Furies, had figured in Jonson's masques as the god of good cheer.
 l. 60. *Celtic and Iberian fields*, France and Spain.
 l. 61. *ominous*, portentous, hazardous. Originally indifferent in its meaning, 'ominous' acquired a bad sense. Thus 'if anything should happen' means anything unfortunate, and usually *the* thing feared by all (Paradise Lost, ii. 123, Paradise Regained, iv. 481).
 l. 76. This effect of forgetfulness is not Homeric. The companions of Ulysses are sensible of their degradation. Warton quotes Plutarch's dialogue of Gryllus, wherein some of the victims of Circe, disgusted with the vices and vanities of human life, refused to be re-transformed. Cp. Faery Queene, ii. 12. 86, and note thereon in this series.
 l. 79. *adventrous*, full of adventures, like the forests in the Faery Queene. Cp. II Penseroso 119.

glade. Cf. Icel. *gladr*, bright. Its fundamental meaning is a passage for the light, either through trees or through clouds. (Wedgwood.) Here it means an opening in the forest and (by synecdoche) the whole wood. (Keightley.)

l. 80. Cp. Paradise Lost, i. 745.

l. 80. *glancing*. Cp. Paradise Lost, xi. 442, Samson Agonistes 1284.

l. 83. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, xi. 244.

l. 92. *viewless*. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 518, *Passion* 50, and note there.

l. 93. The morning star is called the 'unfolding star' in Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, iv. 2.

l. 96. Alluding to the hissing of the sea as the sun's chariot plunged into it,

'Audiet Herculeo stridentem gurgite solem.'

(Juvenal, xiv. 280.)

Cp. *Faery Queene*, i. i. 32.

l. 97. *steep*, deep; like 'altus' and our 'high' sea, sea at a great distance from the shore.

l. 105. *rosy twine*, wreaths of roses. See note on line 151.

l. 108. *Advice*, consideration, deliberation. Cp. note on *Paradise Lost*, ii. 376.

l. 110. *saws*, things said, proverbs. The justice in Shakespeare (*As You Like It*, ii. 7) is 'full of wise saws.'

l. 111. The stress is on *fire*. Cp. *Cleopatra*,

'I am fire, and air; my other elements

I give to baser life.' (*Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2.)

l. 112. Allusion to the music of the spheres, line 1021. Cp. *Arcades* 69, 73 (notes).

l. 116. *morrice*, i.e. Moorish, a dance brought by the Moors into Spain, and thence said to have been introduced into England by John of Gaunt.

l. 118. *pert* is here used in its older sense of 'brisk, sprightly, lively.' Cp.

'The pert and nimble spirit of mirth'

(*Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 1),

where activity is indicated, as here. The etymology of the word is doubtful; some have connected it with the verb *to perk*, for which *pert* is used in Beaumont and Fletcher (*Knight of the Burning Pestle*, i. 2)—'it perts up the head' (said of a child).

dapper is rendered by *elegans* in the *Promptorium Parvulorum* (A.D. 1440), and in the Glossary to Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* (October) it is explained as 'pretty.' It is usually supposed to be adopted from the Dutch *dapper*, valiant, identical with the German *tapper*; but the curious transition to the English sense 'small and neat' has not been clearly accounted for. Milton (*History of England*) has 'little dappermen.'

l. 121. *wake* was the vigil before a holyday, and was applied to the festivities which celebrated the anniversary of the consecration of a church. In 1633, Laud maintained the wakes against the remonstrances of the judges, who represented them to be the occasion of much immorality. These and other festivals, obnoxious to the graver sort, were

favoured by the Court lest the people should 'go to tippling houses, and there talk of matters of Church and State, or into conventicles.' 'In some parts of England the wake is called the village revel' (Wedgwood).

l. 129. *Cotyto*; goddess of the Edoni of Thrace. Her festival was held by night, and resembled that of the Thracian Cybele. Her worship, notorious for the licence of its rites, became naturalised in Greece, especially at Corinth.

l. 131. See note on *Il Penseroso* 59.

l. 132. *spets* is used by Sylvester for 'spits.' The same form of the word occurs in Spenser and in Drayton.

l. 139. *nice*, fastidious, prudish. The original sense (Old French *nice*, from Lat. *nescius*) is 'foolish,' as in Shakespeare,

'Every idle, nice, and wanton reason.'

(2 Henry IV, iv. 1.)

Indian. Cp. Tennyson's *In Memoriam* xxvi,

'Ere yet the morn

Breaks hither over Indian seas.'

l. 141. *tell tale*. The Sun disclosed to Hephæstus (Vulcan) the infidelity of Aphrodite (Venus). (*Odyssey*, viii. 270.)

l. 144. Cp. *L'Allegro* 34. *Round* = a dance: e. g. Sellenger's or St. Leger's round. (*Macbeth*, iv. 1; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 2.)

l. 147. *shrouds*; hiding-places; as in a masque of Jonson's,

'But here must be no shelter, nor no shroud

For such.'

l. 151. *wily trains*; trains of wiles. *Train* is used by Spenser for snare. See Glossary to *Faery Queene*, Bk. i. The word is only once thus used in Shakespeare (*Macbeth*, iv. 3).

l. 154. *spungy air* means the air which retains the 'dazzling spells' hurled into it by Comus.

l. 155. *blear*, explained in the *New English Dictionary* as 'dim, indistinct in outline.' This use seems to occur first in Milton; the older sense, which comes down from the fourteenth century, is 'dim-sighted' (said of the eyes); Milton (*Church Discipline*, i.) has 'if our understanding be blear with gazing on other false glisterings.' The verb *to blear* was used intransitively in the sense 'to be dim-sighted'; the transitive use 'to blear the eye' is common both in the literal and the figurative sense, occurring, e. g. in Chaucer, and in Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, v. 1.

l. 157. *quaint*. See note on *Nativity* 194.

l. 161. *glozing*, deceitful, flattering; *gloss* (Old French *glose*) was originally the word (γλῶσσα) which needed explanation, was then used for the explanation itself, and finally, by a too natural transition, acquired the meaning of a false explanation, an explaining away. The text, says the friar in the *Sompuour's Tale*, is hard, 'and therefore wol

I teche you ay the glose.' To *glose* or *gloze* in the sense of 'to deceive' is used by Spenser and Shakespeare.

l. 168. *gear*, business. In the fourteenth century the word (A.S. *gearwe*, from *gearu*, ready) means usually 'outfit, equipment.'

l. 179. *wassailer*, drinker of healths, reveller. 'Wassail' was the wish of health (A. S. *wes bæ̃l*, literally 'be in good health'), and was hence used for the drinking of healths, and festivity generally, as in *wassail-bowl*, &c.

l. 180. *feet*, for the whole person, as in Samson Agonistes 336, and Luke i. 79.

l. 189. *votarist*, one who had vowed a pilgrimage. '*Palmer's weed*' (Faery Queene, ii. 1. 52) is thus described by Drayton,

'Himself a palmer poor in homely russet clad;
with which compare

'The morn in russet mantle clad.' (Hamlet, i. 1.)

The derivation of *palmer* is variously given; from their obtaining the palm of religion or from carrying a palm-branch (Nares), or from bringing back palm from the gardens of Jericho. (Keightley.)

l. 195. *thievish night* is an expression used by Phineas Fletcher.

l. 199. Cp. 'Ye ever-burning lights above' (Othello, iii. 3); 'Night's candles are burnt out' (Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5).

l. 203. *rife*, prevalent, actively abundant, plentiful; A.S. *rif*, cognate with the Middle-Dutch *rijf*, Icelandic *rifr* of similar meaning. Cp. Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1 (First Folios),

'There is a brief how many sports are rife.'

l. 204. *single darkness*, darkness only. Cp. 'single want' at l. 369, and 'Thou singly honest man' (Timon of Athens, iv. 3).

l. 207. These lines are supposed by Warton and Todd to be based upon passages in Marco Polo's Travels, and in Heywood's Hierarchy of Angels. In a quotation from the latter work, benighted travellers are related to have seen three strange human shapes, that called and beckoned to them. But the Tempest may well have suggested the whole imagery.

l. 212. *side* is used as a verb, meaning 'to accompany,' in Ford's Lady's Trial, i. 1, where Auria says that he has 'sided his superior.'

l. 214. *girt*, surrounded (Nativity 202, Paradise Lost, i. 581, note). *golden wings*. Cp. Il Penseroso 52.

l. 215. *Chastity*, instead of Charity, the usual companion of Faith and Hope. (Keightley.)

l. 230. Warton refers the origin of this address to Echo to Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels, or Browne's Inner Temple Mask.

l. 231. *shell*. The MS. reading is 'cell.' Juliet speaks of 'the cave where Echo lies.' The 'airy shell' is the hemisphere, the 'hollow round of Cynthia's seat,' Nativity 102. (Keightley.)

l. 232. *Meander*, a Phrygian river. In its lower course it forms the boundary of ancient Lycia and Caria, and flows in those windings that have made its name a descriptive verb.

l. 234. *love-lorn*, deprived of her love. 'The dismissed bachelor' (Tempest, iv. 1) is 'lass-lorn.'

l. 235. Cp. Virgil, *Georgics*, iv. 513-5.

l. 241. *Echo* is supposed here to have her origin from the reverberation of the music of the spheres. (Solemn Music 2.)

l. 243. *re-sounding grace*, grace of repetition.

l. 246. Cp. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iii. 610-12.

l. 247. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 369.

l. 248. *bis bidden residence*; *bis* refers to 'something holy.' We should now use *its*. *Its* is of comparatively late use. Milton generally avoids the word. *His* was once used as neuter as well as masculine genitive—of 'hit' as well as of 'he.' The *t* is a neuter affix like the *d* in *id* and *illud*, but was in course of time supposed to be part of the original word. When grammatical gender came to have an invariable relation to sex, a separate form of possessive was required for the neuter gender. *It* was at first used, as in several passages of Shakespeare (e.g. Constance's speech in *King John*, ii. 1), and in the Auth. Vers. of Bible, 1611 (Leviticus xxv. 5, 'it own accord'). Then from *it* the anomalous genitive *its* was formed, but did not obtain currency among the best writers till about 1660. Cp. note on *Paradise Lost*, i. 176.

l. 252. *it* refers to darkness. 'The raven down of darkness' = darkness, black as the raven's down. So 'the palace of eternity' (line 14) = the eternal palace.

l. 253. In this passage Milton has followed the poetic traditions of his own time. (Browne's *Mask*.) In Homer, Circe sings, but not her nymphs, nor has she anything to do with the Sirens, whom Horace mentions with her (*Epist.* i. 2. 23). (Keightley.)

l. 254. *flow'ry-kirtl'd*. A 'kirtle' was in Shakespeare's and in Milton's time a woman's garment, though anciently a man's also, worn by bishops and by Knights of the Garter at their installation.

l. 257. Cp. *L'Allegro* 136.

l. 258. 'Multis circumlatrantibus undis,' *Æneid*, vii. 588. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, ii. 660.

l. 260. 'My senses lulled are in slumber of delight.'

(Faery Queene, Bk. iii. Introduction, iv.)

l. 262. *home-felt*, heart-felt. So 'home-thrust.'

l. 265. Cp. Ferdinand's address to Miranda, *Tempest*, i. 2.

l. 267. 'Unless [thou be] the goddess,' &c.

l. 270. Insinuating that the wood had grown tall by her benignant influence. Cp. *Arcades* 44.

l. 271. *ill is lost*; 'male perditur,' a Latinism. (Keightley.)

l. 273. *extreme*, like *utmost*, line 617, the last device I could think of; *extreme* is thus accented in Hotspur's speech 1 Henry IV, i. 3, and in the line quoted by Todd from Sackville's Mirror for Magistrates:

'In rustie armour, as in extream shift.'

l. 277. The following passage is an imitation of those scenes of Greek tragedy wherein the dialogue runs in alternate lines.

l. 289. Cp. Paradise Lost, iii. 637, &c.

l. 291. Cp. Iliad, xvi. 779; Virgil, Eclogue ii. 66; Horace, Odes, iii. 6. 42. The notation of time here follows classical precedent, but l. 293 is entirely English in phrase and subject.

l. 293. *swink't*, tired (A.S. *swincan*, to labour), Chaucer has it, Prologue, Canterbury Tales 186, 188, and Spenser 'sweat and swinke,' Faery Queene, ii. 7. 8; vi. 4. 32.

l. 297. *port*, bearing, deportment. Cp. Paradise Lost, xi. 8. 'The port of Mars' (Henry V, i. Chorus):

'And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze'

(Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 12);

'A modern gentleman,

Of stateliest port' (Tennyson, Morte D'Arthur).

as *they stood*; pleonasm, as in Epitaph on Marchioness of Winchester 21.

l. 299. *element*, sky. See note on Paradise Lost, ii. 490.

l. 301. *plighted*, folded, pleated or plaited. The verb to 'plight' (fold) is used by Chaucer and Spenser, and the noun by Chaucer. Cp.

'Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides.'

(King Lear, i. 1.)

l. 303. Referring either to the difficulty of the way, or (more probably) to the happiness of finding them.

l. 312. *dingle*, a retired valley between hills. The original sense of the word seems to have been 'a deep place': thus in the Homilies of the twelfth century we read 'deopre then eni sea dingle.' Perhaps the later meaning may have been influenced by confusion with *dimple*, which has the sense of valley.

dell, A. S. *dell*, a diminutive of *dalu*, dale.

l. 313. *bosky*, shaded by bushes, from *bosk*, originally the same word as *bush*.

bourn, a rivulet; identical with the northern *burn* of the same meaning. (*Bourne*, a boundary, is a distinct word, from the French *borne*.)

l. 317. Keightley remarks that 'the ideas here belong to the hen-house rather than to the resting-place of the lark, which has no thatch over it, and in which, as it is upon the ground, he cannot roost.'

1. 325. This derivation of *courtesy* is Spenser's (*Faery Queene*, vi. i. 1). *Tapestry* from French *tapis*, Latin *tapes*. Spenser uses 'tapets' for hangings (*Faery Queene*, iii. 11. 29).

1. 327. *warranted*, secured; Old Fr. *warantir*, 'to be surety for,' hence 'to defend,' from *warrant*, 'surety, bondsman,' from Old High Ger. *werento*.

1. 329. *square*, adjust, measure. Troilus, when undeceived, will not
'square the general sex

By Cressid's rule.' (*Troilus and Cressida*, v. 2.)

1. 331. *unmuffle*. A 'muffler' was a sort of veil or wrapper covering the chin and throat (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, iv. 2). To 'muffle' was to cover the face as Cæsar did when he fell (*Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2); or to blindfold, as in *All's Well that Ends Well*, iv. 3.

1. 332. Spenser says of the moon shining forth from dark clouds,

'Of the poore traveller that went astray
With thousand blessings she is heried' (honoured).

(*Faery Queene*, iii. 1. 43.)

1. 333. Cp. *Il Penseroso* 71, and

'Appear, no longer thy pale visage shroud
But stoop thy silver horns quite through a cloud.'

(*Fletcher's Maid's Tragedy*, i. 1.)

1. 334. *disinberit*, dispossess. *Inberit* was used for 'possess,' as *Tempest*, iv. 1, 'all that it inherit'; and *inberitance* for 'possession,' as 'Thine inheritance.' (*Prayer Book*.) Cp. *Samson Agonistes* 1012.

1. 342. Calisto, daughter of Lycaon, King of Arcadia, was changed into the Greater Bear (called also Helice) and her son Arcas into the Lesser (called also Cynosura.) Cp. note on *L'Allegro* 80.

1. 344. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 185.

1. 345. The stops are the holes in an oaten pipe. So Hamlet says of the 'ventages,' the holes of the recorder, or pipe, 'Look you, these are the stops' (iii. 2).

1. 349. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, vii. 455. *Innumeros* is the Latin *innumerus*, unnumbered, innumerable.

1. 352. *bur* is the prickly head of the burdock; the word also denotes the seed-vessel of goose-grass, or any other prickly seed-vessel which is apt to attach itself to the dress of a passer-by. So Celia says, 'They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them' (*As You Like It*, i. 3). The derivation is unknown, but there is probably a connexion of some kind with modern Danish and Swedish *borre*, burdock.

1. 355. *fraught*, freighted. So *fraught* is used as a noun for 'freight,' 'burden,' in *Othello*, iii. 3,

'Swell, bosom, with thy fraught.'

Milton (*Apology for Smectymnuus*) speaks of his own early rising, 'to

read good authors, or to cause them to be read, till the attention be weary or memory have its full fraught.' (Germ. *fracht*, Fr. *fret*.)

l. 359. *exquisite*, curious, sought out (Lat. *exquisitus*). Here, however, it is used for seeking out, inquisitive. The same use of a passive word in an active sense occurs in *Paradise Lost*, i. 603, 'considerate.'

l. 360. *to cast*; here in sense of predicting, 'to cast a nativity.'

l. 366. *to seek*, at a loss. Cp. Crashaw, in his poem on the Nativity:
'No, no; your king's not yet to seek
Where to repose his royal head.'

l. 367. *unprincipl'd*, ignorant of the principia, the beginnings of Virtue's lore. Cp. *Samson Agonistes* 760. 'So unprincipled in virtue' occurs in Milton's *Tractate on Education*.

l. 373. Cp. *Faery Queene*, i. 1. 12. Ben Jonson, in his mask, *Pleasure Reconci'd to Virtue*, sings of Virtue,

'She, she it is in darkness shines,

'Tis she that still herself refines

By her own light, to every eye.'

l. 375. *flat sea*. Cp. *Lycidas* 98.

l. 376. *To seek to* is a common construction in our authorised translation. Deut. xii. 5; Isaiah xi. 10.

l. 377. In Sidney's *Arcadia*, Solitude is the nurse of Contemplation.

l. 378. Cp. *Faery Queene*, ii. 3. 36. *To plume*, said of a bird, means to smooth and arrange the feathers, picking out those that are damaged. In the same sense Chaucer and Gower use *prune* (also *proine*), which now signifies the cutting away superfluous shoots of trees; the modern *prune* appears to be a variant of the same word.

l. 380. *all to-ruffl'd*. There is no hyphen ed. 1645 (nor in *Judges* ix. 53). Richardson gives 'all-to' = entirely: but the 'to' augments the force of the verb (= Germ. *zer*), and is much used in Chaucer: e.g.

'The pot to-breaketh, and farewell, all is go.'

Prologue to *Chanon Yeoman's Tale*.

l. 382. *the centre*, sc. of the earth, by an ellipse common in older writers. So Polonius (*Hamlet*, ii. 2) boasts that he would find truth 'though it were hid indeed within the centre.'

l. 385. Cp. *Samson Agonistes* 156.

l. 386. *affects*, is inclined to, prefers. In this sense the word is generally used by Shakespeare (*Lear*, i. 1, Kent's first speech; *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5, Malvolio's first speech.)

l. 387. Cp. *Il Penseroso* 169.

l. 388. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 46.

l. 393. The Hesperian apples were those presented by Ge to Hera at her wedding with Zeus. Hera committed them to the charge of the nymphs, the Hesperides, and the dragon Ladon. To obtain this fruit was one of the labours of Hercules. (Cp. *Faery Queene*, ii. 7. 54.)

l. 395. *unenchantèd*, not to be enchanted, as 'unfellowed,' that cannot be fellowed (Hamlet, v. 2), and 'unparalleled.' Cp. note on L'Allegro 40.

l. 398. *unsunn'd*, kept in the dark. Mammon is said to sun his gold when he counts it. (Faery Queene. ii. 8. 4.)

l. 401. *wink on* is used by Shakespeare as = 'give a signal to a confederate,' or 'shut the eye,' 'refuse to see.' Either sense will fit here. The whole passage is enlarged from Rosalind's single line,

'Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.'

(As You Like It. i. 3.)

l. 404. *It recks me not*, I take no account. The verb *reck* is in later English only used as personal, = 'to care for, heed.'

l. 405. *To dog*, to follow like a dog.

'Death and danger dog the heels of worth.'

(All's Well that Ends Well, iii. 4.)

l. 408. *infer*, argue in favour of.

'That need must needs infer this principle.'

(King John, iii. 1.)

'Infer the bastardy of Edward's children.'

(Richard III, iii. 5.)

l. 413. Spenser makes Suspicion always look 'ascaunce' (Faery Queene, iii. 12. 15) or askint. See Glossary to Book ii.

l. 421. *cóplete steel* is thus accented in Hamlet, i. 1.

l. 422. Thyer notices the resemblance of this description to Spenser's Belphoebe.

l. 423. *to trace*, to track. See Glossary to Faery Queene, Bk. i.

Oberon would breed his changeling henchman to trace the forests wild. (Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1). Cp.

'Your tender lambs that by you trace.'

(Shepherd's Calendar, June.)

unbarbour'd, unsheltered.

l. 424. *Infamous*, ill spoken of. Horace applies the word to the Acroceraunian promontory on the coast of Epirus, dangerous to ships. *Perilous* is dissyllabic; the form *parlous* is frequent in Shakespeare, e. g. Richard III, iii. 1, 'O 'tis a parlous boy!'

l. 430. *unblench't*. To *blench* is to cause to flinch or swerve, to cause to turn away the eyes through fear. The intransitive use, = to flinch, swerve, start aside, is more common; compare, e. g. Measure for Measure, iv. 5,

'Though sometimes you do blench from this to that.'

l. 434. 'Ghost unlaid forbear thee!' sings Guiderius over Imogen (Cymbeline, iv. 2). The foul fiend Flibbertigibbet 'begins at curfew and walks till the first cock.' (Lear, iii. 4.) In the Tempest, (v. 1) the

elves rejoice to hear 'the solemn curfew.' The old custom of ringing curfew at eight o'clock every night is still observed in some parts of England, as at Canterbury.

1. 439. The previous instances had been from mediæval legend.

1. 441. In one of Lucian's dialogues, Cupid expresses his fear of Minerva and the Gorgon on her breast, and adds that Diana was so swift in the chase that he could not overtake her.

1. 445. Cp. Oberon's speech (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 2) beginning, 'My gentle Puck, come hither.'

1. 451. *dasht*, confounded, cast down.

'This hath a little dash'd your spirits.' (*Othello*, iii. 3.)

'To dash it like a Christmas comedy.'

(*Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2.)

1. 453. Spenser (*Faery Queene*, iii. 8. 29) speaks of Heaven's

'Voluntary grace,

And sovaine labour towards chastity.'

1. 455. *lackey*, accompany as a servant. The discourteous Knight (*Faery Queene*, vi. 2. 15) drives a lady on foot,

'Unfit to tread

And lackey by him, 'gainst all womanhead.'

1. 457. 'Visions are a clearer revelation of God than dreams' is the Rabbinical opinion quoted in Bacon's *Essay on Youth and Age*. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, xii. 611.

1. 459. *oft*, used as an adj. = frequent, as 'thine often infirmities' (1 *Tim.* v. 23).

1. 460. This opinion Plato expounded in a passage of the *Phædo*. Spenser, in his *Hymn of Beauty*, maintains that

'Of the soul the bodie form doth take;

For soul is form, and doth the body make.

1. 478. Cp.

'As sweet and musical,

As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair.'

(*Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3.)

1. 483. *night-founder'd*. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, i. 204; whereon see note.

1. 495. *buddling*. Cp.

'Et properantes aquae per amoenos ambitus agros.'

(Horace, *De Arte Poetica*, 17.)

Both Lawes and the elder Milton composed madrigals.

1. 508. *bow chance*, how happens it that—a frequent phrase in Shakespeare.

1. 509. *sadly*, seriously. 'The conference was sadly borne' (*Much Ado about Nothing*, ii. 3); 'Sadly tell me who' (*Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1). See Glossary to *Faery Queene*, Bk. i.

1. 515. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 19; *L'Allegro* 17; *Il Penseroso* 117.

l. 517. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, ii. 628. The Chimæra, a monster with a lion's head, a goat's body, and a dragon's tail, is placed by Virgil (with the Hydra, the Centaurs, &c.) at the gates of Hell. (*Æneid*, vi. 288.)

l. 518. *rifled*, riven, cleft. Cp.

‘Rifled Jove’s stout oak

With his own bolt.’ (*Tempest*, v. 1.)

l. 520. *navel*, for centre. So Delphi was called the navel of the earth.

l. 526. Tasso’s enchanter murmurs at his spells. Cp. *Arcades* 60, note.

l. 530. *character’d*. Julia (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 7) speaks of the table

‘Wherein all my thoughts,

Are visibly character’d and engrav’d.’

The word is similarly accented in Polonius’ advice to Laertes (*Hamlet*, i. 3), but generally in Shakespeare has the modern pronunciation. Yet Wotton, writing at least ten years after Shakespeare’s death, speaks of *character* as ‘a word which hath gotten already some entertainment among us.’ (Quoted by Marsh.)

l. 531. *croft*, ‘a small home-close in a farm’ (Nares); ‘an enclosure adjoining a house;’ A.S. *croft* (Wedgwood). Keightley gives the meaning as a small enclosed field near a town or village, and adds that its use here is not strictly correct.

l. 534. *stabl’d wolves*. Cp. ‘triste lupus stabulis.’ Virgil, *Eclogue* iii. 80.

l. 541. Cp. *Faery Queene*, i. 1. 23.

l. 542. *dew-besprent*, besprinkled with dew. ‘Besprent’ is Spenserian.

l. 547. Cp. Virgil, *Eclogue* i. 2; *Lycidas* 66.

l. 548. *close*, final cadence of a piece of music. Cp.

‘The setting sun, and music at the close,

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last.’

(*Richard II*, ii. 1.)

l. 551. So *Macbeth* (ii. 2) stands ‘listening the fear’ of Duncan’s grooms.

l. 555. Cp. opening lines of *Twelfth Night*. Bacon (*Essay on Gardens*) had compared the scent of flowers in the air to the ‘warbling of music.’ The nightingale is called ‘solemn’ in *Paradise Lost*, iv. 648, and vii. 435.

l. 557. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 604.

l. 558. *took*. Cp. note on *Vacation Exercise* 20.

l. 560. Prospero, enjoining silence while the mystic masque proceeds, says, ‘No tongues; all eyes; be silent’ (*Tempest*, iv. 1.) Drummond, in his *Sonnet to the Nightingale* speaks of her

‘Sad lamenting strains that Night attends

Become all ear.’

still, for ‘always’; frequent in Shakespeare, as in *Florizel’s* speech beginning

'What you do

Still betters what is done.' (Winter's Tale, iv. 2.)

1. 561. An allusion is here supposed to an illustration of the old ed. of Quarles' Emblems, the picture of an infant within the ribs of a skeleton, with the motto Rom. vii. 24.

1. 565. To *barrow* is to 'subdue,' as in the old miracle-play entitled the Harrowing of Hell. Horatio says of the Ghost (Hamlet, i. 1),

'It harrows me with fear and wonder.'

For another interpretation see Glossary to Faery Queene, ii. *Harrow*.

1. 590. *entbrall'd*, enslaved; from *ibrall*, a slave (frequent in Spenser).

1. 603. *grisly*, horrible. See *Agrise* in Glossary to Faery Queene, Bk. ii. *legions* is here trisyllabic.

1. 604. 'All hell run out and sooty flags display'

is a line in Phineas Fletcher's Locusts (1627).

1. 607. *Purchase*, what is stolen (from Fr. *pourchasser*). The word is thus used in 1 Henry IV, ii. 1, but generally in the modern sense by Shakespeare. The former meaning is given in Henry V, iii. 2. 'Steal anything and call it purchase.' So Spenser, Faery Queene, i. 3. 16. Cp. Paradise Lost, x. 579.

1. 620. To *see to* is an old phrase = 'to behold.'

1. 621. *virtuous*, of magic virtue. Il Penseroso 113.

1. 635. Cade tells his followers to 'spare none but such as go in clouted shoon' (2 Henry VI, iv. 2); *clouted* = patched.

1. 637. In Browne's Inner Temple Mask, Circe uses 'moly' for a charm. But Milton here follows Homer (Odyssey, x. 305) and Ovid (Met. xiv. 292) in representing it as the gift of Hermes to Ulysses, by which the latter escaped the charms of Circe.

1. 638. *hæmony*. This plant seems of Milton's own creation. He probably derived its name from *Hemonia*, Thessaly, the land of magic.

1. 640. Cp. 'Like a mildew'd ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother.' (Hamlet, iii. 4.)

1. 651. Thus Ulysses attacks Circe with a drawn sword, and Guyon breaks the goblet of Acrasia (Faery Queene, ii. 12. 57).

1. 655. Cp. Æneid, viii. 252.

1. 660. Cp. 'monumental alabaster.' (Othello, v. 2.) 'Alablaster' is the old (but incorrect) form, Faery Queene, ii. 9. 44. Cp. note on Paradise Regained, iv. 548.

1. 661. Mark the inverted construction here—'Or root bound, turned to a laurel, as was Daphne, who fled from Apollo.'

1. 669. Cp. the line in Tennyson's Locksley Hall,

'In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.'

1. 675. Cp. Odyssey, iv. 221. Nepenthes was the care-dispelling drug that Helen (daughter of Jupiter by Leda) infused into the wine of her

husband Menelaus. It had been given her by Polydamna, wife of Thone. Its effects are commemorated by Spenser (Faery Queene, iv. 3. 43). With him it is the cup of eternal happiness reserved for the sober and sage, not (as in Homer) of mere indifference to suffering, even to that of the nearest and dearest to the drinker.

1. 679. Cp. Shakespeare, Sonnet i.

‘Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self so cruel.’

1. 680. *dainty limbs*, a phrase frequent in Spenser. Cp. Shakespeare, Sonnet iv.

‘Nature’s bequest gives nothing, but doth lend.’

1. 700. *lickerish*, dainty, attractive to the taste.

Cp. ‘Ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind.’

(Timon of Athens, iv. 3.)

1. 702. ‘The gift of a bad man profiteth not’ is the sentiment of Medea in Euripides (Medea 618). Cp. Paradise Regained, ii. 391.

1. 707. Warton says that ‘*budge* means “fur” (a kind of miniver). The passage is tautological.’ Wedgwood gives ‘the dressed fur of lambs’ as the meaning of the word. But Todd adduces instances from Ellwood’s Life to shew that *budge* meant ‘surly.’ Landor remarks, ‘It is the first time that Cynic or Stoic ever put on fur.’

1. 708. The *tub* of Diogenes the *Cynic*.

1. 719. *butch’t*, shut in. The word is still used in ‘rabbit-hutch,’ and a ship’s ‘hatches.’ Fr. *buche*, chest, bin. (Wedgwood.)

1. 729. *strangle* is used in Shakespeare to denote suffocation. When hanging is meant, ‘with a cord,’ or some similar phrase, is added. Desdemona is strangled; Juliet fears to be strangled (stified) in the vault.

1. 737. *coy*, Fr. *coi*, Ital. *cbeto*, Sp. *quedo*, Lat. *quietus* (Wedgwood). Drayton uses it for ‘rare,’ ‘curious’; Shakespeare for ‘shy’ (Much Ado about Nothing, iii. 1), or for ‘reserved,’ ‘averse’ (Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1; Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 1). The latter is its meaning here. Elsewhere in Milton it means ‘modest’ (Lycidas 18; Paradise Lost, iv. 310).

1. 743. Cp. Theseus’ speech to Hermia (Midsummer Night’s Dream, i. 1) and Herrick’s

‘Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,’

as far as the general statement, and harmless part of the argument. The temptation lurking beneath is more amply, and more beautifully set forth in the song of Acrasia’s bower (Faery Queene, ii. 12. 74). See note on Paradise Lost, i. 178.

1. 750. *grain*, here for ‘colour.’ See note on Il Penseroso 33. In a sonnet, Drummond speaks of

‘Cheekes with Tyrian grain enrolled.’

1. 753. ‘Love-darting eyen’ is a phrase of Sylvester’s. Spenser (Hymn to Beauty) speaks of the ‘little fierie lances’ darted from the eyes of Beauty. ‘Fair-tressed’ is the Homeric epithet for the Dawn (Odyssey, v. 390).

1. 756. Cp. Tennyson :

‘She lock’d her lips, she left me where I stood.’

(Dream of Fair Women.)

1. 759. *prank’t*, for ‘decked.’ Perdita (Winter’s Tale, iv. 3) complains that she is ‘goddess-like prank’t up.’ See Glossary to Faery Queene, Bk. i. Cp. Paradise Lost, ii. 226.

1. 760. To *bolt* is to separate flour from bran, and is metaphorically applied to discussion. Menenius says of Coriolanus (iii. 1) that he is

‘Ill school’d

In boulded language; meal and bran together

He throws without distinction.’

In North’s Lives, i. 50, there is an account of those meetings for private discussion of law cases, called ‘mootings’ and ‘boultings.’ See Glossary to Faery Queene, ii. *Boult*.

1. 767. Cp. Il Penseroso 46.

1. 768. Cp. Lear, iv. 1, Gloster’s last speech but one.

1. 785. Milton expounds his sense of the ‘high mysteries’ of Chastity in his Apology for Smectymnus.

1. 791. *fence*, art of defence. Cp. ‘St. George . . . teach us some fence!’ (King John, ii. 1.)

1. 797. Horace’s ‘bruta Tellus’ is here translated (Odes, i. 34. 9).

1. 804. By Saturn is here meant Cronos, and by his crew, the Titans, whom Zeus subdued and imprisoned below Tartarus.

1. 816. Thus in Ovid (Met. xiv. 305) the companions of Ulysses are restored to their human shape by Circe, with a stroke of her ‘rod revers’t’ and spells said backwards.

1. 823. *sootbest*, truest. ‘Sooth’ is used by Shakespeare both as noun and adjective.

1. 824. Sabrina’s legend had been told by the poets Sackville, Drayton, and Spenser (Faery Queene, ii. 10. 19). Milton afterwards gave a prose version of it in his History of England.

There is not only a general resemblance between this part of Comus and Fletcher’s Faithful Shepherdess, but some epithets and lighter touches are common to both poems.

1. 838. *asphodel*, a plant which grew in Elysium, in the meadow haunted by the ghosts of heroes (Odyssey, xi. 539).

1. 839. Cp. ‘In the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment.’ (Hamlet, i. 5.)

l. 868 et sqq. The epithets of *Oceanus* and *Neptune* are those assigned to them by Hesiod and Homer. *Tethys* is the wife of *Oceanus*, and the mother of the gods. *Nereus* is called 'aged' at l. 835. (Virgil's epithet is 'grandaevus.') *Proteus* had a cave at *Carpathus*, an island of the Mediterranean. He was a prophet, and *Neptune's* shepherd, therefore bearing a *book* or crook (*Georgics*, iv. 395). *Triton* is described by Pliny as scaly, and his horn is mentioned in Ovid (*Metamorphoses*, i. 333). Wordsworth would 'hear old *Triton* blow his wreathed horn.' Aristotle writes that *Glaucus*, the sea-deity, prophesied to the Gods. Ino, flying from the rage of her husband *Athamas*, threw herself (with her son *Melicerta* in her arms) into the sea. *Neptune*, at the prayer of *Venus*, made them sea-deities, giving her the name of *Leucothea* (the white goddess), and him that of *Palaemon*. He was called by the Romans, *Portumnus*, the ruler of the ports. (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iv. 541; *Fasti*, vi. 545.)

l. 877. *tinsel-slipper'd*, one of the Miltonic epithets that Trench calls 'poems in miniature.' *Tinsel* is derived from Fr. *étincelle* (Lat. *scintillula*), and brings before us 'the quick glitter and sparkle of the waves in the light of the sun or moon.' So Herrick writes of 'moonlight tinselling the streams.' The Homeric epithet for *Thetis* is 'silver-footed.' Keightley thinks that *tinsel* was 'a silver texture less stout and dense than cloth of silver.'

l. 879. *Parthenope* and *Ligea* were Sirens. *Ligea* is the name of a sea-nymph in Virgil (*Georgics*, iv. 336). *Parthenope* was buried at Naples, which is called by her name in Virgil and Ovid. In his lines to *Leonora*, Milton asks Naples why it boasts the tomb of the dead Siren, when she is living and singing at Rome.

l. 880. The comb belongs to the mermaids of Northern, not to the Sirens of Greek mythology. (Keightley.)

l. 893. *azurn* is perhaps from Ital. *azzurino*, as *cedarn* (l. 990) from *cedrino*. This conjecture seems probable as the words are only found in Milton. But the old Engl. adjectival termination was *n* as in *golden*, *leatbern*.

l. 897. Cp. 'Ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune.' (*Tempest*, v. 1.)

l. 898. Under *Venus*, in Shakespeare's poem,
'The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light.

l. 915. Cp. 'Diana's lip is not more smooth and rubious.
(*Twelfth Night*, i. 4.)

l. 939. So the Palmer exhorts Guyon quickly to depart from the bower of *Acrasia*. Faery Queene, ii. 12. 87.

l. 960. Awkward courtesy is implied by 'duck and nod, and more graceful movements by 'mincing.'

l. 972. *assay*, trial. See Glossary to Faery Queene, Bks. i and ii.

l. 982. Milton at first made them the daughters of Atlas, as Spenser does (Faery Queene, ii. 7. 54). Cp. notes thereon. Apollonius Rhodius (an author read with his scholars by Milton) celebrates their skill in singing. Ovid (Metamorphoses, iv. 637) is the only writer who says that the *trees* in the garden of the Hesperides were of gold.

l. 984. *crisped*, 'rippled' by the wind. Cp. 'the crisped yew' (Herrick), 'crisp channels' (Tempest, iv. 1). See Glossary to Faery Queene, Bk. ii.

l. 993. *blow* is here used actively = make the flowers blow. Jonson has this use of it in his Mask of Highgate.

l. 995. *purfl'd*, fringed, embroidered (Fr. *pourfiler*, to work on the edge). Cp. 'his sleeves purfled atte honde' (Canterbury Tales 193). Cp. Glossary to Faery Queene, Bk. ii.

l. 1002. Venus was worshipped by the Assyrians under the names of Astarte and Ashtoreth.

l. 1003. See note on Fair Infant 48.

l. 1010. Cp. Faery Queene, iii. 6. 48-50, wherein Spenser treats the legend of Cupid and Psyche. Pleasure is their child. In the Apology for Smectymnuus, Milton speaks of that 'Love which is truly so, whose charming cup is only virtue, which she bears in her hand to those who are worthy; (the rest are cheated with a thick intoxicating poison, which a certain sorceress, the abuser of Love's name, carries about; and how the first and chiefest office of Love begins and ends in the Soul, producing those happy twins of her divine generation, Knowledge and Virtue.' We may observe that Milton, eight years after Comus, changed the names of the twins in l. 1011.

l. 1017. *corner*, horn (Lat. *cornu*). Cp.

'Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vaporous drop profound.'

(Macbeth, iii. 5.)

l. 1021. *sphery chime*, the music of the spheres. Herrick thus invokes Music,

'Fall down from those thy chiming spheres
To charm our souls.'

Lycidas.

The title was added in ed. 1645.

a *learned friend*. Edward King was the son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland to Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I. He was admitted to Christ's College, June 9, 1626, under Chappell, Milton's

tutor. By a royal mandate of June 10, 1630, he was made Fellow. 'It was rather hard for Milton, now in his twenty-third year, to see a youth of eighteen seated above him at the Fellows' table' On August 10, 1637, King was drowned on his passage from Chester to Ireland. Those who escaped the wreck told the story of his end, how he knelt in prayer on the sinking deck, and so went down. A volume of verses was dedicated to the memory of King by his Cambridge friends: Milton's contribution, written in November, 1637, was Lycidas, signed with his initials only. The verses were published in 1638.

l. 1. *Yet once more.* Milton had been compelled to forego the resolution to wait till time should ripen his powers and enable him to enter on that great poetic work which he thought himself destined to achieve, 'though of highest hope and hardest attempting.' Such appears to be the bearing of this opening passage, though some critics have supposed that it refers to his earlier elegies, or is merely a formula (as with Spenser in the beginning of the Faery Queene) in imitation of Virgil's 'Ille ego qui quondam,' &c. Allusion has been supposed to be made to King's poetry, beauty, and learning, by the laurel, myrtle, and ivy, the two former being dedicated to Apollo and Venus, and the third being the 'reward of learned brows.' (Horace, Odes, i. 1. 29.)

l. 2. Landor remarks: 'Warton is less judicious than usual in censuring the "mellowing year" as affecting the leaves of the "ivy never-sere." The ivy sheds its leaves in the proper season, though not all of them, and several hang on the stem longer than a year.' *Sere* = dry. (Macbeth, v. 3.)

l. 6. *constraint*, compulsion. 'Love's own sweet constraint.' (All's Well that Ends Well, iv. 2.)

l. 9. The repetition resembles that in Spenser's Faery Queene, iii. 6. 45, and in his Astrophel (Elegy on Sir Philip Sydney):

'Young Astrophel, the pride of shepherds' praise
Young Astrophel, the rustic lasses' love.'

l. 10. Like Virgil's 'neget quis carmina Gallo?' (Eclogue x. 3.)

l. 11. Horace has 'seu conditis amabile carmen.' (Epist. i. 3. 24.) Spenser, in the close of his Epithalamion speaks of it as 'an endless monument,' as Ovid had said of his Metamorphoses. Cp. ἀοιδὰς ἐπύργωσε, Euripides, Supplices 998.

l. 14. Cp. Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester 55.

l. 15. In Spenser's Tears of the Muses, those divinities are addressed as they sit

'Beside the silver springs of Helicon.'

But here the allusion is to Pieria, the spring near Mount Olympus.

l. 19. *Muse*; here used for the poet inspired by her.

1. 22. As *shroud* is Milton's word for 'recess,' 'hiding-place' (Comus 147; cp. Faery Queene, i. i. 6), it is thought to be here equivalent to 'grave.' The passage may owe something to Horace (Odes, i. xxviii.).

1. 23. 'The hill is, of course, Cambridge; the joint feeding of the flocks is companionship in study; the rural ditties on the oaten flute are academic iambs and elegiacs; and old Damœtas is either Chappell, whom Milton has long forgiven [the rustication affair], or some more kindly fellow of Christ's.' (Masson.)

1. 25. Cp. L'Allegro 41-43.

1. 26. 'The eyelids of the morning' is the marginal reading of Job iii. 9. Henry More and Sylvester used the same phrase, which occurs also in Sophocles (Antigone 103). Cp. Comus 978; Sonnet ii. 5; Il Penseroso 141.

1. 27. The gray-fly is also called the trumpet-fly, and its 'sultry horn' is its hum heard in the noon-tide heat.

1. 29. *batten*, feed or fatten. (Hamlet, iii. 4.) It is used as late as Pope's time. Wedgwood connects the word with *better*. Dutch *bat*, *bet*, better, more, Icel. *batna*, to get better, to be convalescent.

1. 30. *the star*; any star that did so. 'The evening star appears, not rises, and it is never anywhere but *on* Heaven's descent.' (Keightley.) Milton's MS. has, as his first draft,

'Oft till the even-star bright.'

1. 33. *Temper'd*, modulated, as in Paradise Lost, vii. 598. The 'oaten pipe' is the 'tenuis avena' of Virgil, and the phrase is often used by Spenser. So in Shakespeare,

'When shepherds pipe on oaten straws.'

(Song at end of Love's Labour's Lost.)

1. 39. Resembling the opening lines of Spenser's Colin Clout's Come Home Again, Cp. Ovid, Metamorphoses, xi. 44, &c.

1. 40. *gadding*, straying, 'erratic,' as Cicero calls it in De Senectute.

'Curl me about, ye gadding vines'

is a line in Marvell's Appleton House. See Glossary to Spenser, Bk. ii. *Yeed*.

1. 41. 'And all the woods shall answer and their echoes ring.'

(Spenser, Epithalamion, the burden line.)

1. 45. *canker*; for 'cankerworm,' as

'Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?'

(1 Henry VI, ii. 4.)

1. 46. A small red spider called 'taint' is 'by the country people accounted a deadly poison to cows and horses.' (Sir Thomas Browne, quoted by Warton.)

1. 52. 'The *steep* is perhaps Penmaenmawr, overhanging the sea opposite Anglesea.' (Keightley.)

1. 53. Keightley remarks that Milton here imitates Theocritus (i. 66) much more felicitously than Virgil had done (Eclogue x. 9), for the places named are all near that where King was lost. Drayton (Polyolbion ix.) personifies Mona as boasting of the ancient worship of the Druids there celebrated, and commemorating their doctrines of the immortality and transmigration of the soul.

1. 55. Cp. Vacation Exercise 98.

1. 58. Cp. Paradise Lost, vii. 37.

the Muse herself, Calliope.

‘What could the golden-haired Calliope?’ (Milton’s MS.)

1. 61. *roul*. See note on Paradise Lost, i. 747.

1. 66. *Meditate*, practise, as ‘*meditamus*’ in Virgil (Eclogue i. 2). Cp. Comus 547.

1. 70. *clear*, here = ‘illustrious,’ ‘noble’ (*clarus*), as Arragon says, ‘clear honour’ (Merchant of Venice, ii. 9). Spenser (Tears of the Muses) has

‘Due praise, that is the spur of doing well.’

1. 71. This line has been traced to Tacitus (Hist. iv. 5), ‘*etiam sapientibus cupido gloriae novissima exiit*.’

1. 72. ‘Not to wait for glory when one has done well, *that* is above all glory.’ (Milton, Academical Exercise, vii.)

1. 75. Milton, enraged against Atropos, calls her a Fury. So in Tennyson’s In Memoriam xlix. the poet, in despairing mood, sees

‘Life, a Fury slinging flame.’

1. 77. Cp. Virgil, Eclogue vi. 3.

1. 81. Cp. Comus 213; Paradise Regained, iii. 60; Habak. i. 13.

1. 85. See note on Arcades 30. Arethusa and Mincius are here named in allusion to Theocritus, the Sicilian poet, and to Virgil, born near the Mincius.

1. 90. *In Neptune’s plea*. Keightley explains this ‘deputed by Neptune to hold a judicial inquiry. We have the Pleas of the Crown and the Court of Common Pleas.’ *Plea* comes from *placita* (*placere*), the judgments delivered at the *pleasure* of the court.

1. 91. *felon*, cruel, wicked, from Old French *felon*, originally the accusative form of *fel* (= Italian *fello*), whence the English *fell*, cruel, deadly. Cp. Romaunt of the Rose, 3250–1,

‘For Daunger, that is so feloun,

‘Felly purposith thee to werye.’

The substantive *felon* in English law is a special use of the same word. Possibly it is of Germanic origin: cp. A.S. *wæl-fel*, cruel in slaughter.

1. 94. Marvell has

‘Theirs are not ships but rather arks of war
And beaked promontories sailed from far.’

l. 96. *Hippotades*; Eolus, son of Hippotes. (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xiv. 229.)

l. 99. Panope's sisters are the Nereids, among whom Panope is named by Spenser (*Faery Queene*, iv. 11. 49).

l. 101. Among the ingredients of the witches' caldron, *Macbeth*, iv. 1, are

‘Slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse.’

l. 103. ‘A damsel spyde slow-footing her before.’

(*Faery Queene*, i. 3. 10.)

l. 105. *figures dim*; alluding to the fabulous traditions of the high antiquity of Cambridge.

l. 106. A commentator remarks, ‘On sedge leaves when dried, or even when beginning to wither, there are not only certain indistinct or dusky streaks, but also a variety of dotted marks on the edge “scrawled over” (as Milton first wrote) which withers before the rest of the flag.’ *That sanguine flower* is the hyacinth. Cp. note on *Fair Infant* 25.

l. 107. *pledge*, child; as *pignus* is used in Latin. Cp. *Solemn Music* I.

l. 111. *amain*, with force; from A S. *magen*, strength. (Skeat.)

l. 114. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 193, and *Sonnet* xiii. 14. John x. 1.

l. 122. *are sped*, are provided for. So says Mercutio, sardonically, when he has received his death wound, ‘I am sped’ (*Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 1), and Petruchio in mockery (*Taming of the Shrew*, v. 2),

‘We three are married, but you two are sped.’

l. 123. *flashy*. Bacon says of distilled books that they are mostly ‘like common distilled waters, flashy things.’

l. 124. Cp. Virgil, *Eclogue* iii. 27. *Scrannel* is thin, meagre; used here contemptuously for Virgil's ‘*tenuis avena*.’ No other instance has been produced of it. The line, in its harshness, imitates the shrill, discordant notes of the false shepherds.

l. 128. Milton has here copied the sentiments of Piers in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* (May), which he has quoted in the *Animadversions* on the Remonstrants' Defence against Smectymnuus (1641).

The *wolf* may allude to the legendary origin of Rome.

l. 130. A double reference has been supposed to the axe of the Gospel (Matt. iii. 10, and Luke iii. 9) and to the axe of the headsman. But perhaps Land's execution gave this after-significance. Another interpretation is that the *engine* is the sword of Michael (*Paradise Lost*, vi. 251) which is to smite off the head of Satan. Mr. Masson is inclined to see in this passage a reference to the coming Parliament, the two Houses that must deliver England from the episcopal tyranny.

l. 132. See note on *Arcades* 30.

l. 136. *use*, here = frequent, inhabit. 'Where never foot did use.'
(Faery Queene, vi. Introd. 2.)

l. 138. *swart star*; either from its heat causing plants to become swart, or black, or in the meaning of black, injurious, like 'sol niger' (Horace, Satires, i. 9. 73).

sparely = rarely. (Keightley.)

l. 141. Some of the flowers named belong to the summer or autumn.
(Keightley.)

l. 142. *ratbe*, the old word for 'early,' whence *rather*, earlier, sooner.

forsaken, here = 'unwedded,' which was the word Milton first wrote.
(Winter's Tale, iv. 3.)

l. 143. The passage is imitated from Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar (April). Keightley remarks, 'the crow-foot grows singly; but, as it divides into several parts, Milton was justified in his epithet.'

l. 148. 'In Milton it happens, I think, generally, and in the case before us most certainly, that the imagination is mixed and broken with fancy, and so the strength of the imagery is part of iron and part of clay.

"Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies, (Imagination),

The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine, (Nugatory),

The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet, (Fancy),

The glowing violet, (Imagination),

The musk-rose, and the well attir'd woodbine, (Fancy, vulgar),

With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head, (Imagination),

And every flow'r that sad embroidery wears:" (Mixed).

In Perdita's lines (Winter's Tale, iv. 3) the imagination goes into the very inmost soul of every flower, after having touched them all at first with that heavenly timidity, the shadow of Proserpine's, and gilded them with celestial gathering; and never stops on their spots or their bodily shapes, while Milton sticks in the stains upon them, and puts us off with that unhappy freak of jet in the very flower that without this paper-staining would have been the most precious to us of all. "There is pansies, that's for thoughts." (Ruskin, Mod. Painters, Part iii. 2. 3.)

l. 157. Milton first wrote 'humming tide.' Cp. Pericles (iii. 1),

'And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse.'

l. 158. *monstrous world*, world of monsters. Cp. Horace, Odes, i. 3. 18; Æneid, vi. 729.

l. 160. *Bellerus*; coined by Milton from 'Bellerium.' He had previously written 'Corineus,' a Trojan, said to have come into Britain with Brute and to have been made lord of Cornwall. In the History of England Milton recites a 'grand fable' concerning his wrestling-match with a giant, whom he overcame and hurled into the sea.

l. 161. The vision here is that of the Archangel Michael, who is related to have appeared on the Mount, subsequently named after him,

seated on a crag, looking seaward. A monastery was founded on the spot, and the so-called 'chair' is a fragment of the lantern of that building. To scramble round the pinnacle on which it is placed is a dangerous exploit, and is traditionally rewarded with marital supremacy. Milton supposes the Archangel still seated (as in the vision) looking to Namancos near Cape Finisterre, marked in Mercator's Atlas of 1623 and 1636 in the map of Galicia, where the Castle of Bayona is also conspicuous.

l. 163. The Angel here is the 'great vision' of the previous verse. Some have supposed that Lycidas himself is addressed as 'angel now,' but this interpretation ignores the evident contrast of the usual looking to 'Namancos hold,' with the 'homeward' glance at the body of the 'hapless youth.'

l. 164. *dolphins*. The allusion is to Arion and to the dolphins
'which him bore,

Through the Ægean seas from pirates' view.'

(Faery Queene, iv. 11. 23.)

l. 165. This transition is imitated from the Shepherd's Calendar (November). Keightley thus accentuates—

'Weep nó more, woful shepherds, weep no móre,'

as also the

'Sigh nó more, ladies, sigh no móre,

of Shakespeare, and supports his view by quoting from classic and from English, German, and Italian writers, instances of repeated phrase with varied accent.

l. 166. *your sorrow*, i. e. the object of it, like 'my love.'

l. 174. *other*, than those of earth. So 'another country,' Comus 633.

l. 175. Cp. Comus 838.

l. 181. Isaiah xxv. 8; Rev. vii. 17.

l. 183. In the first eclogue of Sannazarius occurs a passage in which a drowned friend is adjured, whether inhabiting the air or the Elysian fields, to look on the affliction of the survivors. It concludes thus:

'numen aquarum

Semper eris, semper laetum piscantibus omen.'

l. 184. Cp. Virgil, Eclogue v. 64.

l. 186. *uncouth*, unknown; as in the proverb 'uncouth, unkist,' cited in the Preface to the Shepherd's Calendar. Milton thus speaks in implied contrast with the future fame of which he justly felt assured.

l. 188. The *stop* is the hole of a flute or pipe. The word is thus used twice in Hamlet, iii. 2. *Quill* (Lat. *calamus*) is a Spenserian word (Shepherd's Calendar, June, 67) for the shepherd's pipe.

l. 189. *Doric lay*. Theocritus and Moschus respectively wrote a

bucolic on the deaths of Daphnis and Bion. Both poets were natives of Syracuse, a Dorian colony.

l. 192. 'Twas Presbyterian true blue.' (Hudibras.)

l. 193. 'To-morrow shall ye feast in pastures new.'

(Fletcher's Purple Island, vi. stanza 77.)

Sonnet III.

After the battle of Edgehill (Oct. 23, 1642) attempts were made by the Parliament to negotiate with the King, who continued to advance on London. A messenger had been despatched to treat for an armistice, when Charles attempted to surprise a detachment of Parliamentary troops at Brentford. They were quickly reinforced: and though the king succeeded in occupying Brentford, his progress towards London was effectually barred.

l. 1. *colonel*. This is the etymological spelling, the word being derived from Ital. *colonna*, a column; but in the sixteenth and seventeenth century it was, both in French and English, often spelt *coronel*; e. g. by Spenser in his State of Ireland. It is here a trisyllable, as in Hudibras,

'And out he rode a colonelling.'

But the modern pronunciation is at least as old as Massinger.

l. 5. *Cbarms*. Lat. *carmina*, magic verses. Cp. Virgil (Eclogue viii. 69). (Keightley.) See also Ovid, Metamorphoses, xiv. 58, and Paradise Lost, ii. 666.

l. 10. The poets give the name of Emathia to the whole of Macedonia. Emathia is properly a province, and the original seat of the Macedonian monarchy. Pliny is the authority for the story thus told by the old commentator on Spenser: 'Alexander destroying Thebes, when he was informed that the famous lyric poet Pindarus was born in that city, commanded straitly that no man should under pain of death do any violence to that house.'

l. 13. *Sad* is an epithet often given to Electra in Euripides, and even put into her own mouth by that dramatist. Keightley says that Sophocles is more properly her poet. The Chorus from the Electra of Euripides (v. 167, &c.), recited by a Phocian minstrel at the banquet of the conquerors of Athens, so wrought upon them that the city was saved from utter destruction—'ruin bare.'

Sonnet IV.

l. 2. Cp. 'Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads.'

(Hamlet, i. 3.)

l. 5. Luke x. 42. Ruth i. 14.

l. 8. Spenser sometimes makes a word rhyme with itself; see *Faery Queene*, i. 1. 39. Keightley observes that it is a fixed principle in Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and even French poetry, that words the same in orthography but differing in sense may rhyme. So Chaucer uses 'seeke,' though in different senses, (*Prologue* 17, 18). *Pity* and *rutb* are combined by Chaucer (e. g. *Cant. Tales* 14608), and in *Faery Queene*, i. 6. 12.

l. 9. Ps. cviii. 1.

l. 11. Rom. v. 5; x. 11.

l. 12. *feastful* occurs in *Samson Agonistes* 1745. The allusion is to the midnight feasts of the Jews before the commencement of marriage, with especial reference to *Matthew* xxv.

Sonnet V.

l. 1. Sir James Ley, an eminent lawyer, was made Earl of Marlborough, Lord High Treasurer, and Lord President of the Council, by James I. The Parliament referred to was dissolved on March 10, 1628-9, by Charles, who went down to the House of Lords for the purpose, and angrily referred to the patriots in the other House as 'some vipers.' On the 2nd, while the Speaker and the Sergeant-at-Arms were forcibly kept in their places, and the King's Messenger with the announcement of dissolution was locked out, the Commons had passed their resolution against the levying or the paying of tonnage and poundage. Dugdale (*Baron.* ii. 497) gives the date of the Earl's death as March 14. Todd says that Margaret was married to Captain Hobson, of the Isle of Wight, and that, in 1643, Milton was their frequent visitor.

l. 8. Isocrates is said to have voluntarily starved himself on hearing the news of the victory of Philip. He died at the age of ninety-eight (B.C. 338.)

Sonnet VI.

Tetrachordon was an exposition of the four chief places in Scripture which treat of divorce. Milton afterwards wished that he had written it in Latin, so as to have avoided the ridicule of those 'who are wont to be ignorant of their own happiness, and to laugh at the woes of others.'

l. 9. Scott (in a note to *Legend of Montrose*) remarks that 'Milton here only intends to ridicule the barbarism of Scotch names in general, and quotes indiscriminately that of Galasp, or Gillespie, one of the apostles of the Covenant, and those of Colkitto and M^cDonnell, both belonging to one person, one of its bitterest enemies.'

l. 12. Sir John Cheke is mentioned by Ascham as one of the 'two worthy stars of Cambridge.' Strype gives an account of his controversy

with Gardiner, bishop of Winchester and Chancellor of the University, as to the right pronunciation of Greek.

worse than toad. Hall, in his Chronicle, writes that divers noble persons hated King Richard 'worse than a toad or serpent.'

Sonnet VII.

1. 5. The story is told by Ovid (*Metamorphoses*, vi. 318-381) of the rustics who refused to the weary Latona permission to drink of a lake, and insulted her and the 'twin-born progeny' she carried. At the prayer of the goddess, they were changed into frogs.

1. 7. *in fee*, in fee simple, full possession.

1. 13. To 'rove *at* a mark' was to hit it, not by aiming at it point-blank, but (like Locksley) allowing for the wind. So Spenser says of Clarinda (*Faery Queene*, v. 5. 35),

'Even at the markewhite (bull's eye) of his heart she roved.'
The rovers were heavy, strong arrows, and these shot with a certain elevation, were the 'all-dreaded weapons of the English.' (Gifford.) To 'rove *from* a mark' is, of course, to miss it.

Sonnet VIII.

Henry Lawes was the son of a vicar-choral of Salisbury. In 1625 he was 'of the private music' to Charles I. He composed (1634) the music of the splendid Inns of Court Masque, managed by Noy, Selden, Hyde, and Bulstrode. He also set to music the poems of Waller, Carew, and Cartwright, and the 'story' of Ariadne by the last-named. The coronation anthem of Charles II was his composition. He was buried in Westminster Abbey in 1662.

1. 4. Midas, when Pan and Apollo contended in song, was the umpire, and decided for Pan. Apollo thereupon changed his ears into those of an ass. (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xi. 175, &c.)

committing, setting at variance, from the Latin phrase for matching gladiators, joining battle. This discord of words and notes is ridiculed by Addison (*Spect.* 18), when he speaks of the long cadences assigned to such words as 'and,' 'then,' and 'from,' in the opera music of his day. The various reading is 'misjoining.'

1. 5. Horace, *Odes*, i. 1. 30-32.

1. 7. *thou shalt be writ*, &c. Horace, *Odes*, i. 6. 1.

1. 8. Cp. *Comus* 85, &c.; the poetic description of Lawes himself.

1. 13. Dante (*Purgatorio*, ii. 76-114) sees among a crowd of souls newly arrived in Purgatory his friend Casella, who at his entreaty sings a canzone by Dante himself in praise of Love. The shades of Purgatory are 'milder' than those of the Inferno.

Sonnet IX.

When Milton was appointed Latin Secretary, he lodged at one Thomson's, at Charing Cross. The subject of this sonnet was probably one of his host's family.

l. 3. Rom. vii. 24.

l. 4. 'Death must be the Lucina of Life.' (Browne's *Hydriotaphia*.)

l. 6. Rev. xiv. 13; Acts x. 4.

l. 10. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, xi. 15-17.

l. 14. Psalm xxxvi. 8, 9.

Sonnet X.

l. 1. Suggested by Horace (*Odes*, i. 16. 1), though comparison would be out of place here. 'Of the virtuous son,' says Warton, 'nothing has transpired.' The father, Henry Lawrence, was member for Herefordshire in the Little Parliament of 1653. He was President of Cromwell's Council, and high in favour with Richard Cromwell. He was author of *Our Communion and War with Angels* (1646).

l. 6. *Favonius* = Zephyrus (a *favendo* vel *fovendo*). Horace, *Odes*, i. 4. 1.

l. 13. *spare to interpose*, a Latin idiom, like 'mitte sectari' in Horace (*Odes*, i. 38. 3) and 'parce scelerare' in Virgil, (*Æneid*, iii. 42). Cp. the speech of Brutus concerning Marcus,

'He will not spare to gird the gods.' (*Coriolanus*, i. 1.)

Keightley supplies 'time' after 'spare,' and thus interprets the passage in a contrary sense to that I regard as the true one, i.e. he that knows, and yet can restrain himself from often indulging in, these pure delights, is not unwise.

Sonnet XI.

l. 1. Cyriac Skinner's mother was Bridget, second daughter of Sir E. Coke, Chief Justice of England. Wood (*Athenae Oxonienses*) says, 'he was an ingenious young gentleman, and scholar of John Milton; which Skinner sometimes held the chair in the Rota'—Harrington's political club.

l. 8. The allusion to the 'Thirty Years' War' is too general to give any clue to the date of the sonnet. It would apply to any period between 1635 and 1648, when the war was concluded by the Peace of Westphalia.

in'tend. So in the early printed copy. Later editors read *intends*, which is supported by the analogy of *resounds* in Sonnet xiii. 8. The former reading is an inversion of 'what the Swede and the French intend.'

l. 11. Eccles. iii. 1; Matt. vi. 34. Cp. Horace, *Odes*, i. 9. 13; ii. 11. 1-5.

On the Forcers of Conscience.

l. 3. *Plurality*. See note on Sonnet xiii. 14.

l. 7. *classic*, from the classes in the Presbyterian scheme. Every parish had its presbytery, and these parochial presbyteries were combined in the classes that chose representatives for the provincial, as did the provincial for the national assembly.

l. 8. *A.S.* is Adam Stewart, who wrote a controversial treatise against the Independents. Rutherford, one of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, wrote a disputation 'against pretended liberty of conscience,' in 1649. Edwards was the author of Reason against Independence and Toleration (1641), and of Antapologia (1644), an answer to a work by some ministers in the Assembly who had been exiles in the Netherlands.

l. 14. *Trent*, the council at that place (A.D. 1545-1563).

l. 17. *phylacteries*. These were slips of parchment, with passages from the Law written on them, worn by the Pharisees on their foreheads as frontlets, between their eyes.

balk, stop short at. Wedgwood says, 'the original sense is to pass over in plowing,

"For so well no man halt the plow
That it ne balketh other while." (Gower.)'

The line was originally written

'Crop you as close as marginal Prynne's ears.'

Milton alludes to Prynne in his Means to remove Hirelings, as 'a late hot querist for tithes, whom ye may know by his wits lying ever beside him in the margin, to be ever beside his wits in the text.'

l. 19. *charge*, i.e. the directory compiled by them.

l. 20. *large*, in full: 'priest' being a contracted form of 'presbyter.'

Sonnet XII.

This sonnet was addressed to Fairfax, when engaged in the siege of Colchester. Sonnets XII, XIII, XIV, and XVII, were first printed at the end of Philips' Life of Milton, prefixed to the English version of his Letters of State (1694). They appear in Tonson's edition of 1705, but with variations from the present text, which was first supplied by Newton from the Cambridge MSS.

l. 7. Euripides (though in a controverted passage) assigns wings to the Hydra, Ion 198. (Todd.)

l. 8. Hamilton's march into England (July 8, 1648) was in support of simultaneous risings for the King, in Wales, Lancashire, and Essex. But Pembroke Castle yielded to Cromwell (July 11), who hastened to Lancashire, and routed the Cavaliers and the Scotch in three battles (August 17-19). Colchester surrendered (August 27) to Fairfax, and

the movement (which at first comprehended several smaller insurrections as well as the three above-named) was at an end. The *broken league* is the solemn league which had united Scotland and England against Charles.

l. 8. *imp* (from A. S. *impan*, to engraft)=to add a new piece to the broken wing of a hawk. Cp.

‘Imp out our drooping country’s broken wing.’

(Richard II, ii. 1.)

l. 13. Cp. the passage in Milton’s History of England (Bk. iii.) suppressed in earlier editions; especially, ‘The public faith, after infinite sums received, and all the wealth of the church not better employed, but swallowed up into a private gulf, was not ere long ashamed to confess bankrupt. And now besides the sweetness of bribery and other gain, with the love of rule, their own guiltiness, and the dreaded name of Just Account, which the people had long called for, discovered plainly that there were of their own number, who secretly contrived and fomented those troubles and combustions in the land, which openly they sat to remedy.’

Sonnet XIII.

l. 1. *cloud of war*; a Virgilian expression (*Æneid*, x. 809).

l. 6. *Darwen*, a small stream that flows from east and south into the Ribble, falling therein near Preston. For an account of the engagement, see Letter 64, in Cromwell’s Letters and Speeches, edited by Carlyle.

l. 8. The singular verb ‘*resounds*’ must be understood as taken separately with each clause.

l. 14. The same charges are here brought against the Presbyterian ministers, as in Lycidas against the Episcopal clergy. ‘The great rebukers of non-residence were not ashamed to be seen quickly pluralists and non-residents themselves, to a fearful condemnation doubtless by their own mouths.’ (Milton, History of England, iii.)

Sonnet XIV.

Mr. Stoughton (Ecclesiastical History) says of Vane—‘As to the genuineness of his character and the pure truthfulness which lived in the centre of his soul, no one acquainted with his history can have any reasonable doubt.’ He proceeds to observe that the mysticism which tinged the piety of Cromwell, gave the predominant hue to Vane’s whole life, and that Vane, as compared with Cromwell, was a theorist compared to a man of robust English common sense.

l. 4. Pyrrhus and Hannibal are intended. Their attacks on Rome

were frustrated by the wisdom of the Senate rather than by the repelling force of arms.

l. 6. *states*. Perhaps States, i. e. the States-General of Holland are meant.

Sonnet XV.

l. 3. Milton only claims to have received *one* talent (Matt xxv.).

l. 12. Spenser's Hymn to Heavenly Love, with its outlines of the story of the fall of Lucifer, seems to have been familiar to Milton. The angels are there as

‘Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When He them on His messages doth send,
Or on His own dread presence to attend.’

Sonnet XVI.

The Duke of Savoy, urged by Capuchin propagandists, gave to the Vaudois, his Protestant subjects in Piedmont, the alternative of attending Mass or of leaving their country in twenty days. Savoyard troops were sent to enforce the edict, and carried fire and sword into the valleys of Piedmont. All England was indignant at this crime, and Cromwell loudly remonstrated with the Duke of Savoy and Louis XIV. A collection of £80,000 was made for the sufferers. A treaty was concluded between the Duke and his subjects by French mediation (August 1655), and was ratified before the arrival of Cromwell's protest against the unfairness of its terms. Even this arrangement was violated three years afterwards, and Cromwell again employed Milton to write to Louis XIV. The Vaudois had peace thenceforward till the Restoration.

l. 7. There is a print of this particular act of cruelty in a contemporary history of the massacre, by Sir Samuel Moreland, Cromwell's agent.

l. 10. Alluding to the proverb that ‘the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.’

l. 14. *Babylonian woe*; i. e. the woe denounced against Babylon. Milton, in his Latin verses on November 5, calls the Pope the Babylonian high-priest.

Sonnet XVII.

l. 1. In the *Defensio Secunda*, Milton says that he is unwillingly, and in one matter only, a dissembler—his eyes being as clear and cloudless as those of the most keen-sighted.

l. 7. *one jot*. The usual reading is ‘a jot.’ ‘One’ is the reading of the earliest printed ed. (1694).

1. 10. *conscience*; here = consciousness, as in *Paradise Lost*, viii. 502. In the work above quoted Milton relates that he was warned that the prosecution of his task (the answering Salmasius) would certainly cost him the sight of his remaining eye, but that he did not hesitate to incur the penalty.

Sonnet XVIII.

1. 3. *Jove's great son*, Hercules.

pale and faint. See Euripides, *Alcestis*, 1127.

1. 5. It is nowhere said in the Scriptures that the Hebrew women were washed or wore white at their purification after childbed. Perhaps, however, Milton does not make the latter assertion. (Keightley.)

PARADISE LOST.

The Verse. The first edition of *Paradise Lost*, in 1667, was without this preface. In 1668, when a new title-page was prefixed to the edition, it was added, with the following Address of the printer to the reader: 'Courteous Reader, there was no *Argument* at first intended to the book; but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, I have procured it, and withal that which stumbled many others, why the poem rimes not.' (Todd.)

Book I.

1. 1. Cp. with the opening of the *Iliad*, and with that of the *Æneid*.

1. 2. *Mortal*; Lat. *mortalis*, in its classical use, is generally = 'human,' but in Cyprian and the later fathers it is equivalent to 'lethalis,' deadly. (Keightley.)

1. 4. Romans v. 19. Lines 4 and 5 are incumbrances and deadeners of the harmony, as are lines 14-16. (Landor.)

1. 6. Cp. Book vii. 1. *Secret* is here used for 'separate,' 'apart,' (*Æneid*, viii. 670.) As in *Arcades* 30; *Circumcision* 19.

1. 7. Horeb (not Oreb, Judges vii. 25) and Sinai are two peaks of the same mountain range, on which Moses had been a shepherd for forty years. The Law is said in Deuteronomy to have been given from Horeb, and in the other books of the Pentateuch Sinai is named as the 'mount' of its promulgation.

1. 10. Sion was the hill opposite to Moriah, on which latter the Temple was built. In the valley beside them was the Pool (not brook) of Siloam—an intermittent well, ebbing and flowing at irregular intervals.

l. 12. *fast by*, close to, frequently used by Milton (*Paradise Lost*, ii. 725, x. 333; *Ode on Passion* 21).

l. 14. *middle*; middling, mediocre, mean. Tacitus has this use (*Hist.* i. 49). Cp. Horace (*Odes*, ii. 20. 1).

l. 15. Aonia was the name of part of Bœotia, near Phocis, in which were the mountain Helicon and the fountain Aganippe, the favourite haunts of the Muses. The *Aonian mount* is here used for the productions of the Greek poets, which Milton intends to surpass in boldness of conception.

pursues; like the Latin *prosequor* (*Georg.* iii. 340). Southey (in Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*) remarks that Milton as early as the fifth line begins to give the learned and less obvious signification to English words, as 'seat,' 'secret,' 'middle.'

l. 16. Cp. *Comus* 44.

l. 17. *Spirit* is here a monosyllable, as frequently in Milton. Cp. i. *Cor.* iii. 16, 17.

l. 21. *brooded* is the strict translation of the Hebrew word rendered in our version by 'moved' (*Gen.* i. 2).

l. 24. *argument*; subject. Spenser, in the introductory lines of his poems, speaks of the 'argument of his afflicted stile' (pen), and the King asks Hamlet, 'Have you heard the argument of the play?' (*Hamlet*, iii. 2.) Cp. *Paradise Lost*, ix. 28.

l. 27. Cp. *Iliad*, ii. 485; *Æneid*, vii. 645.

l. 28. *Prov.* xv. 11.

l. 29. *grand*; for 'great,' as in *Paradise Lost*, iv. 192; x. 1033.

l. 36. *what time*; at the time when. Cp. *Lycidas* 28.

l. 38. Landor remarks that this is the first hendecasyllabic line in the poem. It is a very efficient line in dramatic poetry, but hardly ever is so in Milton, who uses it much more in *Paradise Regained* than in *Paradise Lost*.

l. 40. *Isaiah* xiv. 13.

l. 45. *Luke* x. 18.

l. 46. *Ruin and combustion* is a phrase occurring in an order of the two Houses in 1642. Hence Keightley conjectures it may have been an ordinary phrase of the time.

l. 48. *adamant* is strictly 'the unconquerable,' usually applied to the hardest metal. *Diamond* is a corrupted form of the same word. Here *adamantine* = not to be broken.

l. 50. Hesiod's description of the fall of the giants is here imitated.

l. 56. *bale* is misery, sorrow; *baleful* = either 'sorrowful' or (as here) 'mischievous,' 'causing sorrow.'

l. 57. *witness'd*; bore witness to. The word is used always in this

sense in Shakespeare and in Milton, and not (as now) as merely equivalent to 'saw.' The *affliction* and *dismay* were Satan's own.

1. 60. *situation*; site. The word is used only here in Milton's poems, and only twice by Shakespeare.

1. 63. *no light* (came);—a zeugma. (Keightley.) Cp. Il Penseroso 80. 'A sullen light intermingled with massy darkness.' (De Quincey.)

1. 68. *urges*; in the Latin sense='drives,' as in *Paradise Lost*, vi. 864.

1. 72. *utter*=outer. Matt. xxii. 13. Ben Jonson speaks of the 'utter shell of knowledge.' Spenser (*Faery Queene*, iv. 10. 11) of the 'bridge's utter gate.' Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 16; v. 614.

1. 73. Not very far for creatures who could have measured all that, and a much greater distance, by a single act of the will. (Landor.)

1. 74. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, ix. 103; x. 671. According to Milton's system the centre of the earth is also the centre of the world. The utmost pole here meant is not the pole of the earth, but that of the universe. Homer makes hell as far below the deepest pit of earth as heaven is above the earth. Virgil makes it twice as far (*Æneid*, vi. 577-9).

1. 81. Matt. xii. 24. Beelzebub, 'Lord of Flies,' was worshipped in Ekron, a city of Palestine, on a moist soil in a hot climate and infested with flies, against which the protection of the idol was invoked.

1. 82. *Satan* signifies 'the enemy.'

1. 84. *beest* is not to be confounded with the subjunctive 'be.' Our substantive verb, as it is called, is made up of fragments of several verbs, of which at least 'am,' 'was,' and 'be' are distinguishable; *beest* is 2nd pers. sing. pres. indic. of O. E. *beon*, to be. It is now obsolete, but is used by Shakespeare in *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3. (Craik's *English of Shakespeare*.) Cp. *Isaiah* xiv. 12; *Æneid*, ii. 274.

1. 86. Nausicaa thus surpassed her damsels, though they were lovely. (*Odyssey*, vi. 108.)

1. 94. So Prometheus defies Zeus (*Æschylus*, *Prom. Vinct.* 992-7).

1. 107. *Study*, here=Lat. *studium*, 'endeavour,' as in *Hotspur's* outburst against Bolingbroke (1 *Henry IV*, i. 3), and in *Paradise Lost*, xi. 577.

1. 114. *empire*, 'imperium,' supreme authority.

1. 115. *ignominy* here shortened (as always in Shakespeare) to 'ignomy.' (1 *Henry IV*, v. 4. The Prince's speech over *Hotspur's* body.) So in *Paradise Regained*, iii. 136.

1. 117. *empyrean substance*, fiery essence, which is the expression in the *Circumcision* 7.

1. 123. *triumphs*. For the accent, see note On *Time*, line 22.

1. 124. Though *tyranny* in the classical sense only signifies usurped

supreme power (without any reference to the manner in which that power is used), it is probable that Satan may here employ the word in its usual acceptation.

l. 125. Cp. *Æneid*, i. 208.

l. 128. *ibroned Powers*; cp. line 360.

l. 131. *perpetual* is supposed to be used here to avoid 'eternal,' and to signify that the King is only such by immemorial uninterrupted possession. But Milton uses 'perpetual' for 'eternal' in *Nativity Ode* 7.

l. 141. *extinct*, extinguished like a flame. Cp. line 39, and book iii. 401-2, for similar elisions of final *y*, often recurring in this poem.

l. 144. *of force*, perforce, like *βίᾱ*. So in Shakespeare, 'It must, of force' (1 *Henry IV*, ii. 3).

l. 149. *Tbrall*, O. Engl. word for 'slave,' frequent in Spenser.

l. 152. Cp. 'To do me business in the veins of the earth.'

(*Tempest*, i. 2.)

l. 157. 'Satan, in Milton's poem, is not the principle of malignity or of the abstract love of evil, but of the abstract love of power, of pride, of self-will personified, to which last principle all other good and evil, and even his own are subordinate. He expresses the sum and substance of all ambition in this one line.' (Hazlitt.)

l. 158. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, ii. 199.

l. 167. *if I fail not*, if I err not; Lat. *ni fallor*.

l. 172. *laid*, stilled; cp. *Paradise Regained*, iv. 429. Cp. Horace (*Odes*, i. 9. 10), and

'When all the winds are laid.'

(Tennyson's translation from *Iliad*.)

l. 176. *bis*. The A.S. personal pronoun was *be*, *beo*, *bit*. For *beo* we have substituted 'she,' (fem. of demonstr. *se*, *seo*, *thæt*.) The genitive was *bis* for masculine and neuter, and *bire* for feminine. The form 'its' is of late introduction. It does not occur in the authorised Bible, 'his' or 'whereof' being used instead. (Gen. i. 11, Matt. v. 13, Mark ix. 50, Acts xii. 10.) 'It' was used where we now use 'its,' as in *Winter's Tale*, ii. 3, original text, where Antigonus is enjoined to leave the infant child of Hermione to 'it own protection;' and long before 'its' was generally received, we have 'it self,' so written under the impression that it was a possessive. Milton *does* use 'its' sometimes (*Paradise Lost*, i. 254; iv. 813), but generally avoids the word by feminine personification (as was done in early translations of the Bible, wherein 'her' was used for 'his' in *Numb.* iv. 9). See *Paradise Lost*, i. 723; ii. 4, 175, 271, 584, &c. Mr. Craik, from whose English of Shakespeare the above note is abridged, says that Milton nowhere uses 'his' in a neuter sense. Cp. note on *Comus* 248.

l. 178. Keightley thinks that the more correct expression is 'let slip, but Macduff says, 'I have almost slept the hour' (Macbeth, ii. 3), and in Comus 743 the omission of 'let' would make the line correct in metre.

l. 180. Cp. line 60.

l. 185. So in Richard II, v. 1:

'Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting.'

l. 186. *afflicted*, 'afflictus,' beaten down. Cp. Paradise Lost, iv. 929. *Powers*, forces, as

'The gentle Archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers.' (2 Henry IV, i. 1.)

l. 191. Bentley suggested 'if none,' i. e. if no reinforcement.

l. 193. *uplift*; for uplifted. (Cp. Ps. xxiv, 7.) Elsewhere Milton uses 'lifted,' as does Shakespeare.

l. 198. Cp. Æneid, vi. 580.

l. 199. Intending to name one of each class, Milton makes a mistake as to Briareus, who was one of the hundred-handed (not of the Titans), and helped the gods. (Keightley.) Milton added Tarsus from Nonnus, who (at the beginning of his enormous epic in forty-eight books) treats at great length of Typhon, the last son of earth. Pindar places his den in Cilicia.

l. 201. Job xli. Leviathan is considered by Bochart to be the crocodile, but Milton here uses the name to designate the whale.

l. 202. *Ocean stream* is an Homeric phrase, Iliad, xiv. 245, xx. 7. Cp. Various Readings, Comus, opening speech.

l. 204. *night-founder'd*, here = 'benighted,' as in Comus, 483. 'Founder' (from Fr. *fondre*) is to sink from springing a leak, and is improperly used here. (Keightley.)

l. 205. The story rests on the authority of Olaus Magnus (whose History of the Northern Nations was translated into English in 1658) and Hakluyt.

l. 207. As the lee shore is that on which the wind blows, 'under the lee' = close under the weather shore, or under the wind.

l. 208. *Invests*, clothes. Paradise Lost, iii. 10; xi. 233.

l. 210. We are not told how he loosed himself. The poet was led into the employment of this term by his servile adherence to the letter of Scripture. 2 Pet. ii. 4; Jude 6. (Keightley.)

l. 226. Cp. Faery Queene, i. 11. 18.

l. 232. *Pelorus*, the north-east point of Sicily. Ovid says that the right hand of Typhoeus (or Typhon) is buried in this spot. There is no account of this cape having been affected by the eruptions of Ætna. (Keightley.)

l. 233. *thundering Ætna* is a Virgilian epithet (*Æneid*, iii. 371).

l. 235. 'To sublime' is a chemical term for an operation wherein by fire the subtler parts are separated and mounted, and receive greater force.

l. 237. *unblest feet*. 'All this is too far detailed, and deals too much with externals; we feel rather the form of the fire-waves than their fury, we walk upon them too securely, and the fuel, sublimation, smoke, and singeing, seem to me images only of partial combustion; they vary and extend the conception, but they lower the thermometer. Look back, if you will, and add to the description the glimmering of the livid flames; the sulphurous hail and red lightning; yet all together, however they overwhelm us with horror, fail of making us thoroughly unendurably hot. Now hear Dante:

"Feriami'l Sole in su l'omero destro,
Che già, raggiando, tutto l'Occidente
Mutava in bianco aspetto di cilestro:
Ed io facea con l'ombra più rovente
Parer la fiamma." (*Purg.* xxvi. 4. 8.)

That is a slight touch; he has not gone to Ætna nor Pelorus for fuel; but we shall not soon recover from it—he has taken our breath away and leaves us gasping. No smoke or cinders there. Pure, white, hurtling, formless flame; very fire crystal, we cannot make spires nor waves of it, nor divide it, nor walk on it, there is no question about singeing soles of feet. It is lambent annihilation.' (*Ruskin, Mod. Painters, Part iii. 2. 3.*)

l. 241. Cp. *Odyssey*, iv. 504.

l. 244. The thing received is put first, in the Latin manner. To change here = to take in exchange for. (*Horace, Odes*, iii. 1. 47.)

l. 250. So Ajax calls on Darkness and Erebus to receive him (*Sophocles, Ajax* 395).

l. 255. In Marlowe's *Faustus*, when Mephistophilis is asked how he has escaped from hell, he replies—

'Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it!'

l. 266. *astonish'd*, here 'stunned, paralysed' (by a mental shock). The literal sense is 'thunderstruck,' from the Old French *estonner* (modern French *étonner*), representing a popular Latin form *extonare*, synonymous with the classical Latin *attonare*. Cp. *astounded* (another form of the same word) in l. 281; also *astonishment* in line 317.

oblivious pool, pool that causes oblivion, like 'forgetful lake' (*Paradise Lost*, ii. 74). Cp. 'wandering wood,' *Faery Qucene*, i.

*I. 13.

l. 276. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, vi. 108. *Edge Of battle* is by many commentators taken to be a translation of *acie*, which means both

'edge of a weapon' and 'an army in battle array.' Cp. the 'bridge of war' (Tennyson's translation of *πολέμοιο γέφυραι*, (Iliad, viii. 553.)

1. 281. *erewhile*, aforetime, before.

1. 284. *Was moving*, i. e. began to move—classic use of imperfect.

1. 288. Galileo, *the Tuscan artist*, applied the telescope (which he greatly improved, if not invented) to the observation of the heavenly bodies, and so discovered the moon to be a body of uneven surface.

1. 289. *Fesole* or *Fiesole*, is the hill three miles to the north-east of Florence. On it are the remains of the ancient city of *Fæsulæ*.

1. 290. *Valdarno*. The Val' d' Arno is the valley in which Florence lies.

1. 294. *ammiral*, the principal vessel in a fleet. (Ital. *ammiraglio*.) It is derived from the Arabic 'Prince of Believers,' and the Spaniards understood by it simply 'commander,' as in their title 'Admiral of Castile.' (Keightley.) 'The final *al* is probably the Arabic article, and the *ad* or *al* in *admiral*, *almirante*, a corruption of the first syllable of *amir* or *emir*. (Wedgwood.) Falstaff calls Bardolph 'our admiral,' meaning the *vessel* that led the fleet.

1. 303. Vallambrosa is eighteen miles from Florence. 'The trees planted near the convent are mostly pines, but the natural woods are deciduous, and spread to a great extent.' (Wordsworth.)

1. 305. *Orion*, the mighty Bœotian hunter, was at his death placed among the stars, where he appears as a giant with a girdle and lion's skin, and *armed* with a sword and club. His setting, at the beginning of November, was attended by storms. (Horace, Odes, i. 28. 21; iii. 27. 18; Æneid, i. 535.)

1. 306. The Hebrew name of the Red Sea is Sea of Sedge, from the abundance of sea-weed therein. (Keightley.) But Bruce denied this, and supposed the name to refer to the large plants of white coral; one of which, with its branches, he asserted to have been twenty-six feet in circumference.

1. 307. Pharaoh being a mere title, Milton gives to the oppressor of the Israelites an individual name. The *Busiris* of Greek legend was an Egyptian king who sacrificed all strangers that visited Egypt. Hercules, on his arrival, was bound and led to the altar, but he burst his bonds and slew Busiris. Memphis was on the west bank of the Nile. It contained the palace of the Pharaohs, and the temples of Apis and Serapis. The pyramids are ten miles below the site of Memphis.

chivalry for 'cavalry.' Cp. *Paradise Regained*, iii. 344. *Cavalleria* in Italian has this double sense. Keightley says that Milton took this use of 'chivalry' from the *Mort D'Arthur*.

1. 309. Exod. xiv. 30.

1. 312. *abject*, thrown down, cast away.

1. 317. See note on line 266.

1. 320. *virtue*, valour, manhood (*virtus*).

1. 341. *warping*, proceeding in an undulatory manner, but improperly used here. When there is no wind, or a contrary one, the anchor is taken out to some distance, and the ship worked up to it; the operation being repeated till the ship is got out sufficiently. This does not apply to the locusts, which rather 'hull' (Paradise Lost, xi. 840) or undulate with the wind. (Keightley.) To 'warp' is to move, or cause to move, in a curved direction, as when boards warp. 'With warped keels' is Surrey's translation of '*curvis carinis*;' 'warp,' as a noun, is used by our old dramatists for 'twist.'

1. 345. *cope*, cap or dome, the 'concave' of line 542.

1. 348. *the spear . . . waving*; an absolute use = Lat. ablat. absol.

1. 351. The fallen angels when lying on the pool are compared to fallen leaves; when on the wing, to locusts; when on the plain, to the northern barbarian hordes.

1. 353. *Rbene* is the Latin name (Rhenus) of the Rhine, *Donau* the German name of the Danube. Spenser uses *Rhene* (Faery Queene, iv. 11. 21).

1. 355. *Beneath*, to the south of, 'infra.' The Vandals passed over from Spain and settled in northern Africa.

1. 361. Psalm ix. 5.

1. 372. *religions*, religious rites, '*religiones et caerimonias*.' (Cicero de Legg. i. 15.)

1. 376. Iliad, v. 703.

1. 378. Milton here uses 'Emperor,' as 'Soldan' before, for 'supreme commander,' they being the names of the greatest potentates West and East.

1. 382. 1 Pet. v. 8.

1. 387. Keightley says that Milton was led into error by our translation (Ps. lxxx. 1). The throne is borne by the cherubim (Ezek. i. 26). Cp. Jer. vii. 30; 2 Kings xxi. 5.

1. 391. *affront*, confront, face. Cp. Samson Agonistes 531. Shakespeare has the same use in Hamlet, iii. 1, and twice in Cymbeline (iv. 3. v. 3). The ordinary sense of the word is at least as old as Piers Plowman.

1. 392. 1 Kings xi. 7; 2 Kings xxii. 10. 'Moloch' has nearly the same meaning as 'Baal,' implying dominion and kingly power. Cp. Nativity Ode 205.

1. 397. Rabbah on the Jabbok, 2 Sam. xii. 27. Milton, relying probably on Judges xi. 13, supposes the whole region between the Arnon, the north boundary of Moab, and the Jabbok by Mount Gilead, which included the region of Argob and Mount Bashan, to have originally belonged to the Ammonites, and to have been conquered from them by the Amorites

from the west of the Jordan. But this is disproved by Jephthah's reply, and everywhere else that region is said to have belonged to the Amorite kings Sihon and Og, while the territory of the children of Ammon lay to the east of it. The poet seems to intimate that even in the time of Solomon the Ammonites dwelt to the Arnon, but this was evidently a slip of his memory. (Keightley.)

l. 403. *that opprobrious hill*; the hill south of the Mount of Olives, which lay due East of Mount Moriah, on which the Temple stood (1 Kings xi. 7). Milton may have meant the Mount of Olives itself. Cp. lines 416, 443. It is only said (Jeremiah vii. 31) that they built a high place: but as a grove was the usual appendage to the high place, Milton supplies it here. The word rendered 'grove' is properly a 'wooden pillar,' and is connected with the worship of Baalim rather than of Moloch. (Keightley.)

l. 404. In the valley of Hinnom, to the south-east of Jerusalem, was the King's garden. Tophet is derived from a word meaning 'timbrel;' see line 394. Josiah defiled it by burning there the refuse of the city. It is said that the bodies of malefactors were burnt in it also, and that from this use of it the Jews formed from its name the word Gehenna, the place of future punishment.

l. 406. Chemos seems to be confounded with Baal-peor, which latter is identical with Thammuz or Adonis. (Keightley.) But see note on Nativity Ode, l. 197.

l. 407. Every place here enumerated is to the north of the Arnon, and therefore beyond the borders of Moab, and in the actual territory before assigned to the Ammonites. But Milton follows Isaiah and Jeremiah, who (Isaiah xv, Jeremiah xlviii.) give all these places to the Moabites, who may have seized part of the territory of Reuben and Gad at the overthrow of the kingdom of Israel. Abarim was the mountain range opposite Jericho (Deuteronomy xxxii. 49), now generally called the mountains of Moab, and visible from the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. Nebo appears to have been a part of it. Heshbon, Eleale, and Sibma all lie somewhat to the east of Mount Abarim. The site of Horonaim is not known. Milton, in these lines, seems to place the Asphaltic Pool, or Dead Sea, to the north of the cities enumerated, though it is actually west or south-west of them. But, like the ancient poets, he consulted the harmony of his numbers more than the accuracy of his description. (Keightley.)

l. 413. Sittim, on the plains of Moab (Num. xxv).

l. 414. *to do bim rites* is a literal translation of the Greek and Latin phrases *ιερά πύζειν, sacra facere*.

l. 415. *orgies, mysteries*. The word was applied to the Eleusinian mysteries, and subsequently to the rites of Bacchus.

l. 419. *from the bordering flood, &c.* The whole of the Promised Land is here intended (Gen. xv. 18).

l. 425. Cp. Paradise Lost, viii. 626-9.

l. 438. 1 Kings xi. 5, Jer. vii. 18.

l. 444. 1 Kings iv. 29.

l. 445. 1 Kings xi. 4.

l. 456. Ezek. viii. 12.

l. 458. 1 Sam. v. 4.

l. 460. *grunsel*, ground sill, threshold.

l. 464. *Azotus* or (Ashdod) and the rest are the five principal cities of the Philistines. *Accaron* is Ekron.

l. 466. Gen. x. 19.

l. 467. 2 Kings v. 18.

l. 469. *lucid*, used for 'glistening,' as in Paradise Lost, xi. 240. 'Milton's learning has the effect of intuition. He describes objects, of which he could only have read in books, with the vividness of actual observation. He makes words tell as pictures. The word *lucid* here gives to the idea all the sparkling effect of the most perfect landscape.' (Hazlitt.)

l. 471. 2 Kings v. 17. xvi. 11.

l. 484-485. 1 Kings xii. 28, Psalm cvi. 19, 20.

l. 488. Exodus xii. 29, 51.

l. 495-496. 1 Sam. ii. 12, 22.

l. 502. *flown*, flowed, overflowed. Spenser frequently uses 'overflowed': and in All's Well that Ends Well. ii. 1, we have 'great floods have flown from simple sources.' (Keightley.) Other commentators regard the word as equivalent to 'flushed.'

l. 507. *were long to tell*, a classic formula, adopted by Ariosto, Spenser, Drayton, &c.

l. 508. *Javan's issue* were the Ionians. (Gen. x. 2.)

l. 509. Keightley remarks that there is no such person as Titan in Grecian mythology, the name being that of a family. The twelve Titans were Heaven's first-born, and it was Heaven (Uranus) who was deprived of his power by his son Cronos or Saturn.

l. 516. *cold Olympus*. Cp. Iliad, i. 420; xviii. 616. The *middle air* lay beneath the æther, which Homer describes as extending over the abode of the gods. Cp. Iliad, ii. 412; Odyssey, vi. 41-46.

l. 517. *Delphian cliff*, so called by Sophocles, Œdipus Tyrannus 463. Cp. Nativity Ode 178. Dodona in Epirus was the seat of an oracle of Zeus.

l. 519. *Doric land*, Greece. The Dorians were one of the great Hellenic races, and the ruling class throughout Peloponnesus.

l. 520. Cp. Comus 60. *Hesperian fields* = Italy, the western land as

the Greek poets called it, because it lay west of Greece. Virgil and Ovid represent Saturn's flight thither as solitary. (Keightley.) *Æneid*, i. 530, 569.

l. 521. *utmost*, farthest. So used in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 361, xi. 397; King John, ii. 1 (Austria's first speech).

l. 528. *re-collecting*, as in *Paradise Lost*, ix. 471, and in Pericles, ii. 1.

l. 529. *gently*, explained by Keightley as 'gallantly,' 'nobly'; but the word is nowhere so used by Milton or Shakespeare.

l. 534. *Azazel*, mentioned as an evil spirit in Lev. xvi. 20, where 'for *Azazel*' is mistranslated 'for the scapegoat.'

l. 536. To *advance* a standard seems to have been the term for planting it, or carrying it in the van. (Richard III, v. 3, Richard's last speech), (Romeo and Juliet, v. 3, Romeo's speech on opening the tomb). The body of Salisbury is thus 'advanced' in the market-place of Orleans (1 Henry VI, ii. 2).

l. 538. *imblaz'd*, blazoned. The *trophies* probably refer to the armorial bearings displayed upon banners.

l. 546. *Orient* in Milton's poems has three meanings: (1) 'rising,' *Paradise Lost*, iv. 644; (2) 'eastern,' *Paradise Lost*, vi. 15, *Nativity Ode* 231; (3) 'bright,' as here, and at *Comus* 65; *Paradise Lost*, iii. 507, iv. 238.

l. 548. *serried*, from French *serré*, 'pressed close,' locked within one another (*Paradise Lost*, vi. 599).

l. 550. Milton was here thinking of the advance of the Spartans at Mantinea (Thucydides, v. 70). The general type of Greek military organisation was the close array of the phalanx. The Spartans, of Dorian descent, used the solemn Dorian mode. (Keightley.)

l. 551. *recorder*, a kind of flute. 'The figures of recorders and flutes are straight, but the recorder hath a less bore and a greater, above and below.' (Bacon, *Natural History*, 221.)

l. 554. *unmov'd*, immovable. Cp. *L'Allegro* 40. 'Though this variety of tunes doth dispose the spirits to variety of passions conform unto them, yet generally music feedeth that disposition of the spirits which it findeth.' (Bacon, *Natural History*, 114.)

l. 560. Cp. *Il Penseroso* 3; *Iliad*, iii. 8.

l. 563. *borrid*, bristling (Lat. *borridus*), as in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 710.

l. 573. *since created man*, Latinism, 'post hominem creatum.' (Keightley.) Cp. Horace, *Odes*, i. 3. 29, where a similar idiom occurs.

l. 575. The Pygmies (men of the height of a *πυγμή*, 13½ inches) were a fabulous people, first mentioned by Homer as dwelling on the shores of Ocean, and attacked by the cranes in spring-time. They are variously placed by different writers in India, Ethiopia, or in the extreme

north. Aristotle mentions the descent of the cranes from Scythia to the marshes at the sources of the Nile, where they are said to fight with the Pygmies. Cp. line 780, and Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, vi. 90, for the legendary origin of their enmity.

l. 577. Phlegra was a name given to volcanic plains in Thrace and in Campania, the former (mentioned by Pindar as the scene of the contest of the giants with the gods) was subsequently known as Pallene.

l. 579. Cp. Il Penseroso 99. Gods fought on both sides at Thebes and at Troy.

l. 580. *Uther's son*, Arthur, son of Uther Pendragon.

l. 581. *Begirt*. Cp. Tennyson's Arthur, 'girt with knights.'
Armoric, of Brittany (*Armorica*).

l. 582. The allusion is to the romances of Charlemagne. *Aspramont* is a town of Limburg; *Montalban*, or Montauban, on the borders of Languedoc; *Trebisond*, a city of Cappadocia, all famous in romance for jousting. The verb *joust* is Old French *jouster*, originally to approach, meet together, hence to encounter in the lists, to tilt; it represents a late Latin *juxtare*, from *juxta*, near.

l. 585. *Biserta*, a town of Tunis, the ancient Utica. 'In the Orlando Innamorato, Agramonte conveys his troops from Biserta to Provence for the invasion of France, but they have no share in the battle of Roncesvalles, where fell the peerage of Charlemagne but not himself.' (Keightley.) Cp. Marmion, vi. 33.

l. 588. *observ'd*, watched and obeyed. (*Georgics*, iv. 212.)

l. 591. *stood like a tow'r*, an expression found in Statius, Dante, and Berni.

l. 597. *disastrous*. See note on L'Allegro 122. Cp. *Georgics*, i. 464.

l. 601. *intrencht*, cut into (*Fr. trancher*), furrowed.

l. 603. *considerate*, considering; the word occurs but this once in Milton's poems. So in Richard III, iv. 2, the King says,

'None are for me,

That look into me with considerate eyes.'

l. 605. *passion*, in the sense of 'suffering.'

l. 609. *amerc't*, punished by fine. This word (bearing a curious resemblance to the Greek ἀμερσέ) is derived from à merci. 'Mercy' (either contracted from *misericordia*, or from Lat. *merx*) was the sum exacted in commutation for life forfeited by law or in battle. To 'cry mercy' was to beg for life, to 'grant mercy' was to spare it. As the forbearance was attributed to courtesy and not to covetousness, the word 'mercy' took the general sense of kindness.

l. 613. *scath'd*, harmed, hurt, from the substantive *scathe*, harm, cognate with Germ. *schade* of the same meaning. The Greek ἀσκηθής is probably from the same root.

1. 619. Cp. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xi. 419 ; Faery Queene, i. xi. 4.
 1. 624. Cp. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, ix. 6.
 1. 630. Cp. Horace, *Odes*, iii. 2. 17.
 1. 633. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, ii. 692 ; v. 710 ; vi. 156. Rev. xii. 4.
 1. 642. *tempted our attempt*. Keightley claims to have been the first to point out that these plays upon words are imitations of the *Paronomasia* in Scripture. Cp. v. 869, ix. 11, xii. 78.
 1. 659. Cp. *Iliad*, i. 140.
 1. 660. *peace is despair'd*, a Latinism. So 'despair thy charm,' (*Macbeth*, v. 7).
 1. 662. *understood*, here = secret. It is so used in *Macbeth*, iii. 4. Cp. ii 187.
 1. 664. Cp. Silius Italicus, i. 500:
 'Mille simul dextrae densusque micare videtur
 Ensis.'
 1. 669. In this way the Roman soldiers applauded the harangues of their generals. Cp. Faery Queene, i. 4. 40.
 1. 671. *Belch'd*. Cp. *Æneid*, iii. 576.
 entire, 'omne,' 'totum,' all the rest, Latinism. (Keightley.)
 1. 673. *womb*, used for interior, as 'fatal cannon's womb' (*Romeo and Juliet*, v. 1). Cp. Virgil, 'inclusos utero Danaos' (*Æneid*, ii. 258).
 1. 674. Metals were supposed to consist of two essential principles—mercury as the basis or metallic matter, and sulphur as the cement that fixed the fluid mercury into the coherent mass. 'Mercury and sulphur are the principal materials of metals.' (Bacon, *Natural History*, iv. 354.)
 1. 675. Landor remarks that 'angels are not promoted by comparison with sappers and miners.'
 1. 677. *camp* is here put for 'army,' like *στρατόπεδον*.
 1. 679. Cp. Faery Queene, ii. 7. *Mammon* is Syriac for 'riches ;' *erected*, upright, highminded, as 'erectus' is used by Cicero (*Tusc.* v. 14).
 1. 684. *vision beatific*. Cp. *On Time* 18, *Paradise Lost*, iii. 62.
 1. 686. *centre*, i. e. of the earth. So Polonius (*Hamlet*, ii. 2.) engages to find truth,
 'Though it were hid indeed
 Within the centre.'
 Cp. Leontes' speech,
 'The centre is not big enough to bear
 A schoolboy's top !' (*Winter's Tale*, ii. 1.)
 1. 687. Cp. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, i. 138-140.
 1. 688. Cp. Horace, *Odes*, iii. 3. 3, 49.
 1. 690. *admire*, wonder (Lat. *admiror*). Cp. *Paradise Lost*, ii. 678, 679.
 1. 694. Babel here means the temple of Belus in Babylon. It was

ascribed to Semiramis, who was supposed to have reigned about 2200 B.C.

l. 699. According to Diodorus Siculus and Pliny, 360,000 men were employed for nearly twenty years on one pyramid.

l. 703. *found out* is the reading of the second edition. The first has *founded*, melted as in a foundry (Lat. *fundere*, Fr. *fondre*).

l. 704. *bullion dross*. Cp. Faery Queene, ii. 7. 26. *Bullion* has here the obsolete sense 'impure gold or silver'; perhaps Milton was also thinking of Lat. *bullire*, to boil, from which the word may really be derived. Cp. 'To extract heaps of gold and silver out of the drossie bullion of the people's sins' (Milton, Church Discipline).

l. 709. *sound-board breathes*. Professor Taylor certifies to the correctness of this expression. 'The wind produced by the bellows is driven into a reservoir, called the wind-chest (above which is placed the sound-board) and then by intricate contrivances conveyed to each row of pipes. When a stop is drawn, the supply of wind is prepared for every pipe in it, and it is admitted when the organist presses the key he wishes to speak.' (Keightley's Life, p. 433.)

l. 710. On Twelfth-night 1637, at a court masque, a palace with 'Doric pillars,' &c., rose out of the earth, of course to music, which was the invariable accompaniment of such scenic effects. 'Pilasters' are the flat pillars sunk in the walls of buildings. On the summit of the row of columns rests the architrave (or chief beam), above this is the frieze, which (except in the Doric order) is a flat surface, frequently ornamented by figures in relief. Above the frieze projects the cornice.

l. 711. Cp. Iliad, i. 359.

l. 717. *fretted*. Two distinct words seem to have coalesced in the modern verb to *fret*: the Anglo-Saxon *frætwian*, to adorn, beautify, and the Old French *fretter*, to cover with a network of obliquely intersecting lines, from *frette*, a lozenge in heraldry.

l. 718. Memphis is meant by '*Alcairo*,' which latter was not built till the tenth century, by the Moslems. (Keightley.)

l. 720. *Serapis*, an Egyptian deity typifying the Nile and fertility. Keightley remarks that Milton follows the Greek accentuation, and not the quantity of the *ā*.

l. 721. Cp. Ovid, Metamorphoses, iv. 762.

l. 728. *cresset*, a sort of lamp used for beacons, consisting of an iron cage in which coils of rope, tarred or soaked in grease, are burnt. The word is the Old French *cresset*, *craisset*, *crasset*, also spelt *grasset*, *graset*, mediæval Latin **crassetum*, from *crassa*, whence the French *graisse*, grease. (See Prof. Skeat in Transactions of the Philological Society, 1888-90, page 151.)

l. 729. *asphaltus*, bitumen forming in lumps on the surface of some

waters, especially near Babylon, Herod. i. 179, vi. 119. *Naphtha*, a clear, combustible petroleum.

l. 736. *gave to rule*, Latinism. Cp. *Æneid*, i. 66; *Paradise Lost*, iii. 243; ix. 818.

l. 738. *bis name* = himself. So in ii. 964. Cp. *Æneid*, vi. 763.

l. 740. *Mulciber*. Milton has chosen this designation of Vulcan, as applicable to his office of a founder (from Lat. *mulcere*, *mollire*).

l. 742. *sbeer*, clear, clean. It is used of water by Spenser (*Faery Queene*, iv. 6. 20) and Shakespeare (*Richard II*, 5. 3), and here in its secondary and now ordinary sense. It apparently represents an A.S. **scære*, not recorded, but corresponding to the Icelandic *skærr*, bright. The cognate A.S. *scir* was used in the same sense.

Cp. *Iliad*, i. 592; *Odyssey*, vii. 288.

l. 745. Cp. *Iliad*, iv. 75. 'Zenith' is that part of the heavens which is immediately above the spectator's head.

l. 746. *Ægean*. This word in the early editions is printed 'Ægæan,' but the accent seems, from the elision preceding, to have been laid on the first syllable. Cp. 'Thyéstean' in x. 688.

l. 747. *rout*, disorderly crowd. Cp. *Lycidas* 61. The Old French *route* is a troop; the English sense is perhaps influenced by the two verbs *rout*, to put to disorderly flight, and *roar*, to roar.

l. 748. *nor aught avail'd*. Cp. *Iliad*, v. 53; *Æneid*, xi. 843.

l. 750. *engines*, contrivances, from Lat. *ingenium*.

l. 758. *squared regiment*, squadron. Cp. note on ii. 570.

l. 760. *bunderds*. This form is, in the errata list of the first edition, substituted for 'hundreds.'

l. 763. The 'champ clos' (or lists) was not *covered*, but enclosed.

l. 766. The two kinds of jousting are here meant, *à outrance* (or *mortal combat*), and the bloodless passage of arms (Fr. *carrière*).

l. 768. Cp. *Æschylus*, *Prometheus* 125; *Iliad*, ii. 87; *Æneid*, i. 430. vi. 707.

biss, the *κινάθισμα* of *Æschylus* (*Prometheus*, v. 124).

As bees. Cp. *Iliad*, ii. 87; *Æneid*, i. 430, vi. 707.

l. 769. *with* = apud. *Rides*, alluding to the chariot of the sun.

l. 770. Cp. *Georgics*, iv. 21.

l. 774. *expatiate*, 'walk abroad.' Latinism. (*Æneid*, iv. 62.) *confer affairs*, like 'think submission,' l. 661.

l. 779. Cowper justifies this by Scripture authority (*Mark* v. 9).

l. 780. Cp. line 575 (note).

l. 781. The *Indian mount* is Imaus, a name of the Western Himalaya range.

l. 784. *Or dreams be sees*. Cp. *Æneid*, vi. 454.

l. 785. Cp. *Horace*, *Odes*, i. 4. 5, and *Il Penseroso* 60.

l. 786. Cp. *Æneid*, v. 738.

l. 790. Cp. line 213.

l. 795. *conclave*, alluding perhaps to the cardinals, who, when assembled to elect a pope, are shut in together.

recess, = retreat, retirement, as in iv. 258, xi. 304.

l. 797. *frequent*, numerous, as in 'frequens senatus,' literally translated by Ben Jonson in his *Catiline*.

l. 798. Dr. Major remarks that analogy would require the accent to be placed on the first syllable of *consult*, to distinguish it from the verb (as in 'insult' 'contrast.') In Shakespeare *consult* is only found as a verb. Milton accentuates 'exile,' 'aspèct,' 'procèss,' &c.

Book II.

l. 1. Cp. the opening of the Second Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and Spenser's description of the Presence-chamber in the House of Pride (*Faery Queene*, i. 4. 8).

l. 2. *Ormus*, an island in the Persian Gulf, a mart for diamonds.

l. 3. Since *Ormus* and *Ind* are both within the '*gorgeous East*,' *Landor* proposes '*ibere*, where,' &c.

l. 4. An eastern coronation ceremony was the sprinkling of the monarch with gold-dust and seed-pearl. *Barbaric gold* is Virgilian (*Æneid*, ii. 504).

l. 9. *success* is used by Shakespeare for 'event,' either good or bad (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 1; *Measure for Measure*, i. 5), and for *bad* success, as here (3 *Henry VI*, 2. 2; *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 2).

l. 11. *Coloss*. i. 16.

l. 18. *me* is placed first as emphatic. Cp. *Horace*, (*Odes*, i. 5. 13.)

l. 32. An elliptical construction, which is repeated in the next line, '(there is) none,' &c.

l. 41. *open war or covert guile*. Cp. *Faery Queene*, ii. 11. 7.

l. 42. 'There is a decided manly tone in the arguments and sentiments, an eloquent dogmatism, as if each person spoke from thorough conviction; an excellence which Milton probably borrowed from his spirit of partisanship or else his spirit of partisanship from the natural firmness and vigour of his mind. In this respect Milton resembles Dante (the only modern writer with whom he has anything in common) and it is remarkable that Dante as well as Milton was a political partisan.' (Hazlitt.)

l. 43. *scepter'd King* is Homeric (*Iliad*, i. 279).

l. 50. *reck*, to care for, take account of (used impersonally in *Comus*, 404). Cp. *As You Like It*, ii. 4,

'My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven.'

- l. 51. *sentence*, opinion, like Lat. *sententia*.
- l. 64. *when to meet the noise*, &c. In the Prometheus of Æschylus (920) the hero utters a similar threat.
- l. 69. *mix'*, here = filled with, a Latinism. Cp. Æneid, ii. 487.
- l. 73. *drench*, anything drunk (A. S. *drenc*, from *drincan*, to drink). Used by Shakespeare. but only of a horse's drink (1 Henry IV, 2. 4).
- l. 89. *exercise*, discipline, chastise, like Lat. *exerceo* (Virgil, Georgics, iv. 453). So in Othello, iii. 4,
 'Much castigation, exercise devout.'
- l. 90. Cp. line 252. Milton has 'vassals of perdition' in end of Bk. ii. of Reformation in England. But 'vessels' has been suggested as a reading here. (Rom. ix. 22.)
- l. 91. The Ghost in Hamlet speaks of his 'hour' of torture (Hamlet, i. 5); and 'torturing hour' occurs in Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1.
- l. 94. The commentators refer to a somewhat similar exhortation by Ajax (Iliad, xv. 509).
- l. 97. *this essential*, adjective for substantive, a frequent Miltonic usage; cp. line 278, 'the sensible of pain.'
- l. 104. *fatal*. Cp. Bk. i. 133.
- l. 113. *could make the worse*, &c. This was the accusation brought against the Sophists.
- l. 114. *dash*. Cp. note to Comus 451.
- l. 124. *In fact of arms*, literal translation of the Fr. 'en fait d'armes.' Cp. line 537 of this book.
- l. 132. *obscure*, accented on the first syllable, as sometimes in Shakespeare (Merchant of Venice, ii. 7; Hamlet, iv. 5; Macbeth, ii. 3).
- l. 151. Cp. Claudio's speech 'Ay, but to die,' &c. (Measure for Measure, iii. 1).
- l. 163. These repeated interrogations remind the commentators of a similar passage in the Iliad (ix. 337).
- l. 170. Cp. Isa. xxx. 33. So in Æschylus, Oceanus advises Prometheus to submit to the will of Zeus, lest yet greater sufferings should be laid upon him. (Prometheus Vincetus 307-329.)
- l. 174. *red right band* is the 'rubente dextera' of Horace (Odes, i. 2. 2).
- l. 182. *Of racking whirlwinds*, &c. Cp. Æneid, vi. 75, 740.
- l. 183. Similar instances of emphasis obtained by repetition of adjectives with the same prefix are found in Spenser (e. g. his description of Death, quoted in note to line 666), Shakespeare ('Unhousell'd, unanointed, unanealed,' Hamlet i. 5), and in Milton's prose ('A bishop should be undioccesed, unreverenced, unlorded,' Reformation, Bk. ii.)
- l. 191. Psalm ii. 4.
- l. 199. Cp. Bk. i. 158.

l. 209. *doom*, A. S. *dōm*, judgment, whence *dēman*, to form a judgment, judge (modern English *deem*).

l. 210. *supreme* is accented thus in *Comus* 217; *On Time* 17; *Paradise Lost*, i. 735. Elsewhere in Milton it has the usual accent.

l. 226. Cp. *Comus* 759.

l. 227. *ignoble ease* is Virgil's phrase (*Georgics*, iv. 564).

l. 234. *argues*, proves. So in iv. 830, 931.

l. 245. Bentley suggested '*from ambrosial flowers*,' but cp. *Samson Agonistes* 987.

l. 254. The wish of Horace (*Epistles*, i. 18. 107).

l. 255. Prometheus declares that he would not change his evil plight for the servile condition of Hermes. (*Prometheus Vincitus* 968.) Cp. *Samson Agonistes* 270.

l. 263. Psalm xviii. 11, 13; xcvi. 2; 1 Kings viii. 12.

l. 285. *As when hollow rocks*, &c. *Iliad*, ii. 144; *Æneid*, x. 98.

l. 301. *aspect*, always thus accented in Milton and Shakespeare.

l. 302. The peers of England are called '*pillars of the state*' in Shakespeare (2 *Henry VI*, i. 1).

l. 306. *Atlantéan*, referring to Atlas, who bore up the columns that keep asunder earth and heaven (*Odyssey*, i. 52).

l. 311. *offspring of Heav'n*. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, v. 863.

l. 318. Milton appears to have been thinking of Alsatia, with its sanctuary privileges.

l. 327. *iron sceptre*. Cp. Psalm ii. 9.

l. 330. *determin'd*, ended (our hopes) as in Book v. 879; or perhaps in the sense of limited, restrained *in custody severe*.

l. 333. The construction here is taken from a very rare usage in the Latin classics, e. g. in Plautus (*Menæchmi*, Prol. 59),

'*Ei liberorum, nisi divitiæ, nihil erat.*'

Iambinus censures the expression as too unusual, for *nisi* can except none but things of a like kind. Cp. note on l. 678.

l. 337. *reluctance*, in its original sense of '*struggling against*.' Cp. x. 515, 1045. Cp. '*reluctantes dracones*,' Horace, *Odes*, iv. 4. 11.

l. 341. *want*, be wanting, as in i. 715, iv. 989.

l. 352. Hebrews vi. 17. *Iliad*, i. 528-530; *Æneid*, ix. 104.

l. 359. *arbitrator*, governor, as Horace uses '*arbiter*' (*Odes*, i. 3. 15).

l. 367. *puny* is from Fr. *puis né*, younger. It is here used in its primary sense. Cp. note on iv. 567.

l. 369. Genesis vi. 7.

l. 376. *advise*, consider (Fr. *aviser*). Cp. '*lay hand on heart: advise*' (*Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5), and use of '*advice*' for '*consideration*' in *Henry V*, ii. 2, and *Comus* 108.

l. 379. *first devis'd*. Cp. i. 650, &c.

1. 391. The demon assembly has been called a 'conclave' (i. 795). It is now a 'synod,' and in *Paradise Regained*, i. 42, is a 'consistory.'

1. 396. *chance*, either with ellipse of 'to' or as an adverb (= perchance, perhaps) as in Benedick's speech, 'I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken upon me' (*Much Ado about Nothing*, ii. 3).

1. 409. *arrive*, used absolutely (as in *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2; 3 *Henry VI*, v. 3), but elsewhere in Milton 'arrive at.' The word is from Lat. *adripare*, to come to shore. (Wedgwood.)

1. 410. *the bappy ile*, i. e. earth, hanging in the sea of air.

1. 412. *senteries*, now spelt *sentries*. The word is probably derived from the synonymous *sentinel*, which is of obscure origin.

1. 420. Milton is supposed to have had in his thoughts the picture of the senate sitting mute before their choice of a commander for the army in Spain (*Livy*, xxvi. 18).

1. 431. *demur*, hesitation (Lat. *demoror*, Fr. *demeurer*).

1. 432. Cp. *Æneid*, vi. 128. Dante, describing the ascent from Hell, says that the way is long and the road hard to travel (*Inferno*, xxxiv. 95).

1. 434. *convex*, should be 'concave' from Satan's point of view. Cp. l. 635.

1. 436. Cp. *Æneid*, vi. 439, 552.

1. 438. *void profound*, i. e. the 'inane profundum' of Lucretius.

1. 439. *unessential*, void of being, having no substance, a mere vacuum or negation. (Keightley.)

1. 441. *abortive*, i. e. rendering so, like 'forgetful' in line 74.

1. 443. *remains him*, awaits him. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, vi. 38; and *Æneid*, vii. 596, for a similar use of 'maneo.'

1. 445. Cp. *Paradise Regained*, ii. 463-465.

1. 457. *intend*, attend to, as in *Timon of Athens*, ii. 2, 'intending other serious matters.' So the Latin phrase '*intendere animum*,' to bend, apply the mind.

1. 462. *mansion*, resting-place, dwelling. Cp. *Comus* 2 (note).

1. 467. *prevented*. Cp. *Nativity Ode* 24.

1. 471. *opinion* is here used for 'public opinion;' so in Shakespeare, *King Henry* speaks of the descent of his crown to his son with 'better opinion, better confirmation' (2 *Henry IV*, iv. 4); and 'opinion' is personified in *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3, as crowning Achilles 'with an imperial voice.'

1. 487. Cp. *Iliad*, vii. 214.

1. 490. *Heav'ns cheerful face*. The phrase is Spenser's (*Faery Queene*, ii. 12, 34).

element. The Clown in *Twelfth Night* (iii. 1) declares this word to

be 'over-worn, and prefers its synonym 'welkin.' 'Element' is used for sky or air in the first scene of the same play. Cp. line 538.

l. 492. Keightley points out that the same simile occurs in Spenser's fortieth sonnet.

l. 508. *Paramount*, supreme; Fr. *paramont*, at the top, up. (Wedgwood.) Blackstone says, 'the king is styled lord paramount, or above all.'

l. 512. *globe*, compact body-guard (as 'globus' in Æneid, x. 373). Cp. *Paradise Regained*, iv. 581.

l. 513. *borrent*, bristling. Cp. 'Horrentia pilis agmina' (Horace, *Satires*, ii. 1. 13).

l. 514. *session*, assembly (Lat. *sessio*). Cp. *Nativity Ode* 163.

l. 517. *alchemy*, metal mixed by chemic skill. Fletcher (*Purple Island*, vii. 39) contrasts spurious metal, 'alchemy,' with pure gold.

l. 518. *harald*. This is the spelling of the early editions; possibly Milton preferred it from recollection of the Italian form *araldo*.

explain'd. The *sounding alchemy* is the trumpet, whose *blast*, or the reason of it, is afterwards *explained* by the voice of the herald.

l. 526. *entertain*, as guests.

l. 528. These heroic games were doubtless suggested by *Iliad*, ii. 773; Æneid, vi. 642, &c.

l. 531. Horace, *Odes*, i. 1. 4.

l. 533. Referring to the Aurora Borealis. (Keightley.)

l. 534. Cp. Virgil, *Georgics*, i. 474, and Julius Caesar, ii. 2 (Calpurnia's speech).

l. 536. *prick forth*, spur forward. Spenser's knight 'was pricking on the plain.' (See Glossary to *Faery Queene*, i.)

To *couch* (Fr. *coucher*) a spear, is to lay it in its rest, which was a portion of the breast armour on the right side strengthened for that purpose.

l. 538. *welkin*, from A. S. *wolcen*, Germ. *wolken*, clouds. Perhaps as Kluge suggests, from the Teutonic root *welk*, Indo-European *welg*, to be wet. It is noteworthy that in English use, at least from the sixteenth century, the word has meant not 'cloud,' but the *cloudless* heaven, the blue vault. Cp. Shakespeare, *Winter's Tale*, i. 2, 'welkin-eye'; also *Comus* 1015,

'Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend.'

l. 539. *Typhæan*. Cp. i. 199.

l. 540. Cp. 'Infected be the air whereon they ride' (*Macbeth*, iv. 1), and line 663.

l. 543. The *envenomed robe* was unwittingly sent to Hercules (called *Alcides* from his grandfather, Alceus), by his wife Deianira, as a means of retaining his affections. The poison caused him intense suffering, and he threw the bearer, Lichas, into the sea. Milton appears to have followed Ovid's account (*Metamorphoses*, ix. 136-217).

1. 550. Bentley observes that here is an allusion to the sentiment quoted by Brutus from Euripides, that Virtue was enthralled to Force, or (as some read) to Fortune. Milton has comprehended both readings.

1. 554. *took*. Cp. note on Vacation Exercise 20. Compare the effects of the song of Orpheus, *Georgics*, iv. 481-484; Horace, *Odes*, ii. 13. 29.

1. 558. Milton here makes the devils the first philosophers.

1. 559, 560. The inversion of the words illustrates *wandering mazes*.

1. 561. *wand'ring*, i. e. 'causing to wander,' like 'oblivious' (i. 266), 'abortive' (ii. 441), and 'shuddering' (ii. 616).

1. 568. *obdured*, hardened: 'obdurate' is the more usual word.

1. 569. *triple steel*, like Horace's 'aes triplex' (*Odes*, i. 3. 9).

1. 570. *squadrons*; from Ital. *squadron* (Fr. *escadron*), augmentative of Ital. *squadra* (our *square*) from late Latin *ex-quadrare*. Cp. 'squared regiment' (i. 758).

1. 577. *Stryx*, *Cocytus*, &c. are named respectively from hate, sorrow, wailing, and fire. Lethe is far from the rest, as in *Æneid*, vi. 705, and in Dante (*Inferno*, xiv. 136). *¶ New un.*

1. 581. *torrent*, either from *torreo*, and so 'burning,' or from *torrens*, 'rolling rapidly.'

1. 589. *dire*. So Horace has 'dirae grandinis' (*Odes*, i. 2. 1).

1. 592. Serbonis was a lake between the mountain Casius and the Egyptian city of Damiata, on one of the eastern mouths of the Nile. It was a thousand stadia in circuit, and surrounded by hills of loose sand, which were carried into the water by high winds, and made the lake undistinguishable from the land. (See Herodotus, ii. 6; Diodorus Siculus, i. 35.)

1. 595. *frore*; *frore* is frozen, like Germ. *gefroren*, participle of *frieren*. For *burns*, cp. 'adurat' in Virgil (*Georgics*, i. 93). The Lat. verb *torreo* is used of heat, parching of fever, or cold: The cold north wind is said (*Ecclus.* xliii. 21) to 'burn the wilderness.'

1. 596. *barpy-footed*. Cp. *Æneid*, iii. 217.

1. 600. *starve*, the old meaning was 'to die.' (A.S. *steorfan*, Germ. *sterben*.) The modern meaning is as old as 1340. (Morris, *Specimens*, p. 382.) In Shakespeare and in Milton it is found in the sense of frozen; ('starved snake,' 2 Henry VI, iii. 1), and in Bk. iv. 769. In the Midland Counties to *starve* is to suffer from cold. (Wedgwood.)

1. 603. The idea of this alternation of punishment seems to have been taken from Rabbinical tradition, which affirmed Gehenna tortures to consist of fire, frost, and snow. Todd supposes it to have been suggested by the Vulgate rendering of Job xxiv. 19, 'ad nimum calorem transeat ab aquis nivium.' Cp. *Æneid*, vi. 740-742; Dante, *Inferno*, iii. 87; and Claudio's speech in *Measure for Measure*, iii. 1.

l. 604. *sound*, strait, from Old Norse *sund*=swimming, what may be swum over. (Wedgwood.) Ben Jonson uses the word for a shallow sea or lake.

l. 610. *Fate withstands*. Cp. 'fata obstant' (*Æneid*, iv. 440).

Gorgonian terror. Cp. *Odyssey*, xi. 633; *Æneid*, vi. 289.

l. 614. *Tantalus*. Cp. *Horace*, *Satires*, i. 1. 68; *Faery Queene*, ii. 7. 59.

l. 616. *agast*, frightened. Cp. *Glossary to Chaucer*, in this series, and note on *Paraphrase on Psalm cxiv*. 15.

l. 617. Cp. *Matt.* xii. 43; *Luke* xi. 24.

l. 619. Hell is called the 'city of dole,' 'città dolente,' by Dante (*Inferno*, iii. 1).

l. 620. *Alp*, used for 'mountain,' particular for general; as 'Acheloia pocula' is used in *Georgics*, i. 9, for water.

l. 623. The *Eumenides* are said to exist for the sake of evil (*Æschylus*, *Eumenides* 71).

l. 625. *prodigious*, in the original sense of 'portentous.' It is so used in *Julius Cæsar*, i. 3; *Richard III*, i. 2.

l. 628. Compare *Virgil's* monsters at the entrance of Hell (*Æneid*, vi. 286-289).

l. 631. *Puts on swift wings*. Cp. line 700. *Iliad*, xxiv. 340.

l. 634. *shaves*. Cp. *Æneid*, v. 217. A similar expression occurs in *Faery Queene*, ii. 6. 5.

l. 636. Milton seems to mean winds on the equator, for it could not be by what are called either equinoctial or trade winds, that this fleet is impelled. (Keightley.)

l. 637. *Hangs*. 'Here is the full strength of the imagination involved in the word *hangs*, and exerted upon the whole image. First, the *fleet*, an aggregate of many ships, is represented as one mighty person, whose track, we know and feel, is upon the waters; but, taking advantage of its appearance to the senses, the Poet dares to represent it as *hanging in the clouds* both for the gratification of the mind in contemplating the image itself, and in reference to the motion and appearance of the sublime objects to which it is composed. . . . The imagination creates by innumerable processes, and in none does it more delight than in that of consolidating numbers into unity, and dissolving and separating unity into number—alterations proceeding from, and governed by, a sublime consciousness of the soul in her own most mighty and almost divine powers. . . . When the compact *fleet*, as one Person, has been introduced sailing from Bengala, they, i. e. the *merchants*, representing the fleet resolved into a multitude of ships ply their voyage: So (referring to *As* in the commencement) seemed the *flying Fiend*—the image of his Person acting to recombine the multitude of ships into one body—the point from which the comparison set out.' (*Wordsworth*, *Preface to Poems*, ed. 1815.)

1. 639. *Ternate and Tidore*. Two of the Moluccas, whence the Dutch brought spices to Europe.

1. 642. *nighly*, by night (cp. *Penseroso* 84), when alone the southern cross, by which they steer, is visible. The *pole* is the south pole. (Keightley.)

1. 647. *impal'd*, enclosed, surrounded. 'Hedged about with a terrible impalement of commands' (Milton, *Reason of Church Government*, i. 2). The word is thus used in Shakespeare (3 *Henry VI*, iii. 2; *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 7).

1. 649. Cp. *Æneid*, vi. 574. The following allegory of Sin and Death is grounded on James i. 15.

1. 650. Some parts of this description are taken from that of Error (*Faery Queene*, i. i. 14), and of Hamartia (*Purple Island*, xii. 27), Hesiod's Echidna (*Theog.* 298), and Horace's '*mulier formosa superne*' (*De Arte Poetica* 4).

1. 653. *mortal sting*. Cp. 1 *Cor.* xv. 56.

1. 654. *cry*, a pack of hounds; as in *Coriolanus*, iii. 3.

1. 655. *Cerberian mouths* is a phrase from Ovid (*Metamorph.* xiv. 65).

1. 656. *list*, listed, willed (A.S. *lystan*, to desire, will). Cp. *Faery Queene*, i. i. 15.

1. 660. Ovid, *Metamorphoses* xiv. 60; Virgil, *Eclogue* vi. 75; *Æneid*, ii. 432.

1. 661. Sicily is called *Trinacria* from its triangular shape (*Æneid*, iii. 429).

1. 665. *labouring*. The eclipses of the moon are called her '*labores*' by the Latin poets (*Georgics*, ii. 478). Jeremy Taylor (*Apples of Sodom*) says of sinful pleasure, 'it is such as the old women have in the Lapland dances; they dance the round, but there is a horror and a harshness in the music.'

1. 666. *eclipses*, suffers eclipse (*ἐκλείπει*).

The other shape. Spenser (*Faery Queene*, vii. 7. 46) had described Death as

'Death with most grim and grisly visage seen,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath,
Ne aught to see, but like a shade to ween,
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseen.'

Cóleridge says of this passage of Milton: 'The grandest efforts of poetry are where the imagination is called forth to produce, not a distinct form, but a strong working of the mind, still offering what is still repelled, and again creating what is again rejected; the result being what the poet wishes to impress, viz. the substitution of a sublime feeling of the unimaginable for mere images. Painters illustrating this passage have described Death by the most defined thing that can be

imagined, which, instead of keeping the mind in a state of activity, reduces it to the merest passivity.' Cp. Tennyson (In Memoriam xxii. xxiii.),

'The shadow fear'd of man;'

and 'The shadow cloak'd from head to foot,
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds.'

1. 670. *as night*. Cp. Iliad, i. 47; Odyssey, xi. 606.

1. 673. *kingly crown*. Cp. Job xviii. 14; Rev. vi. 2.

1. 675. This passage in some respects recalls the meeting of Guyon with Disdain (Faery Queene, ii. 7. 41).

1. 676. *borrid strides*. Cp. Iliad, vii. 213.

1. 677. *admir'd*. See i. 690 (note).

1. 678. *except*, being excepted: i. e. God and his Son being excepted, Satan cared not for any power remaining, that is, for any 'created thing.' Of like construction (Keightley remarks) is Milton's sentence, 'No place in Heaven or Earth, except Hell, where charity may not enter;' and so in Richard III, v. 3,

'Richard except, those whom we fight against.'

The commentators remark a similar use of 'but' in lines 333, 336.

1. 681. Iliad, xxi. 150.

1. 686. *taste*, know by experience. Psalm xxxiv. 8; Heb. vi. 5.

1. 687. *Hell-born* is a Spenserian phrase (Faery Queene, vi. 12. 32), as 'miscreated' above, Faery Queene, i. 2. 3).

1. 688. *goblin*. Cp. L'Allegro 105, note.

1. 692. Rev. xii. 3, 4.

1. 693. *conjur'd*, banded together, Lat. *conjurati* (Georgics, i. 280; ii. 497).

1. 697. *Hell-doom'd*, the retort to *Hell-born* in line 687.

1. 700. *False*, because he had called himself a spirit of heaven.

1. 708. Cp. Æneid, x. 272. Ophiuchus, Anguitenens, or Serpentarius, is a constellation about forty degrees long, mentioned by Aratus.

1. 710. Comets are adjoined in 1 Henry VI, i. 1, to

'Brandish their crystal tresses in the sky.'

1. 713. Cp. 'Or as when clouds together crusht and bruis'd,
Pour down a tempest on the Caspian plain.'

(Fairfax's translation of Tasso, quoted by Keightley.)

1. 714. This simile (of combatants to thunderclouds) occurs in Boiardo's poem, Orlando Innamorato.

1. 715. *fraught*, laden (Germ. *fracht*). *Heaven's artillery* is an expression of Crashaw, Habington, and Shakespeare (Taming of the Shrew, i. 2).

1. 716. The Caspian is said (in Purchas, Pilgrims, iii. 241) to be remarkably tempestuous. Cp. Horace, Odes, ii. 9. 2.

1. 721. *but once more*. Cp. Heb. ii. 14.

1. 722. *and now great deeds*, &c. Cp. Iliad, vii. 273.

1. 723. *bad* for 'would have', not unfrequent (Horace, Odes, ii. 17. 28, iii. 16. 3).

1. 724. So the Furies are called the 'snake-like maids' by Euripides (Orestes 256).

1. 735. *Pest* is applied by Ariosto to the Fury Megæra and the giantess Erifila.

1. 758. An adaptation of the classic myth of the birth of Minerva from the brain of Jupiter.

1. 768. *fields*. Cp. i. 105. Shakespeare uses *field* for 'battle' (Coriolanus, i. 6 and 7), and for 'army' (Julius Cæsar, v. 5).

1. 786. *brandishing his fatal dart*. Cp. Æneid, xii. 917.

1. 789. Cp. Æneid, ii. 53. The repetition of the name may have been suggested by Eclogue vi. 43; Georgics, iv. 525 527.

1. 810. Odyssey, xii. 116-120.

1. 813. *dint*, stroke; frequent in Spenser (Faery Queene, i. 7. 47).

1. 825. *pretences*. claims, whether put forward (*praetenta*) justly or not. This usage is found in Shakespeare (3 Henry VI, iv. 7. Coriolanus, i. 2).

1. 833. *purlieu*, the outskirts of a forest. Lands once part of the royal forest might be separated from it by perambulation (*pourallée*, O. Fr. *purallée*) granted by the Crown. These disforested lands were the *purlieu*. (Wedgwood.)

1. 842. *buxom*, yielding (Faery Queene, i. 11. 37). Cp. 'cedentem aera' (Horace, Satires, ii. 2. 13).

1. 846. Compare the smile of Ajax (Iliad, vii. 212) and the grin of Minos in Dante (Inferno, v. 4). Spenser's Grantorto is described as 'grinning griesly' (Faery Queene, v. 12. 16), and Sylvester has 'grinning gastly.'

1. 868. *who live at ease*; Homeric expression (Iliad, vi. 138; Odyssey, iv. 805). In Tennyson's Lotos-Eaters, the crew of Ulysses propose
'to live and lie reclin'd

On the hills, like gods together, careless of mankind.'

1. 874. *portcullis*; from the French *port* and *coulisse*, the groove in which it works (*couler*, to flow down, to slide).

1. 879. Contrast with the opening of the doors of Heaven (vii. 206).

1. 882. Cp. Virgil, Georgics, iv. 471.

1. 889. *redounding*, curling like waves, *redundantes* (Major).

1. 891. *boary deep*; Job xli. 32.

1. 894. *eldest night*. Cp. Faery Queene, i. 5. 22.

1. 898. Cp. the description of Chaos in Ovid (Met. i. 1-20).

1. 910. 'For in the wide womb of the world there lies,
In hateful darkness and in deep horrore
An huge eternal Chaos, which supplies
The substances of Nature's fruitful progenies.'

(Faery Queene, iii. 6. 36.)

l. 911. 'Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum.'
(Lucretius, v. 260.)

'The earth that's Nature's mother, is her tomb.'
(Romeo and Juliet, ii. 3.)

'The seedes, of which all things at first were bred,
Shall in great Chaos' womb again be hid.'
(Spenser, Ruines of Time.)

l. 919. *firth*, another form of *firth*, an arm of the sea, from the Old Norse *fjörðr*, whence the Norwegian *fjord*, which has been in recent times adopted into English as a geographical term. The root is the same as in the words *fare*, *ferry*, *ford*, and expresses the notion of passing over or crossing; the Latin *portus* and the Greek *πόρος* are cognate.

l. 927. *vans*, wings; Lat. *vannus* is a winnowing fan. Tasso uses 'vanni' for the wings of the archangel Michael. Cp. *Æneid*, i. 300; Faery Queene, i. 11. 10.

l. 931. *audacious* means here simply 'daring,' as in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2,
'An angel shalt thou see,
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'

l. 936. *rebuff*; 'buff' = blow, a Spenserian word (Faery Queene, ii. 2. 23).

l. 939. *Syrteis*. The Syrtes were two gulfs on the north coast of Africa, dangerous on account of their quicksands,

'Syrtes, vel primam mundo Natura figuram
Quum daret, in dubio pelagi terraeque reliquit.'
(Lucan, Pharsalia, ix. 304.)

l. 940. *fares*, goes (A. S. *faran*, to go).

l. 941. Cp. Faery Queene, i. 11. 8.

l. 943. *gryphon*, a fabulous creature, part eagle, part lion, said to guard gold mines. The Arimaspians were a one-eyed Scythian people, who adorned their hair with gold, for which they had continual battle with the guardian gryphons. Herodotus (iii. 116, iv. 13) and Pliny (Nat. Hist. vii. 2) are the authorities for these marvels. Todd thinks that the original of this passage is in *Æschylus*, (*Prometheus Vincetus* 803-807.)

l. 948. Cp. *Iliad*, xxiii. 116, and Spenser, Faery Queene, i. 11. 28.

l. 951. *bubblub*. This word, which appears to be merely imitative of a confused uproar, is used by Shakespeare (*Winter's Tale*, iv. 3), by Spenser (Faery Queene, iii. 10. 43), and again by Milton, *Paradise Lost*, xii. 60.

l. 954. *ply*, from French *plier*, *ployer*, Latin *plicare*; the original sense 'to fold, bend' gives rise to the sense in which the word is here used, to employ vigorously, keep working. Cp. line 642.

l. 964. *Orcus* and *Ades* are Latin and Greek names for the lower world, and its ruler, Pluto. Spenser makes the dwelling of the Fates

to be in the realm of Chaos, which Demogorgon rules. (Faery Queene, iv. 2. 47.) *Ades* ('*Ἀΐδης*') is the older and Homeric form of the Attic *Hades*, "*Ἅιδης* (*ᾠδης*)".

l. 964. *name of Demogorgon*, Demogorgon himself. So Virgil has '*Albanum nomen*' (*Æneid*, vi. 763) for a man of Alba. So in Julius Cæsar, i. 2. Cæsar says, 'If *my name* were liable to fear.' Cp. Rev. xi. 13, for the same usage, which is also found in the quotation from Milton's *Hist. Engl.* in note to Sonnet xii. 13. 'The expression cannot be justified by rules of reason, but it is nevertheless as magnificent as words can make it.' (Moir.) Milton elsewhere conjectures that Demogorgon, oldest of the gods, is identical with Chaos. Spenser speaks of this dreaded name (Faery Queene, i. 1. 37),

'At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.'

l. 972. *secrets*, here = secret places, chosen haunts, as '*secreta*,' in *Georgics*, iv. 403, and *Æneid*, vi. 478.

by constraint. Cp. *Æneid*, vi. 461.

l. 977. *confine with*, border on.

l. 1001. Todd, following Bishop Pearce, changes the original *our* of this line into 'your.' But the broils were within the kingdom of Chaos.

l. 1005. Cp. *Iliad*, viii. 19 et seq.

l. 1013. Drayton, in his *David and Goliath*, has

'He look't like to a pyramid on fire.'

The ancients derived *πυραμῖς* from *πῦρ*, on account of its pointed shape.

l. 1017. It was *after* passing the Bosphorus and emerging from it into the Euxine, that Jason's ship *Argo* had to pass the *Symplegades*. (Keightley.)

justling rocks; the '*concurrentia saxa*' of Juvenal, xv. 19, from their appearing to open and shut again as the ship changes its course.

l. 1020. Virgil speaks of *Scylla* as a whirlpool (*Æneid*, iii. 425). It is a rock at the farther end of a small bay into which the current runs strongly, and the water beating against it is driven back and forms an eddy.

l. 1042. These lines are supposed to be imitated from Seneca's description of the passage of *Hercules* out of Hell (*Hercules Furens*, 668, et seqq.).

wafts. At the fall of *Wolsey*, as Cavendish relates, there were thousands of boats '*wafting* up and down in *Thames*' in expectation that the Cardinal would be sent by water to the Tower.

l. 1043. *bolds the port* is a classic phrase (*Horace*, *Odes*, i. 14. 2; *Virgil*, *Æneid*, i. 400).

weighs, here = balances, poises. The expression is Tasso's.

l. 1049. Cp. *Faery Queene*, i. 10. 55, and Book iii. 507.

l. 1052. *This pendent world*. *Claudio* (*Measure for Measure*, iii. 1) fears lest after death he should be

'Blown with restless violence round about
This pendent world.'

Book III.

l. 1. Parallels have been found for this address to Light in Tasso and Du Bartas. The latter invokes Light as 'God's eldest daughter.'

l. 2. Cp. Samson Agonistes 83.

l. 3. 1 John i. 5; 1 Tim. vi. 16.

l. 6. Wisdom is said (Wisdom of Solomon. vii. 25) to be 'a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty, the brightness of the everlasting light.'

l. 7. *hear'st thou?*—a Latinism, meaning, 'art thou called?' Milton uses the same expression in his Arcopagitica, 'For which Britain hears ill (i. e. is evil spoken of) abroad.' Cp. Horace, Satires, ii. 6. 20; and Spenser, Faery Queene, i. 5. 23.

l. 8. Job xxxviii. 19.

l. 10. *invest.* Cp. i. 207; Job xxxviii. 9.

l. 11. Cp. Faery Queene, i. 1. 39.

l. 16. *middle darkness* is the great gulf between Hell and Heaven.

l. 17. Alluding to the Hymn to Night attributed to Orpheus, who was inspired by his mother Calliope, and sung '*with other notes*' than these sacred strains of Milton.

l. 19. Æneid, vi. 367.

l. 25. Alluding to two kinds of blindness arising from *gutta serena* and *suffusio*. Lander remarks, 'The fantastical Latin expression *gutta serena* was never received in any form into our language, and a *thick drop serene* would be nonsense in any.' Bohn says: '*gutta serena* = *amaurosis*, a disease of the optic nerve, and *suffusio* = cataract.'

l. 26. *yet not the more*, &c.; i. e. nevertheless I still wander.

l. 29. Cp. Georgics, ii. 476.

l. 30. *brooks*, Kedron and Siloa, which last was, however, a pool.

l. 33. *Tbamyris* was a Thracian, who, according to Pliny (vii. 57), invented the Dorian mode. He is mentioned by Homer (Iliad, ii. 595), who relates his presumption in challenging the Muses to a singing contest, and his punishment in being deprived by them of sight, voice, and skill in music. Plato also alludes to him (De Legibus viii, and Republic x. ad fin.). Plutarch, in his treatise of Music, says that he had the finest voice of any of his time, and wrote a poem of the War of the Titans with the Gods. Suidas mentions his poem on the Generation of the World. *Mæonides*; Homer, so called, either from being the son of Mæon, or from being a native of Mæonia, a name of ancient Lydia.

l. 36. Bentley rejected this verse. Pearce proposed to read, 'And

Phineus and Tiresias.' Keightley attributes the difficulty to the *sb* sound being given to the first *s* in Tiresias, which, pronounced in the proper manner, would, he thinks, render the line harmonious.

prophets; used, like 'vates,' to designate the prophetic as well as poetic character of the bards.

l. 37. Cp. 'Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy'

(As You Like It, iv. 3),

i. e. ruminating; and Paradise Regained, ii. 258. Milton, speaking of his polemical writings, laments that they oblige him to leave 'a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts.'

voluntary move. Cp. Pope:

'I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.'

l. 39. *darkling*. This is no participle of a verb 'darkle,' but an adverb of derivation, like A. S. *bandlunga*, and the forms 'darklins,' 'middlins,' 'scantlins,' &c. in Lowland Scotch. (Latham.) It is used in Lear, i. 4.

l. 49. *expung'd and ras'd*, as from a waxen tablet, by the use of the blunt end of the stylus.

l. 56. Cp. Æneid, i. 223-226.

l. 60. Dan. vii. 10. Rev. v. 11; vii. 9.

l. 61. *his sight*, the sight of him, the beatific vision. Cp. On Time 18.

l. 63. Heb. i. 3. Some hints in this description were afforded by Tasso (Gierusalemme Liberata, i. 7; ix. 55-7).

l. 75. The universe appeared to Satan a solid globe encompassed on all sides by either water or air; but without firmament over it, as over the earth. The sphere of fixed stars was itself comprehended in, and made part of, this globe (Newton).

l. 77. Cp. Tennyson, In Memoriam xxvi,

'Oh, if indeed that eye foresee

Or see (in Him is no before).'

l. 80. 'The habit of contemplating the fall of Adam as the starting-point of divinity, or if not the starting-point, as only subsequent to a divine arrangement which provided a means for curing the effects of it, necessarily put Milton out of sympathy with the old creeds of the Church which do not allude to the Fall, but which at once set forth the only-begotten Son, who was one with his Father before all worlds, as the perfect manifestation of God, and as the object of faith and trust to all men. Arianism was the natural outcome to an honest and brave mind, which could look its own conclusions in the face, of this mode of contemplating the world and the course of human life. By adopting that habit of thought, he obliged himself oftentimes to outrage the conscience of human beings in a way in which the creeds, taken according

to their natural sense, would not have outraged it. Those divine arguments in the Third Book which most devout readers, most serious divines, tremble to read, while yet they cannot refuse to recognise the reverence of the writer, were inevitable if his primary conception were a right one.' (Maurice, *Modern Philosophy*, p. 341.)

l. 92. 1 Kings xxii. 22.

l. 93. *glozing*. Cp. ix. 549; Comus 161 (note).

l. 98. Eccl. vii. 29.

l. 108. Cp. Areopagitica: 'Many there be that complain of Providence for suffering Adam to transgress. Foolish tongues! When God gave him reason he gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing: he had been else a mere artificial Adam.'

l. 129. *suggestion*, temptation, as in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 1; 'suggest' = tempt (*Othello*, ii. 3).

l. 136. Instead of the terror and trembling of heaven and earth which follow the utterances of the Olympian Jove, Ariosto makes air and ocean serene and tranquil while God speaks (*Orlando Furioso*, xxix. 30.) (Todd.)

l. 139. 'Full of his Father shines his glorious face.'

(Fletcher, *Purple Island*, xii. 81.)

l. 140. Heb. i. 3.

l. 147. *innumerable*, though joined to 'sound,' refers to 'songs.' Or perhaps it means 'not expressible in (earthly) numbers.' Cp. l. 38 of this book.

l. 153. Gen. xviii. 25.

l. 168. Matt. iii. 17.

l. 169. John i. 18; *Æneid*, i. 664.

l. 170. 1 Cor. i. 24; Rev. xix. 13.

l. 189. Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

l. 197. Matt. x. 22.

l. 215. 1 Peter iii. 18.

l. 217. Cp. Rev. viii. 1, and Bk. ii. 420, where, in the infernal parallel to this scene, 'all sat mute.'

l. 219. *patron*, alluding to the advocacy of our Lord. See Isaiah lix. 16.

l. 225. Col. ii. 9.

l. 236. The repetition here finds a parallel in *Æneid*, ix. 426-7.

l. 244. John v. 26.

l. 249. Ps. xvi. 10.

l. 252. Donne had written,

'Death, thou shalt be no more; death, thou shalt die.'

l. 254. Ps. lxviii. 18; Col. ii. 15.

l. 259. 1 Cor. xv. 26.

l. 265. Ps. xvi. 11; Isa. xxxv. 10.

- l. 269. Ps. xl. 7.
 l. 274. Eph. ii. 14.
 l. 277. 'Last not least' occurs in Lear's speech to Cordelia ('King Lear, i. 1), and in that of Antony to Trebonius (Julius Cæsar, iii. 1).
 l. 285. 1 Cor. xi. 3; Col. i. 18.
 l. 287. Stillingsfleet points out the imitation of the style of St. Paul, (1 Cor. xv. 22.)
 l. 299. Rom. viii. 29; Matt. xx. 28.
 l. 317. Matt. xxviii. 18.
 l. 318. *assume Thy merits*. Cp. Horace, Odes, iii. 30. 14, 15.
 l. 321. Phil. ii. 10.
 l. 322. This placing hell in the centre of the earth was probably a slip of memory on the part of Milton. Cp. i. 73. (Keightley.)
 l. 323. 1 Thess. iv. 16.
 l. 329. 1 Cor. xv. 57.
 l. 330. Jude 14.
 l. 334. 2 Pet. iii. 12, 13.
 l. 335. Rev. xxi. 1.
 l. 337. Cp. Virgil, Eclogue iv. 9.
 ll. 339-341. 1 Cor. xv. 25-28. *Gods*=angels. Cp. Ps. xcvi. 7 (Prayer Book version); Heb. i. 6.
 l. 343. John v. 23.
 l. 348. So Dante (Paradiso, xxviii. 94) heard the choirs of angels singing Hosanna to the fixed Point (God) that held them in their station.
 l. 351. Rev. iv. 10.
 l. 353. *amarant*, (ἀμάραντος), unfading. Pliny asserts of this flower that, though gathered, it keeps its beauty, and even when it has faded, it recovers its beauty by being sprinkled with water. (Hume.) Hume forgot that Milton says it is no longer on earth. (Keightley.) Cp. 1 Peter i. 4 and v. 4.
 l. 363. Rev. xxi. 11, 18. A 'sea of jasper' occurs in Faery Queene, ii. 12. 62.
 l. 372. This hymn recalls that to Hercules in Æneid viii. ending at l. 302.
 l. 377. Ex. xxxiii. 18; Job xxvi. 9. In Ovid, Metamorphoses, ii. 39, Phœbus lays aside his dazzling radiance before he bids his son Phaethon approach.
 l. 380. Spenser (Hymn to Heavenly Beauty) says of the throne of God that it is 'hid in his own brightness.'
 l. 382. Isaiah vi. 2.
 l. 387. John i. 18; xiv. 9.
 l. 413. Cp. 'Sarà ora materia del mio canto.'
 (Dante, Paradiso, i. 12.)

Spenser called Queen Elizabeth the 'matter of his song' (Faery Queene, iii. 4. 3).

l. 431. *Imaus*, the western part of the Himalaya range. Pliny asserts that the name means 'snowy.' It is from *bima*, Sanscrit for 'snow.' Cp. Gk. χείμων, Lat. *hyems*. (Keightley.)

l. 438. *Sericana*, the region between China to east, and Imaus to west. The 'cany waggons' here spoken of were seen by Sir George Staunton in 1797, and Mr. Oxenham, in his report quoted in the *Times* of August 9, 1869, after describing the hard smooth roads of the country, proceeds: 'Over these downs came trundling along a large number of wheelbarrows, and where the country was high and open, and a strong wind blowing in their favour, the driver eased his labour by setting up a sail on two upright bamboos. The usual day's journey is about twenty miles, or with a fair wind, thirty-five.'

l. 444. *store*, plenty, as in L'Allegro 121.

l. 456. *unkindly*, contrary to kind, or nature. So 'kindly (= natural) fruits of the earth' (Litany).

l. 459. Milton here alludes to and corrects Ariosto (Orlando Furioso, xxxiv. 70), who makes Astolfo ascend, under St. John's guidance, to the moon. Pope also describes the 'lunar sphere' as the repository of things lost on earth (Rape of the Lock, canto v. 113-122).

l. 463. Gen. vi. 4. Cp. note on Paradise Lost, xi. 573.

l. 467. *Sennaar*. Milton follows the Vulgate here, to avoid the *sh* sound in 'Shinar,' as Keightley supposes.

l. 471. *Empedocles*, a Sicilian philosopher, who flourished B.C. 444. The volcano by throwing out one of his sandals, revealed the manner of his death. Dante places him in Limbo with Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and other philosophers (Inferno, iv. 138).

l. 473. Cleombrotus was an Academic philosopher of Ambracia in Epirus. After reading the Phædon of Plato he killed himself.

too long. Cp. 'Illa deos omnes (longum enumerare) creavit.'

(Ovid, Fasti, iv. 95.)

l. 475. *white, black, and grey*, Carmelites, Dominicans, and Franciscans.

l. 480. Alluding to the old superstition that 'if a man were buried in a friar's habit, he never came into hell.' Dante (Inferno, xxvii) hears the confession of Count Guido de Montefeltro, who had thought thus 'to pass disguised.' But the Count had given (under promise of absolution) to Boniface VIII the counsel to use treachery in his contest with the Colonna family, and not having repented the giving this advice, he was claimed on his death by one of the 'black cherubim,' although his body wore St. Francis' cord.

l. 482. According to the Ptolemaic scheme, *the planets seven* are our solar system. Beyond this is *the fix'd*, the firmament or sphere of

the fixed stars. Above this, again, is the *crystalline sphere*, to which was attributed a certain libration or shaking (the *trepidation* so much talked of) to account for observed irregularities in the motion of the stars. Beyond this was the 'primum mobile,' 'that first moved,' the sphere which was both the first moved and the first mover, communicating its movement to all the lower spheres. Beyond the 'primum mobile' was the empyrean, in Milton's poem the seat of God and the angels. Tasso, describing the descent of Michael, mentions these spheres in the reverse order. Rabelais (iv. 65) speaks of the '*trepidation tant controvers et débatu entre les fols astrologues.*' (Keightley.)

1. 492. *Indulgences*. These remissions of the temporal punishment due to sin were first awarded as a recompence for zeal in the crusades, or held out as a stimulus thereto. Boniface IX, in 1300, attached the same advantages at first to a visit to Rome, then to the payment of certain sums to his commissioners. The consequences of this abuse two centuries later are well known.

bulls, from *bulla*, the leaden seal attached to these documents.

1. 493. *sport of winds*. Cp. 'ludibria ventis' (*Æneid*, vi. 75).

1. 495. *Limbo*. *Limbus patrum* (Lat. *limbus*, hem of a garment) was a region supposed to exist on the border of hell, of which Dante makes it the outermost circle. Therein the souls of the patriarchs and of good men who died before the coming of Christ were detained till the Resurrection. Dante places in it the souls who lived well according to the light of Nature, but who were not baptized.

1. 506. *frontispiece* (Lat. *frontispicium*), forefront of a house. Milton spells *frontispice*, but the word may have been pronounced as at present.

1. 507. Cp. Rev. xxii. 11, and book ii. 1049, 1050.

1. 510. Gen. xxviii. 12.

1. 513. The earlier editions punctuate,

'From Esau fled
To Padan-aram in the field of Luz,
Dreaming,' &c.

The punctuation of the text is Newton's.

1. 518. *a bright sea*; this was the water above the firmament. Cp. vii. 619.

1. 521. *wafted*, as Lazarus was 'carried' by angels (Luke xvi. 22), or as the souls are brought into Dante's Purgatory, in a ship wafted by the wings of an angel (*Purgatorio*, ii. 33).

1. 522. 2 Kings ii. 11; and *Paradise Regained*, ii. 16; *Il Penseroso* 40.

1. 525. *doors of bliss*. Rev. iv. 1.

1. 529. Before the Fall all the earth was favoured by Divine regard.

1. 533. Cp. *Faery Queene*, i. 10. 56.

1. 534. *with choice regard*. Cp. Deut. xi. 12.

1. 535. Paneas (at the foot of Mount Hermon, just below the source of the Jordan) is the same city as Cæsarea Philippi, mentioned in Matt. xvi. 13.

1. 538. *where bounds, &c.* Job xxviii. 3.

1. 546. Lander observes: 'No critic has noticed that the hill is instinct with life and activity.' Cp. 'heaven-kissing hill' (Hamlet, iii. 4).

1. 555. 'The verse in this exquisitely modulated passage seems to float up and down as if it had taken wings' (Hazlitt).

1. 557. *from eastern point, &c.*, i. e. he sees an entire hemisphere extending through six signs of the Zodiac, viz. from Libra westward to Aries, 'the fleecy star.' It bears *Andromeda* (an allusion to Helle is here conveyed) off the Atlantic seas, because Andromeda lies above Aries in the sky, though not immediately over it, being more to the west. (Keightley.)

1. 564. *marble*; for its clear brilliancy. Shakespeare has 'marble heaven' (Othello, iii. 3), and Sophocles (*Antigone* 610) speaks of the 'marble (i. e. the glittering, *μαρμαρόεσσα*) radiance of Olympus.'

bis oblique way. Drayton similarly accentuates 'oblique' (*Polyolbion* xvi.),

'Then in his oblique course the lusty straggling street.'

1. 565. Here Milton seems to quit the Ptolemaic for the Copernican system. By the former the stars were fixed in the face of one sphere, so that Satan could not have flown *amongst* them. (Keightley.)

1. 569. Cp. Virgil's Elysian Fields (*Æneid*, vi. 638, 639). The Islands of the Blest were placed far in the Western Ocean, and are wrongly identified by some writers with the Hesperidum Insulæ, off the west coast of Africa.

1. 572. *The golden sun.* Cp. *Georgics*, i. 232.

1. 574. In ix. 78, and x. 675, 'up and down' = north and south.

1. 575. *By centre, &c.* It is hard to tell whether Satan's course were toward, or away from, the centre (it not being determined whether the sun be the centre of the world or not), or 'by longitude,' i. e. in length east and west (iv. 539; vii. 373).

1. 577. *aloof.* To *loof* or *luff* in nautical language is to turn the vessel up into the wind. *Aloof*, then, is to the windward of one, and as a vessel to the windward has it in her choice either to sail away or to bear down upon the leeward vessel, *aloof* has come to signify 'out of danger,' 'in safety from,' 'out of reach of.' (Wedgwood.)

1. 593. *inform'd*, penetrated.

1. 596. The red stone rendered 'Sardius' in the Septuagint, the Vulgate, and our Bible, Milton takes to be the *ruby*: that rendered 'emerald' he translates *carbuncle*, and that rendered 'beryl' he translates *chrysolite*. (Keightley.)

1. 602. *bind Volatile Hermes*, solidify Mercury, or quicksilver.

1. 603. For the metamorphoses of *old Proteus*, see *Georgics*, iv. 441, &c.

1. 604. *drain'd*, &c., i. e. water purified by distilling it over and over again in an alembic (*limbec*). Keightley remarks that the Greek water-deities alone have the power of assuming many forms, because water alone of the elements can change into snow, ice, vapour, &c.

1. 607. *elixir*. The wondrous powers of this great medicine are thus set forth by Sir Epicure Mammon, in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist* (ii. 1):

‘He that has once the flower of the sun,
The perfect ruby, which we call elixir,
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life;
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,
To whom he will.’

1. 609. The sun ‘plays the alchemist’ in *King John*, iii. 1.

1. 616. The *as* in this line = ‘like as;’ that in the next = ‘forasmuch as.’ At the equator the sun is directly vertical at noon, and bodies cast no shadow.

1. 622-644. ‘The figures here introduced have all the elegance and precision of a Greek statue; glossy and impurpled, tinged with golden light, and musical as the strings of Memnon’s harp!’ (Hazlitt.)

1. 623. Rev. xix. 17.

1. 625. Cp. the description of Phœbus in *Ovid*, *Met.* ii. 40.

1. 627. *Illustrious*. Cp. Tennyson’s mention of the ‘light and lustrous curls’ of Arthur,

‘That made his forehead like a rising sun.’

(Morte D’Arthur.)

fledge for ‘fledg’d’ occurs in the old translation of *Pliny* by *Holland*, in *Milton’s Colasterion*, in *Browne’s Britannia’s Pastoral*, and again in this poem (vii. 420).

1. 637. *not of the prime*, i. e. not full grown. Cp. *Spenser’s* description of an angel (*Faery Queene*, ii. 8. 5); xi. 245; *Comus* 289; *Lycidas* 8.

1. 643. *succinct*, girt like the Roman tunic with a belt round the waist. (*Horace*, *Satires*, ii. 6. 107.)

1. 644. *decent*, in its classical sense of ‘comely.’ (*Horace*, *Odes*, iii. 27. 53.)

1. 650. *and are his eyes*. *Zech.* iv. 10; *Rev.* i. 4; v. 6; viii. 2.

1. 652. *over moist and dry*. Cp. *Iliad*, xiv. 308, and *Sonnet* xv. 13.

1. 654. *Uriel* means ‘God is my Light’ (*Newton*); or ‘Light of God’ (*Keightley*). ‘Uriel’ is not named in Scripture but in *Esdras* x. 28, and the rabbinical writings.

1. 664. *delight and favour*, abstract for concrete. Cp. *Æneid*, v. 541.

1. 693. *In his uprightness*. Cp. *Job* xxxiii. 3.

1. 704. *Ps.* cxi. 4 (*Prayer Book* version).

l. 713. So Cicero, translating Plato (whose Timæus furnished Milton with several hints), 'Id ex ordinato in ordinem adduxit.'

l. 715. *cumbrous*. Even air and fire were so, compared with the quintessence.

l. 716. Aristotle supposed, besides the four elements, a fifth essence, out of which the ethereal bodies were formed, and of which the motion was orbicular.

l. 721. The rest of the quintessence (not used for the stars) was employed to form the interior of the outer coat of the world. Lucretius says of it (v. 470),

'Et late diffusus in omnes undique partes
Omnia sic avido complexu caetera sepsit;'

and elsewhere (v. 455) mentions the 'magni moenia mundi.'

l. 730. The 'diva triformis' of Horace (Odes, iii. 22. 4). The allusion here is to the phases of the moon, increasing with horns turned east, decreasing with horns turned west, and at the full.

l. 741. Ariosto (Orlando Furioso, iv. 24) makes his magician, mounted on a hippogriff, descend 'in large wheels.'

l. 742. *Niphates*, an Armenian mountain bordering on Mesopotamia Milton followed the precedents of Virgil (*Æneid*, iv. 252, &c.) and Tasso, who makes Gabriel alight on Mount Libanus (Gierusalemme Liberata, i. 14. 15).

Book IV.

l. 1. Cp. Prologue to Henry V, 'O, for a muse of fire!'

l. 3. *second rout*. The first was that recorded in Bk. i; Rev. xii. 12.

l. 10. Rev. xii. 10.

l. 11. To *wreak* is to avenge (A. S. *wrecan*). Keightley remarks that to 'wreak vengeance' (an expression used by Dryden) is therefore incorrect. 'To wreak' is used for 'to revenge' in Titus Andronicus, iv. 3.

l. 17. Cp. 'For 'tis the sport, to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar.' (Hamlet, iii. 4.)

l. 20. Bede says of the devils, 'suarum secum ferent tormenta flammaram.' Cp. note to i. 255.

l. 25. Cp. Ovid, *Tristia*, iv. 1. 99:
'Dum vice mutata qui sim fuerimque recorder.'

l. 27. Cp. the grief of Ulysses, *Odyssey*, xiii. 197.

l. 30. This metaphor is used by Virgil in his *Culex* (41), and is exactly translated by Spenser:

'The fiery sun was mounted now on hight
Up to the heavenly towers.'

l. 32. This speech (which Milton once intended should open Lucifer's

part in the *tragedy* of Adam Unparadised) has a general resemblance to the first speech of Prometheus in Æschylus, who also appeals to the 'all-seeing orb of the sun.'

l. 37. Cp. Phædra's hatred of day (Euripides, *Hippolytus* 355), and Macbeth's weariness of the sun (v. 5).

l. 44. James i. 5.

l. 50. *sdein'd*, disdained, from Ital. *sdegnare*. Spenser uses the word often (e. g. *Faery Queene*, v. 5. 44).

l. 55. Cp. 'gratiam autem et qui retulerit, habere, et qui habeat, retulisse.' (Cicero, *De Officiis*, ii. 20.)

l. 79. This has been taken as addressed by Satan to himself. Keightley regards it as addressed to God, and thinks that line 81 is the correction and recall of the aspiration. Cp. Heb. xii. 17.

l. 82. *my dread of shame*, &c. Cp. Hector's speech, *Iliad*, xxii. 99-108.

l. 111. So in the distich usually attributed to Virgil,

'Divisum imperium cum Jove Caesar habet.'

l. 112. By reigning in hell and the world, leaving to God only heaven.

l. 114. Cp. *Faery Queene*, i. 9. 16.

l. 126. Niphates divides Armenia from Assyria.

l. 133. Ezek. xxviii. 13, 14 appears to have led to the notion that the garden was on the summit of a hill, as described by Dante and Ariosto.

l. 141. Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, says: 'About it (as if it had been to enclose a theatre) grew such sort of trees as either excellency of fruit, stateliness of growth, continual greenness, &c., have at any time made famous.' Cp. *Æneid*, v. 288.

l. 147. Milton, speaking of what hangs on the tree, calls it *fruit*; but when plucked, *fruits*. See ll. 249, 422, Bks. v. 341, 390, viii. 307, and *Comus* 396.

l. 149. *enamell'd colours*, colours resembling in beauty and lustre those of enamelled work. To *enamel* is to encrust metal with a vitreous composition applied to the surface by fusion. Cp. *Arcades* 84.

l. 151. 'On fair evening cloud.' Bentley's emendation for 'in' of the early editions.

l. 153. Dr. Major observes that 'of' here implies succession or change of circumstance, in accordance with the Greek usage with *ἐκ* as in Sophocles, *Antigone* 1092.

l. 158. A common image with the Italian poets. Ariosto (*Orlando Furioso*, xxxiv. 51), describes the theft of the perfume by the gale, and the vernal delight thereby given. Shakespeare has the same idea in the opening of *Twelfth Night*.

l. 159. *As when to them, &c.* This is taken from Diodorus Siculus (iii. 45). The fragrance of spice is wafted out to sea for a distance of twenty miles, as is well known to every sailor in the West Indies or in the Indian Archipelago. But it is impossible that north-east winds could waft scent from the Arabian coast to a ship that had doubled the Cape and passed Mozambique. (Keightley.)

l. 165. *smiles.* The metaphor is from the ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα, the many-twinkling smile of the waves (Prometheus Vincit 90).

l. 168. *Than Asmodeus.* The commentators unanimously condemn this semi-burlesque ending of a beautiful passage.

l. 177. *that past,* that would have passed, an expression founded on classic precedent, e.g. in the Ion of Euripides (1326); 'Have you heard how she killed me?' i.e. would have killed me.

l. 181. A similar play on words occurs in lines 286 and 530, and Bks. ix. 11 and xi. 627. The same words are thus dealt with by Romeo in his fantastic mood (Romeo and Juliet, i. 4).

l. 183. *As when, &c.* See John x. 1-16.

l. 193. The *lewd* were originally merely the lay people, the ignorant, as contrasted with the clergy. The idea of depravity became associated with that of ignorance (John vii. 49), and at last changed the meaning of lewd into its modern signification of lascivious, base. In Shakespeare and in the Authorised Version (e.g. Acts xvii. 5) the latter sense only occurs; in Chaucer, both senses. The etymology of the A. S. *lǣwede* is disputed; perhaps it may in some obscure way be derived from the Latin *laicus*.

l. 195. *The middle tree.* The Hebrew expression 'in the midst' denotes not merely locality but excellence.

l. 196. Keightley remarks that this placing a sea-bird on a tree was probably suggested by Isa. xxxiv. 11.

l. 200. This passage has puzzled all commentators. What use *could* Satan have made of the tree? He was immortal already. *True life* could only have been *regained* by repentance, not by the mere eating of the tree. See Book xi. 95. The suggestion that *well us'd* applies to our first parents will not solve the difficulty. *Well us'd* and *only us'd* must apply to the same person. Besides, what ill use did they make of the tree of Life? Certainly not before the Fall, and after the Fall they were not permitted to use or eat of it at all.

l. 202. Cp. Juvenal, x. 2:

'Pauci dignoscere possunt

Vera bona.'

l. 209. The province in which Paradise was situated extended from Auan, a city of Mesopotamia near Euphrates, eastward to Seleucia, a city built by Seleucus, one of the successors of Alexander, upon the

Tigris. Telassar (Isa. xxxvii. 12) is placed by Ptolemy in Babylonia, on the common streams of Tigris and Euphrates.

l. 214. Eden (says Sir William Jones) is the same word as Aden, and means 'softness,' 'delight,' 'tranquillity,' as well as 'a settled abode.'

l. 222. So in Areopagitica: 'the knowing good and evil, that is, the knowing good by evil.'

l. 223. Milton correctly says that the river divided *after* leaving the garden. He judiciously avoids naming the river, a caution which he discards in ix. 71. The description of Paradise has many parts in common with that of the palace and garden of the third book of Boccaccio's Decameron. (Keightley.)

l. 242. Cp. 'Thy curious-knotted garden.' (Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1). *boon*, kind, (Lat. *bona*).

l. 246. *imbrown'd*. Cp. Il Penseroso 134. The Ital. *imbrunir*, for the dusk of the evening, occurs in the first line of one of Milton's Italian sonnets.

l. 248. So Ovid relates of the myrrh-tree (Metamorphoses, x. 500). Cp. Othello's comparison of his tears to the 'medicinal gum' of the 'Arabian trees' (v. 2).

l. 250. *amiable*, *amabilis*. Cp. 'thy amiable cheeks' (Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1).

fables true; 'fabula,' in its primary sense, is anything commonly talked of, whether true or false. From *Hesperian* to *only* is a parenthetical clause, 'here, if ever, were the tales of the Hesperian fruit realised.' The apples of the Hesperides were guarded by the dragon Ladon, and to obtain them was one of the labours of Hercules.

l. 255. *irriguous*, well-watered. Horace has this epithet for a garden (Satires, ii. 4. 16).

l. 256. St. Ambrose and St. Basil are given as the authorities for the thornless rose of Paradise.

l. 262. Cp. Comus 890.

l. 264. *apply*, 'join to' the melody of the *Streams* and the *airs* (Lat. *applico*). Cp. Spenser:

'The birds thereto applied
Their dainty lays and dulcet melody.'

(Faery Queene, iii. 1. 40).

airs, 'gales' (*aurae*). Cp. line 156.

l. 266. That the world was created in the spring, was an article of poetic faith. (Virgil, Georgics, ii. 338; Ovid, Met. i. 107). For the dance of the Graces, cp. Horace, Odes, iv. 7. 5.

l. 269. *Enna*, a town in Sicily, said to be the centre of the island. Around it were extensive cornfields.

Proserpine, accented as in Latin. So Spenser has the word in Faery Queene, i. 2. 2; but the usual accent is found in the Various Readings (Comus 355). The story is in Ovid (Metamorphoses, v. 341, &c.)

l. 271. *that pain*, i. e. that so often celebrated by poets.

l. 273. *Daphne*, a grove and temple sacred to Apollo, near the Syrian Antioch.

l. 275. *Nyseian isle*; the name Nysa was applied to several places sacred to Bacchus. The isle here meant is a rural retreat in the west of Africa, described by Diodorus Siculus, who makes Amalthea (not Semele) the mother of Bacchus. According to Diodorus they were *not* hidden. (Keightley.)

l. 280. *Abassin Kings*, kings of upper Ethiopia or Abyssinia.

l. 281. 'The hill of Amara is a day's journey high: on the toppe whereof are 34 pallaces, in which the younger sons of the Emperor are continually enclosed to avoid sedition.' (Heylin's Microcosmus, published 1627.)

l. 282. *Ethiop line*. Equinoctial line. In Purchas there is an eloquent description of the beauty of this region 'by Nilus' head,' and we are told that some take it 'for the place of our forefather's Paradise.'

l. 285. *Assyrian garden*. Strabo comprehends Mesopotamia in the ancient Assyria.

l. 299. Bentley read 'for God *and* him.' And this has been defended by l. 440 and Bk. x. 150.

l. 301. *hyacinbine*, a very dark shade of hair (Odyssey, vi. 231). The hyacinth flower of the Greeks is called black in Theocritus. Cp. Virgil, Eclogue ii. 18.

l. 304. 1 Cor. xi. 15, where 'veil' is the marginal reading for 'covering.' 'Pro velamine,' is the translation in the Testament of Tremellius and Beza, used by Milton.

l. 311. This line was copied by Pope in his translation of Odyssey, ix. 32.

l. 315. *ye*, i. e. false shame and false honour.

l. 323. Milton placed the perfection of man in Adam. As Professor Maurice observes (in the passage from which the note to Bk. iii. 80 is taken), it was the tendency of his age. In 1662, South put forth a sermon, which he preached in St. Paul's, on Man created in the image of God. In it he affirmed that 'Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, Athens was but the rudiments of a Paradise.' (Maurice, Modern Philosophy, 343.)

of men since born, &c. Greek and Latin parallels to this expression are found in Homer, (Iliad, i. 505, ii. 673) and Horace (Satires, i. 1.

100). To these Keightley adds from Tacitus (Hist. i. 50), 'Solutusque omnium ante se principum in melius mutatus est.'

1. 337. *purpose*, conversation, (Fr. *propos*). So Spenser's Braggadochio (Faery Queene, iii. 8. 14) makes 'gentle purpose' to his dame.

1. 348. *insinuating*, twining himself in curves. Cp. Virg. *Æn.* ii. 208.

Gordian, intricate. See note on Vacation Exercise 90.

1. 354. *ocean isles*, isles in the Western Ocean.

ascending scale, according to the Ptolemaic system.

1. 362. *Little inferior*. Cp. Ps. viii. 5; Heb. ii. 7.

1. 381. Cp. Isa. xiv. 9.

1. 386. Madness (in the Hercules Furens of Euripides, line 858) calls Helios to witness that she is about to do what she wills not to do.

1. 402. Perhaps this is borrowed from the transformation of Bacchus into a lion (Euripides, Bacchæ 1019), or from 1 Pet. v. 8.

1. 410. *Adam . . . moving speech*, was the circumstance that turned Satan (already anxious to learn more of their state) *all ear*.

1. 419. Acts xvii. 25.

1. 458. The story of Narcissus (Ovid, Metamorphoses, iii. 457, &c.) is here imitated.

1. 478. *platan*, i.e. a plane-tree, so named from the breadth of its leaves (*πλατύς*). Cp. Georgics, iv. 146; Faery Queene, i. 1. 9.

1. 483. Gen. ii. 23.

1. 487. *Part of my soul*, 'animæ dimidium meæ' (Horace, Odes, i. 3. 8.)

1. 493. *unreprov'd*, i.e. that could not be reprov'd, blameless. See L'Allegro 40 (note).

1. 499. *As Jupiter*, &c. As when the heaven smiles on the air, making all things fruitful in Spring.

1. 501. *matron*, married, as Ovid speaks of the matron cheeks of Lucretia.

1. 504. *askance*. Cp. Comus 413 (note).

1. 506. *imparadis't*, a word common with the writers of the time.

1. 512. Todd quotes from a work by Moses Barcephas, published in 1569, in illustration of this passage. The opinion of some commentators is there stated; that Adam was not created in Paradise, but afterwards led therein and then forbidden to eat of the tree; that Eve, subsequently created, was informed by Adam of this prohibition; that the devil overheard their conversation, and asked Eve, 'Hath God said?' by way of opening the colloquy of the temptation.

1. 539. *utmost longitude*, extreme west (iii. 576).

1. 542. *eastern* is an oversight of Milton's. The sun was in the west. The *inner side* of the eastern gate is not meant. See l. 589. (Keightley.)

- l. 544. *alablaster*. See Comus 660 (note).
- l. 549. *Gabriel* is mentioned in Dan. viii. and ix. and in Luke i. The name signifies 'Man of God.'
- l. 551. So exercised the soldiers of Achilles during his quarrel with Agamemnon, and so also the fiends in ii. 528.
- l. 555. *gliding through the even*. Cp. Georgics, iv. 59, and the flight of Iris (*Æneid*, v. 609).
- l. 556. Cp. Comus 80.
- l. 561. *thy course*. Cp. Luke i. 8, 9.
- l. 567. *latest image*. The first was Christ, and before man were the angels. (Newton.) Keightley objects that the angels are nowhere said to have been made in God's image. But the angels in Scripture usually bear a human form, and are always so described by Milton.
- l. 580. *vigilance*, guards; abstract for concrete, like 'custodia.'
- l. 590. Milton seems to regard the sunbeam as a material, inflexible line from the sun to the gate of Paradise, and as the sun had now sunk below the level of the garden, the opposite extremity of the beam was of course elevated. (Keightley.)
- l. 592. *ib' Azores*. These islands lie due west of Mesopotamia. (Keightley.)
- l. 594. *volubil*. Here the word has the second syllable long, after the Latin accent; in ix. 436 it is short, and the word is written 'voluble.'
- l. 599. *sober livery*. Cp. note on *Il Penseroso* 122.
- l. 602. Cp. Comus 234, *Paradise Lost*, vii. 436; Virgil, *Georgics*, iv. 514.
- l. 603. *descant*, a variation by ornament of the main subject or plain-song.
- l. 605. *sapphires*. Keightley contends that 'sapphire' is the right word, expressive of the vivid azure of the antediluvian sky. The battlements of the empyreal heaven (ii. 1050) are 'living sapphire.' *Hesperus* is invoked by Spenser (*Epithalamion*) as the 'glorious lamp of love,'
'That all the host of heaven in ranks dost lead.'
- l. 628. *manuring*, cultivation, (Fr. *main*, *œuvre*), so used in Iago's speech about virtue (*Othello*, i. 3), and again in *Paradise Lost*, xi. 28.
- l. 639. *I forget all time*. Todd refers to Gen. xxix. 20.
- l. 640. *All seasons*, is all times of the day, not of the year. (See line 268 and x. 678. Keightley thinks that the repetition here may have been suggested by that in *As You Like It*, ii. 7 (the Duke's reply to Orlando).)
- l. 642. *charm*, a variant of the older *cherm*, *chîrm*. A. S. *cirm*, vocal noise; the ordinary word *charm* is of distinct origin, from Old French *clarme*, Lat. *carmen*, but probably the two words are here confused.

1. 645. Cp. 'Sweet after showers, ambrosial air.'

(Tennyson, In Memoriam lxxxv.)

1. 651. Newton reads *these* instead of *those* in the early editions. Cp. 11. 657, 674.

1. 666. Bishop Pearce proposed to read 'life And Nature,' which would = 'natural life.' Cp. 'joy and tidings' (x. 345).

1. 682. Cp. the aërial music in the Tempest, iii. 2, described by Caliban.

1. 688. *Divide the night* into watches, as the trumpet did when the Roman guard was relieved,

'cum buccina noctem

Divideret.' (Silius Italicus, Pun. vii. 154.)

1. 700. Pope observes that Milton has here almost translated *Iliad* xiv. 347.

1. 703. *emblem*, in the classic sense of an inlaid floor (*emblema*).

1. 704. *insect* is accented on the last syllable, as perhaps also in vii. 476.

1. 716. *unwiser* does not imply that Prometheus was unwise. It is the Latin use of the comparative, and means that Epimetheus was not so wise as he should have been. *Least wise* = 'most foolish,' in viii. 578.

1. 719. *stole*. Lander says that 'stol'n' would be more satisfying, and would be also grammatical. In Comus 195, the edition of 1645 has 'stole,' but the MS. has 'stol'n' (Various Readings). If we read *stol'n*, *who had* will coalesce—a frequent use in Milton. In iii. 398-402, there are three instances.

authentic = original, as in iii. 656.

1. 720. The repetition of *both* is Virgilian (Eclogue vii. 4).

1. 722. Lander objects that *both* can only apply to two.

1. 724. *Thou also*. The transition resembles that in *Æneid*, viii. 293; and that in Ps. lxxiv. 12, 13.

1. 731. *Uncropt*, 'crop' for 'gather,' (Lat. *carpo*), as in Epitaph on Marchioness of Winchester 39, and *Paradise Lost*, v. 68.

falls to the ground. Compare the effect with Tennyson's line in the *Idylls of the King* (Enid),

'The prince, without a word, from his horse fell.'

1. 735. *gift of sleep*. Ps. cxxvii. 2.

1. 747. 1 Tim. iii. 2-4, 12; 1 Cor. vii. 2, 28, 36.

1. 748. 1 Tim. iv. 1-3.

1. 750. This passage is imitated from one of Tasso's Letters. St. Paul calls marriage a 'mystery' (Ephes. v. 32).

1. 751. *propriety*, property, different spellings of the same word. (Trench.)

1. 755. *Founded* relates either to *thee* or *relations*.

l. 756. *cbarities*, including all the domestic affections. 'Omnes omnium *caritates patria una complexa est*' (Cicero, *De Officiis*, i. 17).

l. 761. Heb. xiii. 4.

l. 768. *Mixt dance*, i. e. a dance in which both sexes took part. The Puritans denounced such dances as unlawful. Stubbs had done so in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, and Prynne in his *Histriomastix*; and Milton in his *Second Book on Reformation* joins 'mixt dancing' with 'gaming, jiggling, wassailing.' *Wanton* in ll. 306, 629, is used for innocent sportiveness, though here in censure. Keightley quotes from one of Jonson's masks (*The Barriers*) a speech parallel to this, in praise of marriage.

l. 769. *serenate*, Italian form of the more usual (French) 'serenade.' *starv'd*, frozen. See note on ii. 600.

l. 776. The conical shadow of the earth, if visible to a spectator on the darkened side, would mount as the sun fell lower, and be at its greatest height in the vault of heaven at midnight. The shadowy cone had risen half way; therefore, supposing the day and night to be of equal length (as in x. 329), it would be nine o'clock.

l. 777. *half-way up-hill*, half-way towards midnight.

l. 782. *Uzziel* = Strength of God.

l. 784. *As flame they part*, &c. Heb. i. 7.

l. 785. *shield* is the *left* side (Ovid, *Eleg.* iv. 1. 73), and *spear* the right. This expression for right and left also occurs in Xenophon (*Anabasis*, iv. 3. 26).

l. 788. *Ithuriel*, apparently invented by Milton, who may have meant it to signify 'Excellency of God' (Heb. *yāthar*, to be excellent); it has been explained as 'Searcher of God' (from *tūr*, to explore); in either case the formation is irregular. *Zephon* occurs as a man's name in Num. xxvi. 15.

l. 804. *inspiring venom*. Cp. *Æneid*, vii. 351.

l. 830. 'Nobilem ignorari, est inter ignobiles censeri.' (Life of J. C. Scaliger.)

argues, proves. So used in Shakespeare (2 *Henry VI*, iii. 3; *Richard III*, iii. 7), and again at line 931.

l. 843. *invioable*, inviolate. The converse usage at line 987.

l. 845. Cp. *Æneid*, v. 344.

l. 848. Cp. 'Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictâ.'

(Persius, *Satires*, iii. 38.)

l. 850. *His lustre visibly impair'd*. The deformity of Satan is only in the depravity of his will; he had no bodily deformity to excite our loathing and disgust. The horns and tail are not there. . . . Milton was too magnanimous and open an antagonist to support his argument by the by-tricks of a hump and cloven foot, to bring into the fair field of controversy the good old catholic prejudices of which Tasso and Dante

have availed themselves. He relied upon the justice of his cause and did not scruple to give the devil his due. Some persons may think he has carried his liberality too far, and injured the cause he professed to espouse by making him the chief person in his poem. Considering the nature of his subject, he would be equally in danger of running into this fault, from his faith in religion and from his love of rebellion; and perhaps each of these motives had its full share in determining the choice of his subject. (Hazlitt.)

l. 858. The comparison is found in Æschylus (Prometheus 1009).

l. 866. The account of the return of Ulysses and Diomed (Iliad, x. 533, &c) is here closely followed.

l. 887. *esteem*, estimation, report. 'Of good esteem' (Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 3).

l. 892. *To change with* is a Latinism (Georgics, i. 8) adopted by Shakespeare:

'To shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another.'
(Cymbeline, i. 6.)

l. 894. *dole*, (Ital. *duolo*, Lat. *dolere*). Cp.

'In equal scale weighing delight and dole.'
(Hamlet, i. 2.)

l. 906. Keightley prefers 'Satan' as the nominative rather than 'folly,' and this construction makes 'returns him' reflective—as in Italian, 'si tuorna.'

l. 927. *fiercest*, used as substantive, as adjectives often are by Milton. Cp. ii. 278, xi. 4, and 497.

l. 929. *else not dreaded*. Cp. Æneid, xii. 892, 893.

l. 944. So Prometheus taunts the Chorus, bidding them worship Zeus. (Æschylus, Prometheus Vincit 938).

l. 953. This is Keightley's punctuation. The earlier editions have
'Army of fiends, fit body to fit head;
Was this your discipline,' &c.

l. 962. So Mercury denounces punishment to Prometheus (Æschylus, Prometheus Vincit 1071, &c.)

aread = counsel. A. S. *arædan*. Milton, in his Treatise on Divorce, thus uses the word. The substantive 'rede' occurs in Hamlet, i. 3. Cp. Glossary to Chaucer, and to Faery Queene, i.

l. 965. *I drag*. Present for future, a Latinism, used for emphasis (Æneid, iii. 367.)

l. 966. *And seal*. Cp. Rev. xx. 3.

l. 971. *limitary*, set to guard the frontiers. Lat. *limitaneus*, formed by Milton after the analogy of 'momentary' from *momentaneus*. (Keightley.)

l. 974. Ps. xviii. 10.

1. 980. *ported spears*. The commentators explain this to mean 'spears borne towards him.' But Mr. Masson (Life of Milton, vol. ii. p. 477) remarks: 'The "port" is *not* the advancing of the weapon, whether pike or bayonet, straight forward as if to push it into an enemy. *That* is the "charge," and the "port" is the movement or position *preparatory* to the "charge." It is the grasping of the pike diagonally across the body, butt down towards the right, and point upwards in the air over the left shoulder, so as to be ready to bring it down strongly and suddenly, by a half-wheel of the body, to the push for receiving an enemy. Were spears well ported, the slant spear-heads all parallel over the left shoulders of a company of men might be compared to ripe cornstalks blown by the wind, off the perpendicular, all one way.'

1. 987. *unremov'd*, for 'unremovable.' So 'unreproved' at v. 493.

1. 989. Cp. 'Victory sits on our helms' (Richard III, v. 3). Cleopatra uses a similar expression (Antony and Cleopatra, i. 3).

1. 990. *what seem'd*; a hesitating touch that spoils the picture. Milton was apparently struck with the material nature he had assigned to these spiritual beings.

1. 997. These scales differ from those in Iliad, viii. 69, xxii. 209, and Æneid, xii. 725, by being identified with the constellation Libra.

1. 999. Isa. xl. 12; Job xxviii. 25, xxxvii. 16; Prov. xvi. 2; Dan. v. 27.

1. 1003. The sense of *sequel* here, as an indication of the consequence and not the consequence itself, is very unusual, as Keightley remarks. The weights were not emblematic (as in Homer and Virgil) of each combatant, but merely showed to Satan what would be the result to him of parting and of fight. The weightier, more prudent course is *parting*, the ascending scales typifying (not victory, as in the classical examples, but) weakness, as in the case of Belshazzar.

1. 1010. *To trample thee as mire*. Cp. Isa. x. 6.

1. 1015. *murmuring*. Tasso describes the evil spirits driven back to Hell by Michael as groaning (*gemendo*). (Gierusalemme Liberata, ix.)

Book V.

1. 1. Morn is 'rosy fingered' in Homer, has 'rosy steps' here, and a 'rosy hand' in Bk. vi. 3. Lucretius says of the sun that he sows the fields with light (ii. 211), but Milton improves this by a reference to the 'pearly dew sprinkling the morning grass.' (Faery Queene, iv. 5. 45.)

1. 5. *which* refers to *sleep*. *The only sound* = 'the sound alone,' a Spenserian phrase (Faery Queene, v. 11. 30).

1. 6. *fan*. Not the sound is meant, but the wind which moves the leaves, whose effect on the sleepers was similar to the coolness produced by a fan. (Keightley.)

l. 7. Cp. Herrick (Hesperides, 1648):

‘When all the birds have mattens sey’d
And sung their thankful hymnes;’

and Æneid, viii. 456.

l. 17. *awake*, &c. Canticles ii. 10.

l. 21. *prime*, early day. ‘Prime’ was the early morning service of the Church. Cp. line 170, and Spenser, Faery Queene, i. 6. 13. See Glossary to that book.

l. 32. *If dream’d*. Cp. Horace, Odes, iv. 3. 24, for a similar hesitating expression.

l. 38. Cp. Iliad, ii. 23. Satan begins his temptation in v. 673 in similar terms.

l. 41. The singing nightingale is here (correctly) spoken of as masculine, but in the Invocation to Echo (Comus 235) as feminine.

love-labour’d song resembles Spenser’s ‘love-learned song’ (Epithalamion 88) sung by the birds to his bride.

l. 43. *sets off the face of things*, an expression worthier of Addison than of Milton. (Landor.)

l. 44. Cp. Giles Fletcher, Christ’s Victory, i. 78:

‘Heaven awaken’d all his eyes,

To see another sun at midnight rise.’

l. 49. Compare the dream of Dido. Æneid, iv. 466.

l. 56. Spenser translates the Homeric ‘ambrosial locks’ of Zeus by ‘nectar-dewed locks’ (Faery Queene, vii. 6. 30), and Virgil has a similar expression applied to Venus (Æneid, i. 403).

l. 74. Cp. the Sirens’ address to Ulysses (Odyssey, xii. 184, &c.).

l. 79. Cp. note on Lycidas 165, for the varied accent on ‘sometimes.’

l. 93. *night*, for what had happened in it—her dream. Cp. Silius Italicus, iii. 216,

‘Promissa evolvit somni, noctemque retractat.’

l. 102. Cp. note to L’Allegro 133.

l. 117. *God* here (though so printed in the early editions) may mean angel, as in l. 70. In l. 60 the word more probably refers to the Almighty, whom Satan accuses of contempt in not using the fruit, and of envy in forbidding it to man. We have here the knowledge of evil before the Fall. See also ll. 205–8.

l. 122. *nor cloud those looks*. Cp. Horace, Epistles, i. 18. 94.

l. 124. Cp. ‘The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night.’

(Romeo and Juliet, ii. 3.)

See also l. 168, and xi. 175.

l. 132. So in Spenser (Faery Queene, iii. 7. 9) Florimel is reviled by the witch, and

'With that adowne out of her christall eyne
Few trickling tears she softly forth let fall,
That like two orient perles did purely shyne.'

l. 137. The early editions have a comma at 'roof,' but Pearce and Todd punctuate as in the text.

l. 150. *numerous*, consisting of 'numeri,' poetic feet—'numbers,' as in iii. 38.

l. 153. Cp. Ps. cxlviii. and the Song of the Three Children.

l. 162. As to Milton's idea of Night in Heaven, cp. line 645 and vi. 8. Cp. Rev. vii. 16, xxi. 25, xxii. 5.

l. 171. The sun is called 'mundi oculus' by Ovid (Met. iv. 228) and 'mundi animus' by Pliny (ii. 4).

l. 173. *eternal*, here = continual, as in Virgil (Æneid, ii. 154, 297).

l. 177. *five*, either including Venus, although it was previously mentioned, or referring to the earth (viii. 129).

wandering, the primary meaning of 'planet,' (πλανήτης, from πλανᾶσθαι.)

l. 178. Alluding to the Pythagorean music of the spheres.

l. 181. *quaternion*, from *quaternio*, later Latin for 'four.' (Acts xii. 4.)

l. 182. *Perpetual circle*. 'Et cum quatuor sint genera corporum, vicissitudine eorum mundi continuata natura est. Nam ex terrâ, aqua; ex aquâ, oritur aer; ex aere, aether; deinde retrorsum vicissim ex aethere, aer; inde aqua; ex aquâ, terra infima.' (Cicero, De Naturâ Deorum, ii. 33.)

l. 195. Cp. iii. 31.

l. 197. *Souls*; 'soul' is used of other creatures besides man. (Gen. i. 20, 30; the marginal reading is 'soul' for 'life' in the text.)

l. 198. *up to Heaven-gate*. Cp. song in Cymbeline, ii. 3, and Shakespeare's 29th Sonnet.

l. 203. *Witness if, &c.* Bishop Pearce remarks that plural and singular are often thus interchanged in the ancient tragic choruses, and in those of Samson Agonistes.

l. 210. Bentley proposed to substitute a comma for the period at the end of this line: *peace recover'd . . . calm* would then be absolute.

l. 214. *pamper'd*. The Fr. *pampré*, from Lat. *pampinus*, is a vine-branch full of leaves.

l. 216. *To wed her elm, &c.* Cp. Horace, Epodes, ii. 9; Virgil, Georgics, ii. 367; Ovid, Metamorphoses, xiv. 669.

l. 221. So Zeus selects Hermes to guard Priam (Iliad, xxiv. 334).

l. 224. Imitated from the passage of Tasso (Gerusalemme Liberata, ix. 60-2), where God sends Michael to assist the Christians.

l. 229. *as friend with friend*. Cp. Exod. xxxiii. 11.

l. 342. *rind*. Keightley retains the *rin'd* of the original editions. It should be 'rinded.' Spenser (Shepherd's Calendar, Feb. 111) uses 'rine' (subst.) But as I can nowhere find 'rine' as a verb, I have printed *rind* as a substantive, 'in rough coat or (in) smooth rind.' Cp. 'fruits of golden rind' (Various Readings, Comus, first speech).

l. 345. *inoffensive*, with implied reference to the wine after the Flood. *must*; new wine (*mustum*). *Meath* or 'mead,' is a drink made of honey. Cp. Chaucer, Knightes Tale 1421,

'The hornes full of meth, as is the gyse.'

The word is perhaps akin to μέθυ.

l. 348. *wants*, is without (Latin *caret*), as in Horace, Odes, ii. 107, iii. 29, 23; and at l. 365 = 'dispense with,' 'forego.' (Keightley.)

l. 349. *unfum'd*, not burnt to produce scent. Fire was unknown in Paradise (ix. 392), at least till after the Fall (x. 1073).

l. 351. Bentley would read 'with no more train accompanied than with.' He censures the received reading as a solecism.

l. 356. *besmear'd with gold* resembles Horace's 'aurum vestibis illitum' (Odes, iv. 9. 14).

l. 357. *all agape*. Cp. Georgics, ii. 463.

l. 361 Cp. Æneid, i. 327.

l. 371. *the angelic Virtue*, the angel. So Homer uses 'the strength of Priam' for Priam himself (Iliad, iii. 105), and Virgil has imitated him (Æneid, xi. 376). Keightley refers Virtue to the classification of the celestial hierarchy (ll. 772, 840). It is doubtless so here intended by Milton, but he has elsewhere (viii. 249) called Raphael a Power.

l. 380. *Undeck't, save with herself* is beyond the 'simplex munditiis' of Horace (Odes, i. 5. 5), and contrasts with Ovid's 'pars minima est ipsa puella sui.'

l. 394. *all Autumn*, the fruits of autumn, as in Georgics, ii. 5.

l. 399. *unmeasur'd out*. Cp. xii. 469; James i. 17.

l. 407. Psalm lxxviii. 25 gave the idea of this line.

l. 415. Pliny gives a similar account of the spots in the moon (ii. 6).

l. 421. This double negative (like that in line 548 and in i. 335) is a Latinism. (Georgics, i. 83.)

l. 425. 'Cum sol igneus sit, Oceanique alatur humoribus.' (Cicero, De Naturâ Deorum, ii. 15.) Keightley refers to Faery Queene, i. 1. 32, and calls this passage 'a purely poetic expression, belonging to the cosmology of the early days of Hellas and the Ptolemaic system.'

l. 426. These *trees* and *vines* are derived from Matt. xxvi. 29, Rev. xxii. 2.

l. 430. *pearly grain*, perhaps manna is meant: Psalm cv. 40, Exod. xvi. 14. 31.

1. 435. This *gloss* is founded on Raphael's speech in Tobit xii. 9: 'All these days did I appear unto you, but I did neither eat nor drink, but you did see a vision.' Milton follows the literal meaning of Gen. xviii. 8, and xix. 3.

1. 445. *crown'd*, filled to the brim, a classic phrase. (Iliad, i. 470; Georgics, ii. 528.)

1. 447. The allusion is to Gen. vi. 2. The *sons of God* here = angels.

1. 451. Iliad, i. 469; Æneid, i. 216; Faery Queene, i. 12. 15.

1. 482. *odorous* has its second syllable long here, but short in iv. 166. *Spirits* is here of two syllables, though in l. 484 of only one.

1. 488. *discursive*, i. e. by argument; 'discourse of reason,' as Shakespeare has it (Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2; Hamlet, i. 2).

intuitive, i. e. by instinctive apprehension.

1. 498. Milton here borrows the notions of those theologians who have speculated on what Adam might have attained to had he not fallen.

1. 503. *Whose progeny ye are*. Cp. Acts xvii. 28.

1. 504. i. e. 'your fill of what happiness,' or 'to your fill what happiness.'

1. 509. *scale*, ladder (Lat. *scala*). Matter is here made the centre of a circle, of which the circumference is the limit of human knowledge.

1. 520. The precepts are short, in accordance with the Horatian rule. (De Arte Poetica 335).

1. 557. Cp. 'sacro digna silentio' (Horace, Odes, ii. 13. 29).

1. 564. *sad task and bard*. Cp. Æneid, ii. 3.

1. 570. *not lawful to reveal*, i. e. not the 'fas audita' of Æneid, vi. 266.

1. 574. Cp. vii. 618 and ix. 99. Drummond of Hawthornden has beautifully drawn out this idea in the concluding song of his poems. (Keightley.)

1. 579. *Upon her centre pois'd*. Cp. vii. 242.

1. 583. *Heav'n's great year*. Plato's great year is the revolution of all the spheres to the point whence their motion began. (Virgil, Eclogue iv. 5. 12.) Cp. l. 861. The assembly of angels was such as in Job i. 6; 1 Kings xxii. 19; Dan. vii. 10.

1. 589. *gonfalons*, standards. 'Gonfalon' is an Italian word, and Milton here seems to refer (in l. 593, *holy memorials*) to the banners carried in religious processions, a reminiscence of his Italian journey.

1. 598. *As from a flaming mount*. Exod. xix. 18; Dan. vii. 9.

1. 599. Cp. iii. 380.

1. 603-606. Heb. i. 6; Psalm ii. 6, 7; Gen. xxii. 16; Phil. ii. 10, 11.

1. 607. *And by myself have sworn.* Cp. Isaiah xlv. 23.
1. 633. *rubied nectar.* Homer's *ρέκταρ ἱρυθρὸν* (Iliad, xix. 38).
1. 637. *communion sweet.* Cp. Psalm lv. 14.
1. 642. 'ambrosial night' occurs in Iliad, ii. 57.
1. 646. *roseate.* 'Roseus' is used of the light of the dawn and of the rising sun, Lucretius, v. 974. Milton probably had in his mind the idea of the dew-drops struck by this rosy light and refracting it in all its prismatic radiance, and he forgot that the season was night. (Keightley.) The word only occurs here in Milton's poems.
1. 647. Psalm cxxi 4. Cp. also Iliad, ii. 2.
1. 652. Rev. vii. 17.
1. 656. Cp. On Time 17; Il Penseroso 48.
1. 657. *Alternate*, i. e. like the choral service in cathedrals, one half the quire answering the other, a custom said to have been introduced by Ignatius of Antioch, on account of its resemblance to the angelic bands, crying one to another.
1. 671. Beelzebub is always represented as second to Satan (i. 79; ii. 300.)
1. 674. *and remember'st* = 'when thou remember'st,' (ii. 730.)
1. 685. Satan begins his revolt by a lie. (John viii. 44.)
1. 689. Satan is called 'monarch of the north' in 1 Henry VI, v. 3. Cp. Isaiah xiv. 12, 13.
1. 702. *and casts between, &c.* Æneid, ii. 98.
1. 708. *as the morning-star*, with peculiar propriety of Lucifer, 'son of the morning.'
1. 710. Rev. xii. 3. 4.
1. 718. Psalm ii. 4 gave the hint of this line, and of the irony in line 721.
1. 731. *lest unawares.* 'Such expressions of derision,' says Landor, 'are very ill applied, and derogate much from the majesty of the Father. We may well imagine that very different thoughts occupied the Divine mind.'
1. 734. *Lightning.* Keightley takes this word as a participle, but it is not so used elsewhere in Milton's poems. Other commentators consider it a substantive, and refer to Dan. x. 6, Matt. xxviii. 3.
1. 736. Psalm lix. 8.
1. 739. *illustrate*, make illustrious. (Paradise Lost, x. 78, Paradise Regained, i. 370.)
1. 750. *triple degrees.* Mr. Wright, in the introduction to his translation of the Paradiso, gives a tabular view of these degrees. They were constructed by the pseudo-Dionysius from the comments of the Fathers on some passages of St. Paul's writings, e. g. Rom. viii. 38. But their order varied in different authors. That given by Mr. Wright as Dante's

is not followed in the very passage he quotes from the *Convito*. That quoted by Keightley (*Life*, p. 467) from Drayton is a third arrangement. In the hierarchy of Dionysius there are three divisions: the first or lowest commencing with angels, and proceeding upwards to Archangels and Principalities; the second, reckoning as before, consisting of Powers, Virtues, and Dominations; the third comprising Thrones, Cherubim, and Seraphim. To each degree of this hierarchy a special sphere of the material heavens is assigned, the nine spheres, reckoning upwards, being those of the Moon, Mercury, Venus; the Sun, Mars, Jupiter; Saturn, the Fixed Stars, and the *Primum Mobile*. To this order Milton does not strictly adhere. He places Principalities above Virtues, and assigns to Archangels a station nearest the throne of God. The rank and file of the opposing hosts are Cherubim and Seraphim, e. g. vi. 535, 579. But he preserves the due pre-eminence of the last-named in i. 794, and in line 249 of this book, where Raphael, a seraph, receives in his proper station the command of God. The angelic hierarchies were the subject of Hooker's dying meditation. Cp. Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, i. 2.

1. 753. *globose*, globe, adjective for substantive.

1. 759. Cp. *Faery Queene*, i. 7. 33. Sir Thomas Herbert, speaking of the diamond mines of Golconda, says: 'The mine is a large rock, and part of that mountain which extends towards Balaguata.' The dramatists make frequent allusions to this site of the diamond: e. g.

'Diamonds

Hewn from steep rocks with danger.'

(Massinger, *Maid of Honour*, iii. 3.)

(Keightley.)

1. 782. *knee-tribute* is a similar expression to 'mouth-honour' (*Macbeth*, v. 3). Cp. the speech of Richard II, affirming that the people were courted by Bolingbroke:

'And had the tribute of his supple knee,' (i. 4.)

1. 791. 'Such was the judgment of the least conservative of our great poets as delivered in verse; and the prose development of his opinions may be found in his *Second Book of the Reformation in England*.' (Henry Taylor.)

1. 793. *jar*. Metaphor from music. The same analogy is pursued by Plato in the *Republic*, and by Shakespeare in *Henry V*, i. 2 (*Exeter's* third speech). Cp. also the speech of Ulysses on 'degree,' *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3, and the lament of Richard II, (v. 5).

1. 798. *edict*, accented on the last syllable, as in *Love's Labour's Lost* (opening speech).

1. 799. *for this*, on account of this; i. e. this imposition of 'law and edict' (in itself an unnecessary usurpation) can still less (than the

simple assumption of monarchy) give any right to lordship and adoration.

l. 809. *blasphemous*, accented on the second syllable, as in vi. 360, and in Spenser (*Faery Queene*, vi. 12. 34):

‘And therein shut up his blasphemous tongue.’

l. 822. *Rom.* ix. 20.

l. 835. *Col.* i. 16, 17.

l. 843. Keightley supposes the meaning to be that the Son, by becoming King over angels, lowered himself down to their nature, and thus, in effect, raised them to his. He also supposes Milton’s favourite text, *Phil.* ii. 6, to have influenced him here. This is, indeed, the most obvious sense: yet we also read that ‘he took not upon him the nature of angels, but was made a little lower’ than they (*Heb.* ii. 16, 9), so that *thus reduc’t* does not fully express the humility of the Son.

l. 848. *Isaiah* lv. 6, 7.

l. 856. *who saw*, &c.; *Job* xxxviii. 4.

l. 861. Satan is here made a fatalist.

l. 864. *Ps.* xii. 4, xlv. 4. Cp. also *Æneid*, x. 773.

l. 872. *sound of waters*. Cp. *Iliad*, ii. 209, 394; *Rev.* xix. 6.

l. 890. *devoted*, accursed (cp. iii. 208). The allusion is to the rebellion of Korah (*Numb.* xvi. 26).

l. 906. *retorted*, thrown back.

l. 907. *tours*; either in allusion to line 758, or applied to the troops of angels, as in Homer, *Iliad*, iv. 334, *πύργος Ἀχαιῶν*, a band of Achæans. (Keightley.)

Book VI.

l. 3. Cp. *Ovid*, *Met.* ii. 112.

l. 4. In Homer, the Hours guard the gates of heaven (*Iliad*, v. 749).

l. 7. This alternation is taken from Hesiod (*Theog.* 748).

l. 17. *fiery steeds*; like those on the mountain in Dothan (2 Kings vi. 17).

l. 18. Cp. 1 Macc. vi. 39: ‘Now when the sun shone upon the shields of gold and brass, the mountains glistened therewith, and shined like lamps of fire.’

l. 19. *in procinct*. The Roman soldiers, standing ready to give battle, were ‘in procinctu,’ girded. Chapman, in his translation of the *Iliad* (xii. 89), has ‘in all procinct of war.’

l. 29. *Servant of God*, the meaning of ‘Abdiel.’ Cp. *Matt.* xxv. 21; *Rom.* i. 1; 1 *Tim.* vi. 12.

l. 34. So Spenser (*Faery Queene*, iv. 4. 4):

‘For evil deeds may better than bad words be bore.’

Cp. Psalm lxi. 7, 9. The verse begins with two trochees, an effect intentionally harsh. (Keightley.)

l. 36. 2 Tim. ii. 15.

l. 51. 'The archangel is here commanded to do what God gave him not strength to do.' (Landor.)

l. 58. *reluctant* here means 'strongly struggling,' more forcible than 'luctantes venti' (Æneid, i. 53).

l. 64. *In silence*. So the demons march in i. 561. Cp. Iliad, iii. 8.

l. 69. Imitated from a passage in Tasso (Gierusalemme Liberata, i. 75) describing how the pioneers of the Crusaders levelled every obstacle to their march.

l. 71. *high above the ground*. Cp. viii. 302; xii. 629. Iliad, v. 778.

l. 73. The simile of a flight of birds is used in the same way by Homer (Iliad, ii. 459 and iii. 2), and Virgil (Æneid, vii. 699 and x. 264).

l. 81. *battailous*, a Spenserian word (Faery Queene, i. 5. 2).

l. 82. Cp. 'horrent arms' in ii. 513; Iliad, xiii. 339; Æneid, xi. 601.

l. 84. *boastful argument*, i.e. mottoes like those of the heroes at the siege of Thebes (Euripides, Phœnissæ 1104, &c.). Æschylus gives a similar list in his tragedy on the same subject (Septem contra Thebas, 375-646).

l. 93. *hosting*, a common term in Ireland for 'mustering,' used by Spenser in his View of Ireland.

l. 100. *sun-bright*, a Spenserian word (Faery Queene, i. 5. 2).

l. 101. *Idol*, resemblance, image (εἰδωλον). Spenser calls Elizabeth (Faery Queene, ii. 2. 41)

'Th' idole of her Maker's great magnificence.'

l. 102. *flaming* would be properly of seraphim, but perhaps Milton thought that the seraphim of Isaiah were the cherubim of Ezekiel. (Keightley.)

l. 103. Cp. Iliad, iii. 29.

l. 104. So Tasso (Gierusalemme Liberata, xx. 31) says, 'decesce in mezzo il campo.'

l. 107. *cloudy*, to express multitude. Cp. l. 539.

l. 110. *towering*. Cp. i. 591.

l. 111. Cp. Æneid, ii. 407.

l. 113. Cp. Iliad, xxii. 98.

l. 115. *realty*, a substantive from the Italian adjective *reale*, 'royal' or 'loyal.' In the first sense Chaucer uses the word 'really.' It would here convey an allusion to Satan's 'faded splendour.' Bentley proposed 'faith and fealty;' an unnecessary alteration, if the second sense of 'realty' be intended.

- l. 127. *Cp. Iliad, iii. 21, &c.*
- l. 135. *Fool, &c. Cp. Iliad, xviii. 13.*
- l. 147. *sect*; those who have followed me. In our version of the New Testament it is used without disparagement (Acts xxvi. 5). Milton may have intended a sneer at the Royalists.
- l. 161. *success*; see note on ii. 9.
- l. 167. *Ministring spirits.* Cp. Heb. i. 14; Æneid, ix. 614-616.
- l. 181. Horace, *Satires, ii. 7. 81.*
- l. 183. *thy kingdom.* Cp. i. 263.
- l. 187. *as erst thou saidst.* So Ascanius retorts the taunt of his adversary (Æneid, ix. 598, 634).
- l. 189. *saying*, contracted here into one syllable.
- l. 191. Cp. the combat of Guyon with Pyrochles and Cymochles (Faery Queene, ii. 8. 33).
- l. 193. *ruin*, in the sense of 'destruction'; Horace uses it for 'death' (Odes, ii. 17. 9), and Livy (v. 43) for 'defeat.'
- l. 194. *on bended knee*, like Homer's wounded Æneas (Iliad, v. 309).
- l. 195. *As if on earth, &c.* Cp. Faery Queene, ii. 11. 32.
- l. 203. Shakespeare has 'the vast of night' (Tempest, i. 2).
- l. 207. Milton was evidently thinking of the battle of the Kronidæ and Titans in Hesiod, Theog. 676. (Keightley.)
- l. 209. *bray'd.* Spenser applies 'bray' to a trumpet (Faery Queene, iii. 12. 6), and to shrieks and yells (Faery Queene, i. 6. 7). It is sometimes used by him as a verb active (Faery Queene, v. 11. 20.) Cp. *βράχε τεύχεα* (Iliad, xii. 396).
- l. 212. Cp. the battle in Tasso (Gierusalemme Liberata, vii. 105). Ariosto (Orlando Furioso, xvi. 57) has described 'the face of heaven overshadowed with darts.' Hesiod has the same expression of the Titans. *Hiss of darts* here is equivalent to 'hissing darts.'
- l. 216. *battle*, for 'army,' as in 1 Sam. xvii. 2, or the division of an army ('main battle,' Richard III, v. 3; 'set our battles on,' Julius Caesar, v. 3).
- l. 236. The ranks of the host are the *ridges*, between which are the furrows (metaphor from a ploughed field.)
no thought of flight, &c.; Iliad, xi. 71, xxiv. 216.
- l. 239. *moment*, the weight that turns the balance (Lat. *momentum*).
- l. 245. *Conflicting fire.* Homer's Greeks and Trojans fought 'like burning fire' (Iliad, xiii. 673), but Milton here heightens that forcible expression.
- even scale.* Cp. the *ἀγὼν ἰσόρροπος* of Euripides (Supplices 706), and Spenser (Faery Queene, iv. 3. 37),
'Whilst thus the case in doubtful balance hung.'
- l. 251. *Squadrons at once.* Cp. Samson Agonistes 138.

l. 251. *two-banded sway*. Michael used the long sword of ancient days, appropriate to heroes of romance. In the challenge scene in 2 Henry VI, ii. 1, Gloucester is bidden to 'come with his two-hand sword.'

l. 258. *Surceas'd*. Shakespeare uses the word (*Macbeth*, i. 7) in the sense of ceasing at once (*Fr. sur, cesser*). Radigund, in *Faery Queene*, v. 4. 45,

'Caus'd all her people to surcease from fight.'

Cp. last note on *Nativity Ode*, p. 261 (Quotations from gloss to *Shepherd's Calendar*).

l. 275. Imitated from Tasso (*Gierusalemme Liberata*, ix. 64), where Michael similarly rebukes the demons who fight against the Christians.

l. 276. *thy offspring*, alluding to the birth of Sin.

l. 282. *Nor think thou, &c.* Cp. the speech of Æneas to Achilles (*Iliad*, xx. 200).

l. 305. Cp. the 'sun-broad shield' of Guyon (*Faery Queene*, ii. 2. 21).

l. 306. Expectation is thus personified in *Henry V*, ii. Chorus.

l. 311. *Great things by small*. Cp. Virgil, *Eclogue* i. 23.

l. 313. Cp. note on x. 659.

l. 315. 'Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.'

(1 *Henry IV*, v. 4.)

l. 317. *imminent*. Like the stone in Virgil (*Æneid*, vi. 602), just ready to fall. The sound is in this passage an echo to the sense in the quick, panting expectancy of the hurried clauses of the sentence.

l. 318. *repeat*, infinitive for substantive.

l. 321. *Jer. l. 25*. Cp. book vii. 200.

l. 322. This account of Michael's sword seems to be copied from that of Artegall in Spenser (*Faery Queene*, v. 1. 10), 'temp'red with adamant.'

l. 323. Michael's sword with its down-stroke cut Satan's weapon in two, and with its up-stroke 'shared' his side.

l. 325. *sheer*, see i. 742 (note). Cp. 'to cut clean.'

l. 326. *sbar'd*, Middle English *scharen*, to cut, shear, from *schare*, A.S. *scearu*, division.

l. 329. *griding* is Spenser's word for cutting (*Faery Queene*, ii. 8. 36). The whole passage recalls that in the Fourth Book of Spenser's poem (iv. 4. 24) in which the spear of Satyrane, striking Triamond,

'Staid not till it arrived in his side,
And therein made a very griesly wound,
That streams of blood his armour all bedide.'

Other touches seem derived from *Faery Queene*, i. 5. 9 and ii. 8. 38.

l. 329. *discontinuous*, allusion to the old definition of a wound as a 'solution of continuity.'

l. 332. *nectarous humour*. This is the Homeric *ιχὼρ*, the blood of the gods. (Iliad, v. 340.)

l. 335. *was run*, a Latinism. So Milton (History of England, ii.) says 'now was fought eagerly on both sides.' ('Utrumque magno clamore concurritur,' Sallust, Jugurtha, 53. 2.)

l. 337. So the wounded Hector is borne off. Cp. Iliad, xiv. 428.

l. 344. Keightley quotes a passage from Rabelais, iii. 13, to the effect that though devils cannot be killed with a sword, they may suffer solution of continuity.

l. 349. Like the Ghost in Hamlet (i. 1), 'as the air, invulnerable.'

l. 350. Pliny (Nat. Hist. ii. 5) says of God, 'quacunq̃ in parte, totus est sensus, totus visus, totus auditus, totus animae, totus animi, totus sui.'

l. 359. 2 Kings xix. 22.

l. 362. *uncouth*. See Lycidas, 186, note.

l. 363. Raphael modestly speaks of himself in the third person. Adam knew not his name.

l. 365. *Adrammelech* = mighty king (2 Kings xvii. 31). *Asmadai* is the rabbinical name of Asmodeus, the lustful and destroying spirit mentioned in the Book of Tobit.

l. 368. *plate* is the solid armour, *mail* that of scales or of chain work.

l. 371. *Ariel* = Lion of God; *Arioch* = Fierce Lion. The *violence of Ramiel* (Exaltation of God) = the violent Ramiel, like the 'violentia Turni' in Æneid, xi. 376.

l. 382. *illaudable*, unpraised, like 'illaudati' in Virgil (Georgics, iii. 5).

l. 391. *what stood*, in opposition to that, part of the host which 'lay overturn'd.'

l. 399. Cp. 'As those smaller squares in battle unite in one great cube, the main phalanx, an emblem of truth and steadfastness.' (Reason of Church Government.)

l. 406. Milton had in view the end of the Eighth and the beginning of the Ninth Books of the Iliad.

l. 407. *inducing*, bringing in, as in Horace, Satires, i. 5. 9.

l. 410. Cp. 'In this glorious and well-foughten field.'

(Henry V, iv. 6.)

l. 429. *Of future*, as regards the future—the classical use of the genitive. (Horace, Od. iii. 29. 29.)

l. 434. So Prometheus comforts himself with the thought of his immortality (Æschylus, Prometheus Vinc̃tus, 933).

l. 446. *Nisroch*, a god of the Ninevites (2 Kings xix. 37).

l. 467. *to me*, in my opinion. Cp. Latin use of the dative (*mibi*).

l. 483. *infernal flame*, i. e. the 'fiery spume' of line 479.

l. 484. *hollow engines*. Ariosto (Orlando Furioso, ix. 28) has a somewhat similar description of a gun, and Spenser (Faery Queene, i. 7. 13) attributes the invention of fire-arms to the devil.

l. 496. *cheer*, in the original sense 'countenance'; Fr. *chère* 'face, look, aspect' (Cotgrave 1611); Provençal and Spanish *cara*, face. Cp. 'pale of cheer' (Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2), 'a merry cheer' (Merchant of Venice, iii. 2).

l. 502. *In future days*, &c. Cp. the prophetic intimation of Dido (Æneid, iv. 625).

l. 520. *pernicious*, quick, speedy. (Lat. *pernix*.)

l. 521. *conscious night*. Cp. 'Quorum nox conscia sola est' (Ovid, Met. xiii. 15).

l. 526. *matin trumpet*, the 'mattutina tromba' of Tasso (Gierusalemme Liberata, xi. 19).

l. 527. *panoply*, full armour (*πανοπλία*).

l. 529. Milton appears to have in view Iliad, ii. 786, where Iris warns the Trojans of the approach of their foes.

l. 539. The metaphor of a cloud to express multitude is found in Iliad, iv. 274; Æneid, vii. 793; and Heb. xii. 1.

l. 541. *sad*, serious, steadfast. So used by Chaucer, who calls the populace 'stormy people, unsad and ever untrue' (Canterbury Tales, 8871); and Spenser (Faery Queene, i. 1. 2). *Secure*, confident. See on L'Allegro 91.

l. 546. *barb'd*. The 'barb' was the reverse side or jag of an arrow's point. (Lat. *barba*, Fr. *barbe*.)

l. 547. Cp. Lucretius, iii. 105, 'admonuit memorem.'

l. 548. *impediment*, baggage (the Lat. *impedimenta*).

l. 553. *Training*, i. e. drawing his 'train' of artillery (Fr. *trainer*).

l. 568. The scoffing scene has its parallels in Iliad, xvi. Æneas jests at Meriones for avoiding a spear, with an allusion to the *dancing* of the Cretans (the countrymen of Meriones); and Patroclus ironically commends the skill in *diving* shewn by Hector's charioteer, who had fallen headlong from the chariot.

l. 572. *A triple mounted row*. By this Milton would seem to mean three successive rows or *tires* of cannon; for one cannot conceive how cannon that were drawn could be ranged over each other like the guns of a battery of a man-of-war. (Keightley.)

l. 573. There were no *pillars* in Paradise, and no trees had as yet been felled on earth. (Keightley.)

l. 576. *stony mould*. Bishop Pearce mentions that stone cannon were to be seen at Delft in Holland, and conjectures that Milton may have seen some abroad.

1. 578. *bollow truce*. Raphael continues the pun in his narrative.
1. 581. *amus'd*, thrown into a muse, or reverie.
1. 586. Cp. Othello's farewell (iii. 3):
 'O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit.'
1. 598. *dissipation*, scattering. Cp. 'dissipation of cohorts' (Lear, i. 2).
1. 599. *serried*. Cp. i. 548 (note).
1. 613. *composition*, referring to ll. 513-515.
1. 619. *result*, rebound (Lat. *resultare*), i. e. we shall make them dance again.
1. 625. *understand*. This is Launce's quibble (Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 5).
1. 635. *Rage . . . found them arms*, Æneid, i. 150.
1. 642. Ezek. i. 14.
1. 654. *Main promontories*. *Main* is a well-known Saxon substantive, which appears in its original character in 'might and main,' but becomes an adjective in 'main force' and in this passage of Milton. (Earle, English Philology, ed. 4, § 217.)
1. 656. *Their armour*, &c. There is a similar jingle in Faery Queene, i. 11. 27. Thucydides (vi. 70) says of a storm that it 'helped the fear' of those who were fighting for the first time.
1. 666. *in dismal shade*, a reminiscence of the saying of the Spartan Dieneces at Thermopylæ, 'we shall fight in the shade' (Herod. vii. 226).
1. 669. *all Heav'n*. In the first day's battle a less effect was produced. Cp. line 218, and Iliad, viii. 130.
1. 673. *sum of things*; the *main* of line 698. 'Summa rerum' is used by Cæsar for 'the general interest' (De Bello Gallico, vi. 10).
1. 674. *advis'd* is used adverbially, and = 'consulto.' Cp. Horace's use of 'prudens' (Satires, i. 10. 87).
1. 679. *assessor*; so the Son is called by some of the Fathers, thus expressing in one word the doctrine of the Creed, 'sitteth at the right hand of the Father.'
1. 681. Coloss. i. 15.
1. 709. Ps. xlv. 7, and (at 713) 3, 4.
1. 725. John xvii. 4, 5, and afterwards 21, 23.
1. 732. 1 Cor. xv. 24, 28; Ps. cxxxix. 21.
1. 739. 2 Pet. ii. 4; Mark ix. 44.
1. 748. *sacred morn* is Homeric (Iliad, xi. 84).
1. 749. Ezek. i. The description of the chariot follows closely that given in the first chapter.
1. 755. Cp. line 848.

l. 756. *beryl* is of a sea-green colour (Exod. xxviii. 20).

careering, a metaphor from the tilt-yard. To pass or run the career (Fr. *carrière*) was to advance to the charge in a tourney. Benedick says, 'I shall meet your wit in the career if you charge it against me' (Much Ado about Nothing, v. 1).

l. 760. An allusion to the 'panoply,' 'whole armour of God' (Ephes. vi. 11), and to the breastplate of Aaron (Exod. xxviii.). *Urim* = lights, brilliancy, i.e. of precious stones.

l. 762. The Roman general, at his triumph, bore in his chariot an image of Victory. Cp. last line of Richard III, v. 3.

l. 764. In Milton's Latin epigram, the inventor of gunpowder is said
'Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.'

l. 766. *bickering*, skirmishing. So used by Milton, in his Eikonoclastes, of the attempted arrest of the five members. Charles, he says, 'departed only to turn his slashing at the court-gate to slaughtering in the field; his disorderly *bickering* into a disorderly invading.' Perhaps the word is here nearly = 'flickering' (*coruscans*). Cp. Ps. xviii. 8, and l. 3.

l. 767. Jude 14; Ps. lxviii. 17.

l. 771. Ps. xviii. 10.

l. 775. *great ensign*, Matt. xxiv. 30. Probably the cross is meant.

l. 779. Rom. xii. 5; Col. i. 18.

l. 782. Habak. iii. 6.

l. 787. *Æneid*, ii. 354. Cp. also 'Saepe desperatio spei causa est' (Quintus Curtius, v. 4).

l. 788. *Æneid*, i. 11.

l. 791. *bard'ned more*, like Pharaoh. Exod. xiv. 8.

l. 797. *last*. Tickell and Bentley read 'lost.'

l. 801. Exod. xiv. 13, 14.

l. 808. Deut. xxxii. 35; Rom. xii. 19.

l. 832. *Gloomy as night*. Cp. Iliad, xii. 462.

burning wheels. Cp. Dan. vii. 9.

l. 833. Job xxvi. 11.

l. 838. Iliad, xv. 323.

l. 840. In the Apology for Smectymnuus, Zeal, 'armed in diamond,' drives in 'his fiery chariot' over scarlet prelates. (Keightley.)

l. 841. Spenser accents *prostrate*, e. g. (Faery Queene, iii. 12. 39)

'Before fair Britomart she fell prostrate.'

l. 842. Rev. vi. 16. *Again*, alluding to l. 655.

l. 848. So Prometheus (*Æschylus*, Prometheus Vincetus, 356) describes the baleful lightning flashed from the eyes of Typhon.

l. 853. *balf his strengih*. Hesiod (*Theog.* 688) makes Zeus put forth

all his strength in his struggle with the Titans. Milton took a hint from Ps. lxxviii. 38.

l. 859. Job vi. 4; Isa. li. 20. Virgil uses 'furiae' for such perturbations as drive people mad (Georgics, iii. 511; Æneid, i. 41, iv. 376, 474).

l. 863. Cp. Iliad, xii. 52.

l. 868. *ruining*, rushing down in ruins. Cp. ii. 995.

l. 871. *Nine days*. So Hesiod (Theog. 722) of the fall of the Titans. Cp. i. 50.

l. 875. *Yawning*. Isa. v. 14. Shakespeare has 'though Hell itself should gape' (Hamlet, i. 2).

l. 878. So Tasso makes the world rejoice and lay aside its mournful look, when the evil spirits are driven to hell. (Gierusalemme Liberata, ix. 66.)

l. 879. *returning*. This participle refers to 'wall,' implied in the 'mural breach' or 'the breach of the wall;' the wall (not the breach) returning whence it rolled.

l. 884. Rev. xii. 10.

l. 885. Rev. vii. 9.

l. 888. Rev. iv. 11. *Celebrated*, i.e. in triumph. The progress of a Roman general to the Capitol was evidently in Milton's thoughts.

l. 891. 1 Tim. iii. 16; Heb. i. 3.

l. 909. *weaker*, alluding to 1 Pet. iii. 7.

VARIOUS READINGS.

(Selected from the list in the editions of Keightley and Todd.)

Nativity Ode.

- l 143. Th' enamell'd arras of the rainbow wearing,
And Mercy set between. (ed. 1645.)
[The reading in the text is from ed. 1673.]

At a Solemn Music.

- l. 3. Mix your choice words, and happiest sense employ.
l. 5. And as [whilst] your equal rapture, temper'd sweet,
In high, mysterious [holy, happy] spousal meet;
Snatch us from earth awhile,
Us of ourselves, and native [home-bred] woes beguile,
And to our high-rais'd, &c.
- ll. 10, 11. Where the bright Seraphim in tripled [princely] row
Their loud immortal trumpets blow.
Loud symphony of silver trumpets blow. }
High-lifted, loud, and angel trumpets blow. }
- l. 12. And cherubim, sweet-winged squires.
l. 14. With those just spirits that wear the blooming palms,
Hymns devout and sacred psalms
Singing everlastingly;
While all the rounds and arches blue
Resound and echo Hallelu:
That we on earth, &c.
- l. 18. May rightly answer that melodious noise,
By leaving out those harsh, ill-sounding, [chromatic] jars
Of clamorous sin that all our music mars;
And in our lives and in our song
May keep in tune, &c.
- l. 19. As once we could, &c.
- l. 28. To live and sing with Him {
- in ever endless [ever glorious,
uneclipsed] light.
where day dwells without
night.
in cloudless birth of light.
in never parting light.

Comus.

A Guardian Angel or Dæmon.

- l. 1. Amidst th' Hesperian gardens, on whose banks,
 Bedew'd with nectar and celestial songs,
 Eternal roses grow [yield, bloom] and hyacinth,
 And fruits of golden rind, on whose fair tree
 The scaly-harnest Dragon ever keeps
 His unincharnted eye; around the verge
 And sacred limits of this blissful isle,
 The jealous ocean, that old river, winds
 His far-extended arms, till with steep fall
 Half his waste flood the wild Atlantic fills,
 And half the slow unfathom'd Stygian pool.
 [I doubt me, gentle mortals, these may seem
 Strange distances to hear, and unknown climes¹
 But soft, I was not sent to court your wonder
 With distant worlds and strange removed climes,
 Yet thence I come; and oft from thence behold
 The smoke and stir of this dim narrow spot, &c.

After line 7:—

- Beyond the written date of mortal change.
 ll. 62, 63. And in thick covert of black shade imbrow'd
 Excels his mother at her potent art.
 l. 67. Weak intemperate thirst.
 l. 92. Of virgin steps
Goes out. COMUS enters, with a charming rod and a
glass of liquor, with his rout all beaded like some
wild beasts, their garments some like men's and
some like women's. They come on in a wild and
antic fashion. Intrans κόμάζοντες.
 l. 97. Tartarian stream.
 l. 99. northern pole.
 l. 108. And quick Law, with her scrupulous head.
 l. 117. And on the yellow sands.
 l. 133. And makes a blot of nature. [And throws a blot o'er
 all the air.]
 l. 134. Stay thy polisht ebon chair
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecate,
 And favour our close jocondrie.

¹ These two lines are struck out.

- l. 144 sqq. With a light and frolic round.

The MEASURE, *in a wild, rude, and wanton antic.*

Break off, break off, I hear a different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground;
Some virgin, sure, benighted in these woods.
Run to your shrouds within these brakes and trees
Our number may affright. *They all scatter.*

Now to my trains

- And to my mother's charms
ll. 154, 155. My powder'd spells unto the spungy air
Of power to cheat the eye with sleight [blind] illusion.
l. 164. And hug him into nets
l. 181. In the blind alleys of this arched wood
ll. 193-195. They had engaged their youthly steps too far
To the soon-parting light, and envious darkness
Had stoln them from me.
l. 208. And airy tongues that lure night-wanderers.
l. 214. Thou flittering angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou unspotted form of chastity,
I see ye visibly, and while I see ye,
This darky hollow is a paradise,
And heaven gates o'er my head: now I believe.
l. 219. Would send a glistering cherub
l. 231. Within thy airy cell.
l. 243. And hold a counterpart to all Heaven's harmonies.
COMUS looks in, and speaks.
l. 252. Of darkness, till she smil'd
l. 270. To touch the prospering growth
l. 310. Without sure steerage
l. 352. From the chill dew of this dead solitude. [surrounding wild.]
ll. 355-359. She leans her thoughtful head, musing at our unkindness.
Or, lost in wild amazement and affright,
So fares as did forsaken Proserpine,
When the big rolling flakes of pitchy clouds
And darkness wound her in.
l. 371. Could stir the stable mood
l. 376. Oft seeks to solitary sweet retire.
ll. 384, 385. Walks in black vapours, though the noontide brand
Blaze in the summer solstice.
l. 390. For who would rob a hermit of his beads,
His books, or his hair-gown, or maple dish?
l. 403. . . . this vast and hideous wild [wide surrounding waste].

- ll. 409-415. Secure without all doubt and question: No.
 I could be willing [beshrew but I would] though now i'
 th' dark to try
 A rough encounter [passado] with the shaggiest ruffian
 That lurks by hedge or lane of this dead circuit,
 To have her by my side, though I were sure
 She might be free from peril where she is;
 But where an equal, &c.
- ll. 422-424. And may, on every needful accident,
 Be it not done in pride and wilful tempting,
 Walk through huge forests
- l. 425. awe of chastity.
- ll. 429-430. horrid shades
 And yawning dens where glaring monsters house.
- ll. 433, 434. moory fen
 Blue wrinkled hag
- l. 452. And sudden adoration of her pureness [bright rays].
- l. 485. Some curl'd man of the sword [hedger]
- l. 489. Had best look to his forehead; here be brambles.
- l. 491. pointed stakes.
- l. 523. Deep learnt [enured]
- l. 531. i' th' pastured lawns
- l. 545. With spreading [blowing] honeysuckle
- l. 553. drowsy-flighted steeds
- ll. 555, 556. At last a soft [still, sweet,] and solemn breathed sound
 Rose like the soft stream of distill'd perfume.
- l. 606. all the monstrous bugs.
- ll. 608-610. And force him to release his new got prey,
 Or drag him by the curls and cleave his scalp
 Down to the hips.
- l. 611. But here thy steel can do thee small avail.
- ll. 614, 615. unquilt thy joints,
 And crumble every sinew.
- l. 627. of a thousand hues.
- l. 636. that ancient Moly
 Which Mercury to wise Ulysses gave.
- ll. 657, 658. I follow thee,
 And good heaven cast his best regard upon us.
- l. 661. And you a statue, fixt as Daphne was.
- l. 688. Thou hast been tir'd
- l. 707. Stoic gown.
- ll. 713, 714. Cramming the seas with spawn innumerable,
 The fields with cattle, and the air with fowl.

- ll. 732-737. The sea o'erfraught would heave her waters up
 Above the stars, and th' unsought diamonds
 Would so bestud the centre with their starlight,
 And so imblaze the forehead of the deep
 Were they not taken thence, that they below
 Would grow enur'd to day, and come at last.
- l. 744. It withers on the stalk and fades away.
- l. 749. coarse beetle-brows.
- l. 807. This is mere moral stuff; the very lees.
- l. 816. art revert.
- ll. 846-848. delights to leave
 And often takes our cattle with strange pinches
 Which she
- l. 851. Of pansies, and of bonny daffodils.
- l. 857. In honour'd Virtue's cause. [In hard distressed need.]
- l. 858. And add the power of some strong verse.
- l. 895. That my rich wheels inlays.
- l. 924. May thy crystal waves for this.
- l. 957. In the stage direction *President's castle; then enter
 country dances and suchlike gambols, &c. At
 these sports, the Dæmon, with the two BROTHERS
 and the LADY, enters. The Dæmon sings.*
- l. 962. Of nimbler toes and courtly [such neat] guise.
- l. 973. To a crown of deathless bays.
- l. 975. Stage direction. *The Dæmon sings or says.*
- l. 979. Up in the plain fields
- ll. 982, 983. Of Atlas [Hesperus] and his daughters [nieces] three.
 [Where grows the high-born gold upon his native tree]¹
- ll. 990-992. About the myrtle alleys fling
 Balm and cassia's fragrant smells.
 Iris there her garnisht [garisht] bow.
- l. 995. Than her watchet scarf can shew.
 In second copy:—
 Than her purfled scarf can shew
 Yellow, watchet, green, and blue,
 And drenches oft with manna [Sabæan] dew;
 Where many a cherub soft reposes.
- l. 1012. Now my message [business] well is done.
- ll. 1014, 1015.
 Far beyond the earth's end
 Where the welkin low [clear] doth bend.
- l. 1023. Heaven itself would bow to her.

¹ This verse was struck out.

Lycidas.

- l. 26. glimmering eyelids of the morn.
 ll. 30, 32. Evenstar bright
 Towards heaven's descent had slop't his burnisht wheel.
 l. 47. gay buttons wear [bear].
 l. 58. What could the golden-hair'd Calliope
 For her enchanting son,
 When she beheld (the gods far-sighted be)
 His gory scalp roll down the Thracian lea.

In the margin for the last two lines:—

- Whom universal Nature might lament,
 And Heaven and Hell deplore,
 When his divine head down the stream was sent.
 l. 69. Hid in the tangles
 l. 85. and thou smooth [fam'd] flood,
 Soft sliding Mincius
 l. 105. Scrawl'd o'er with figures dim
 l. 129. little sed.
 l. 138. stintly looks.
 ll. 142-151. Bring the rathe primrose that unwedded dies,
 Colouring the pale cheek of unenjoy'd love,
 And that sad flow'r that strove
 To write his own woes on the vermeil grain;
 Next add Narcissus, that still weeps in vain,
 The woodbine, and the pansy freakt with jet,
 The glowing violet;
 The cowslip wan that hangs his pensive head,
 And every bud that sorrow's livery wears,
 Let daffodillies
 l. 153. Let our sad thoughts
 l. 154. the floods and sounding seas.
 l. 157. humming tide.
 l. 160. Corineus old.
 l. 176. List'ning the unexpressive nuptial song.

Sonnet IV.

- l. 7. And at thy blooming virtue
 l. 13. Opens the door of bliss that hour of night.

Sonnet VIII.

- ll. 3, 4. Words with just notes, when most were wont to scan
With Midas ears, misjoining short and long.
- ll. 6-8. And gives thee praise above the pipe of Pan,
To after age thou shalt be writ a man,
Thou didst reform thy art the chief among.
- ll. 12, 13. Fame by the Tuscan's leave shall set thee higher
Than old Casell, whom Dante woo'd to sing.

Sonnet IX.

- ll. 3, 4. earthly clod.
Of flesh and sin, which man from heaven doth sever.
- ll. 6-10. Straight follow'd thee the path that saints have trod
Still as they journey'd from this dark abode
Up to the realm of peace and joy for ever.
Faith shew'd the way, and she who saw them best
Thy handmaids

On the New Forcers of Conscience.

- l. 12. By haire-brain'd Edwards.
- l. 17. Crop ye as close as marginal P——'s¹ ears.

Sonnet XII.

- l. 8. her serpent wings.
- ll. 10-12. For what can war but acts of war still breed
Till injur'd truth from violence be freed
And public faith be rescu'd from the brand.

Sonnet XIII.

- l. 1. through' a crowd,
Not of war only, but distractions rude.
- l. 6. And fought God's battles, and his works pursu'd.
- l. 7. While Darwent stream
- l. 9. And twenty battles more. Yet much remains.
- l. 10. No less than those of War

¹ Pryne's. See note.

Sonnet XIV.

- l. 1. in sage councils old.
 l. 7. may be best upheld
 Mann'd by her two main nerves.
 l. 11. What serves each
 ll. 11, 14. On thy right hand Religion leans
 And reckons thee in chief her eldest son.

Sonnet XVII.

- l. 3. Bereft of sight
 ll. 4, 5. doth day appear
 Or sun or moon
 l. 7. bate one jot.
 l. 12-14. Whereof all Europe rings [MS. talks] from side to side;
 This thought might lead me through this world's vain
 mask,
 Content, though blind, had I no other guide.

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